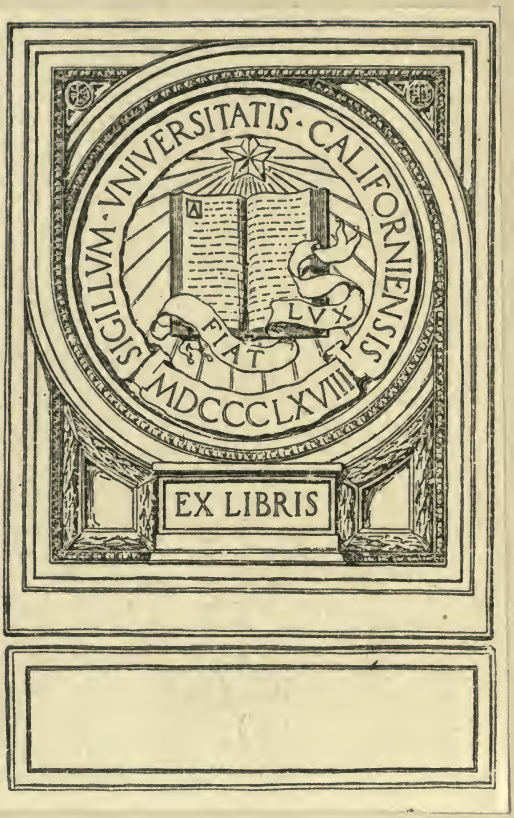
MARTHA LADY GIFFARD

LIFE & LETTERS

1664–1722


SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
LVX
FIAT
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/marthaladygiffar00longrich

MARTHA, LADY GIFFARD

GEORGE ALLEN & SONS
PUBLISHERS
LONDON
RUSKIN HOUSE

Digitized by Google

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Martha Temple (Lady Giffard).
Born 1638, Died 1722.

MARTHA LADY GIFFARD

HER LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

(1664–1722)

A SEQUEL TO THE LETTERS OF
DOROTHY OSBORNE

EDITED BY

JULIA G. LONGE

WITH PREFACE BY

HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY

AND TWENTY-ONE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & SONS
44 & 45 RATHBONE PLACE
1911

[All rights reserved]

DA437
G5L7

TO

MY FATHER

PREFACE

Miss Longe has been good enough to ask me to write a few words of preface to her "Letters of Martha, Lady Giffard." This I do the more willingly remembering the kindness of other members of her family to myself when I was preparing my editions of Dorothy Osborne's "Letters." It was as far back as 1886 that an article of mine, drawing a fancy portrait of Dorothy Osborne, taken from some extracts from her letters printed in an appendix to Courtenay's "Life of Temple," happened to fall into the hands of the late Mrs. S. R. Longe, who, with characteristic unselfishness, was pleased to write to me as a "fellow servant" of Dorothy Osborne, and place at my disposal the transcripts of the letters and the notes that she had made. It was from these transcripts that the volume I published in 1888 was printed. At that time it was not thought advisable by the experts of the publishing world to print all the letters; but when, in 1903, it became possible to make a more complete book it was through the courtesy of Miss Longe's father, Mr. Longe of Spixworth Park, that the Letters of Dorothy Osborne were at length published.

As in the past, the public owe a debt of gratitude to the members of Miss Longe's family in rendering these treasures accessible to the world of readers, so

283639

in the future this debt will be increased by the present volume, which adds much to our knowledge of Dorothy Osborne and her friends and relations.

The letters of Lady Giffard, Dorothy's sister-in-law, and of Lady Sunderland ("Sacharissa"), Temple's friend, and the details of Lady Temple's life, are all matters that true servants of Dorothy Osborne will be glad to possess. The letters which deal more nearly with Dorothy's later life are naturally of especial interest to the writer, and although it cannot be said that they have the peculiar charm of the original love-letters, yet they carry on for us very pleasantly our interest in Dorothy and her circle. It is a pity that there are not more letters about "my son Jack . . . the quietest, best little boy yt ever was borne." In this phrase one sees that it is the same Dorothy that is writing, as earnest and simple and frank, now she is a mother, as in the days when she had been a lover.

Miss Longe has had the courage to do what is undoubtedly the right thing in printing the letters exactly as they were spelled and written, and one can only hope that a course that will make the book more attractive to students and scholars will not be found to repel the general reader, who will meet with so much entertainment and information in its pages.

For the book has a general interest altogether outside its illustrations of the later life of Lady Temple. Much light is thrown on the life of her husband and his contemporaries. Letters that deal with the works and days of Sir William Temple, Swift, the Duchess of Somerset, and the Countess of Portland, to mention only a few of the names that appear in these pages,

must be welcomed by all students of the latter half of the seventeenth century. For the desire of readers of all classes to enjoy glimpses of the past life of their country-men and women which can only be obtained through contemporary letters seems to be growing apace. It is not so long ago since Courtenay printed a few incomplete extracts from Dorothy Osborne's letters, not without apology for inserting them in his serious history, and Macaulay referred to them with a passing and patronising pleasantry. Even when my original volume of Dorothy's "Letters" was completed several notable publishers were clear that there were no readers for it. But to-day that attitude of mind is happily changed, and any one who can bring the reader into direct touch with a world and society that is gone by, skilfully using the actual letters and memorials of those who played their parts in the forgotten drama, has a sure and certain welcome from an ever-widening circle of thoughtful men and women.

It is because I know the enthusiasm that many quiet readers have for Dorothy Osborne's letters that I feel sure there will be an eager desire to read this later correspondence, and to trace her influence in the affairs of her husband and family through the long autumn of Dorothy's life that followed the summer days of the love-letters.

EDWARD A. PARRY.

MANCHESTER, *November* 1910.

INTRODUCTION

MARTHA, LADY GIFFARD, sister of the great diplomatist and philosopher, Sir William Temple, is the central figure in these memoirs.

It is to her that her brother's historians owe many important details of his career. Under the respective titles of "Life" and "Character" of Sir William Temple she wrote an epitome of his life. The "Character," published in pamphlet form about 1720, was written in vindication of Bishop Burnet's aspersions on his religious principles. Both MSS. are still in existence, and have been studied in the original, as a background for her letters.

"MOREPARK, *Mar.* 4, 1694.

"Considering the sure Friendship that has soe long existed between us without interruption and perhaps without example, and which I am sure will do soe to the end of our lives, for I dare answer for you, as well as for my dearest sister's most affectionate Brother, WM. TEMPLE."

In his own "cabinet," where he probably first placed it himself more than two centuries ago, lies the paper in Sir William Temple's handwriting from which these words are quoted; it is addressed to

"The Lady Giffard,
"To be opened after my death,
"WM. TEMPLE."

The little memorandum is of no importance now; it relates to some diamond rings he had given her in his lifetime, and wishes her to leave to his grandchildren. But the charming tribute to his sister's devotion and loyalty is worthy of remembrance.

Friendship indeed was the keynote of Lady Giffard's life. "I always owne it," she wrote to Lady Chesterfield, "Friendship is y^e^ thing in y^e^ Worlde I have y^e^ greatest esteeme for. . . . I must confess to have bin once soe happy in my kindnesse to some persons as to have found charms in their conversation greate enough at all times as to disperse all y^e^ clouds my own fancy soe perpetually furnished me with; and while my cure was soe neare, I was never sensible of my disease, *à cette heure un si beau songe est finy.* For to say y^e^ truth, all that has fallen of happiness to me has bin soe like a dream y^t^ I should have reason to doubt y^e^ reality of it, if I did not finde still y^e^ impression of my losse that time will never wear out."

Sad words, but true; for she was early called upon to face the stern realities of life, and almost on its threshold her bubble of happiness burst.

She was married on the 21st April 1661 to Sir Thomas Giffard of Castle Jordan, Co. Meath, and a month later her bridegroom died in the flower of his youth, of one of those sudden, mysterious "disorders" for which medical science had, as yet, no name. A sharp, short illness, an interval of pain and delirium, then a blessed unconsciousness, which ended in death; and the bridal gown was exchanged for the widow's weeds.

A sermon of preposterous length, but of a quality above the usual standard of such discourses, was preached at his funeral in St. Audoen's Church, Dublin. A copy of it remains among Lady Giffard's papers to-day. After some eighteen pages of peroration occur these paragraphs:—

"Here lyes before us the remainder of a hopeful yonge gentleman, Sir Thomas Giffard, consarning whom I shall not trouble you with telling that he was descended from an ancient and honourable famylie, that he was a comely person, that his relations were honourable and faithfull, valliant and wise. He was a young man of many parts, a lover too of church duties and a frequenter of the Communion of Saints, of a sweete carriage, an innocent conversation, affable and courteous, grateful and obliging. . . .

"In his early manhood practizeing carefully what he had learnt betymes. I have heard he usually marched in the head of his company to church, and at y^e^ entry into y^e^ holie place sometyms made them an antesermon, charging them carefully to attend to y^e^ divine service and threatening to cashiere him who should dare on this day to doe an act unworthy of a Christian soldier.

"I knewe him," continues the preacher, "but in the hours of his death, but I have somtyms seene him in Parliament blush like a child, and I have heard him at the same tyme speake like a man.

"He wrought but one hour," he says quaintly, "but it was y^e^ first, and uninterrupted until God called him off."

Such was the man Lady Giffard mourned all her life.

This branch of the Giffards ended with this Sir Thomas, but they were without doubt the same family as that of the present Lord Halsbury, and the Giffards of Devonshire and Yorkshire.

Lord Halsbury, who represents the Devonshire branch, bears for arms three lozenges conjoined in fesse ermine.

Lady Giffard kept some of her letters in a small red leather case, tooled with gold and stamped with three lozenges, party per pale, argent and gules.

The history of the Giffard family is one of adherence to the Stuarts, and Castle Jordan suffered in their cause.

She was not (as far as we know) either a great beauty or a great wit, and the charm and influence of Lady Temple never could have been eclipsed by the constant presence of the younger woman, who was clever and sympathetic enough to see and appreciate the other's brilliant gifts. They were probably excellent foils for each other, and their contrasting personalities helped to make the English embassy at the Hague the delightful meeting-place that it was—the constant resort of Royalty and all persons of note whose pleasure or business took them to Holland.

The picture of her that forms the frontispiece is extraordinarily like the Netscher portrait of Sir William.

In personal appearance Lady Giffard must have been curiously like Sir William Temple. She has left us a word-portrait of her brother, "whose person," she says, "will be best known by his pictures." This may be so, but the characteristic touches, noted by his sister, supply details the canvas cannot show.

"He was tall," she says, "rather than short, and his shape when he was young very exact. His hair of a dark browne, curled naturally, and while that was esteemed a beauty nobody had it in more perfection; his eyes gray, but very lively; in his youth lean but extremely active, soe y^{t} nobody acquitted themselves better at all sorts of exercise, and had more spirit and life in his humour, and with soe agreeable veins of witt and fancy that nobody was welcomer in all company, and some have observed that he never had a minde to make anybody kinde to him that he did not compass it."

Lady Giffard lived through three great crises of

England's history—the Commonwealth, or "Ye Great Rebellion," as she called it, the Restoration, and the "Surprising Revolution" of 1683. She took no prominent part at any time in the history of her own times, but her lot was cast with those who were in the forefront of battle.

In her MSS. she says so little of herself that we have to build up this connected history of her life principally from the letters of other people. "Ye may know a man by his friends"; and it is through her friends that we must chiefly become acquainted with this gentle lady of the seventeenth century. So unlike is she to our preconceived notions of ladies of fashion of that date, that if only for her surprisingly opposite qualities she must make us love her.

She was possibly not a woman to "set your soul on fire," nor the kind of woman for whom men profess themselves eager to die a hundred deaths; but she was one who made (and kept) a great number of devoted friends of both sexes through all her long and varied life—an experience given only to those to whose characters is added that enviable and indefinable quality called charm.

My thanks are due to Sir Algernon Osborn for kind permission to print the Osborne letters; to Mr. Ashley, Lady De Saumarez, and Miss Meade, for the generous loan of their pictures; and to Judge Parry, Mr. Barrett-Lennard, Mr. Anderson, and others, for their help and encouragement.

N.B.—The Netscher portraits of Sir William and Lady Temple are at Spixworth Park; the frontispiece is in the possession of Colonel Douglas Longe.

JULIA G. LONGE.

SPIXWORTH PARK, *Nov.* 10, 1910.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	DEDICATION	iv
	PREFACE BY JUDGE PARRY	v
	INTRODUCTION	viii
PART I.	LADY CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO LADY GIFFARD	1
II.	MRS. TEMPLE'S (DOROTHY OSBORNE) LETTERS TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE	18
III.	DIPLOMACY	47
IV.	LETTERS FROM LADY SUNDERLAND ("SACHARISSA") AND WILLIAM GODOLPHIN TO LADY GIFFARD	81
V.	AT THE HAGUE	119
VI.	A CHRONICLE OF FAMILY EVENTS	144
VII.	MOOR PARK	160
VIII.	LADY GIFFARD'S LETTERS TO THE COUNTESS OF PORTLAND WHEN SHE WAS LADY BERKELEY	196
IX.	THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE AND THE PUBLICATION OF THE THIRD PART OF HIS MEMOIRS	231
X.	LADY GIFFARD'S LETTERS TO LADY PORTLAND	252
XI.	FAMILY NEWS, AND DR. YOUNG'S LETTERS TO LADY GIFFARD	279
XII.	THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET AND HER LETTERS	308
XIII.	LAST DAYS OF LADY GIFFARD, AND HER WILL	345

THE BROADLANDS PICTURES

THE presence of the Broadland portraits, reproduced through the kindness of Mr. Ashley for the first time, makes the collection of Temple family pictures an unique one. The Lely portraits of Sir William and Lady Temple and Lady Giffard, the Netscher picture of Lady Giffard and Diana Temple, as well as all the portraits of the Temples of East Sheen, are from Broadlands. The portrait that Swift sold for Mrs. Dingley's benefit to John Temple in 1736 is now there. Mr. Temple's Irish agent, Mr. Hatch, arranged for its transport. "I waited upon the Dean of St. Patrick's," he wrote, "with your service. I told him I had a ship ready to carry over Lady Giffard's picture if he would please to let me have it, in order to get it cased for the journey. He immediately gave it to me, and I will send it and the one I have in a ship that leaves in ten days." "Jervas told me," wrote the Dean at the same date, "that your aunt's picture is in Lilly's best manner and the drapery all in the same hand." *N.B.*—Some of these pictures are mentioned in the Moor Park catalogue.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

MARTHA LADY GIFFARD . . . . . *Frontispiece*
In Colour. (*Artist unknown.*)

LADY GIFFARD . . . . . *To face page* 8
By Sir Peter Lely.

FACSIMILE OF LADY TEMPLE'S HANDWRITING . „ 24

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE . . . . . „ 48
By Sir Peter Lely.

LADY TEMPLE . . . . . „ 60
By Sir Peter Lely.

DOROTHEA, COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND . . „ 92
By Sir Peter Lely.

LADY TEMPLE, WIFE OF SIR JOHN TEMPLE OF SHEEN . . . . . „ 132
By W. Wissing.

LADY GIFFARD AND DIANA TEMPLE . . . „ 148
By Netscher.

FACSIMILE OF LADY GIFFARD'S HANDWRITING . „ 176

JONATHAN SWIFT, WHILE A STUDENT AT TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN . . . . . „ 178
(*Artist unknown.*)

LADY TEMPLE . . . . . „ 192
By Netscher (1671).

SIR JOHN TEMPLE THE YOUNGER, OF SHEEN *To face page* 196
By Sir Peter Lely.

FACSIMILE OF SWIFT'S HANDWRITING (being his copy of Lady Giffard's Translation from the Spanish of Montemeyer) . . . . . „ 218

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE . . . . . „ 232
By Netscher (1674).

FACSIMILE OF LADY PORTLAND'S WRITING . . *page* 235

FACSIMILE OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S WRITING . „ 251

LADY PORTLAND . . . . . *To face page* 252
By Sir Godfrey Kneller.

LADY BERKELEY OF STRATTON (FRANCES TEMPLE) „ 264
By Dahl.

LUCY TEMPLE . . . . . „ 276
By Sir Godfrey Kneller.

MOOR PARK . . . . . „ 280

SHRUBLAND OLD HALL . . . . . „ 286
By Repton.

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET . . . . . „ 308
By Sir Peter Lely.

THE TEMPLE RELICS AT SPIXWORTH PARK . . „ 350

THE TEMPLE CABINET AT SPIXWORTH PARK . „ 350

LETTERS OF MARTHA, LADY GIFFARD

PART I

1664–1665. CHARLES II

LADY CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS

"The style of letters should be free, easy and natural, as near approaching to familiar conversation as possible. The best qualities in conversation are good humour and good breeding; those letters, therefore, are certainly the best that show the most of these two qualities."—WILLIAM WALSH (1663–1709).

THE earliest letters Lady Giffard has left us are dated 1664, and are from Elizabeth, Countess of Chesterfield, wife of Philip the second earl. She was a daughter of the first Duke of Ormond, known in history as the Great Duke, at this time Lord High Steward of the Household of Charles II., having previously been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The friendship between the two ladies was one no doubt of early girlhood, when Lady Chesterfield's father had reigned in Dublin Castle, and Sir John Temple had been Master of the Rolls there.

Lord Chesterfield was already a widower when he married the Lady Elizabeth Butler, his first wife having been Lady Anne Percy, daughter of the Earl of Northumberland. He was a cold, proud man, soured

by the faithlessness and cupidity of the infamous woman who was then virtually, though not legally, Queen of England.

When Katherine of Braganza was sent from her convent to England as the bride of Charles II., Lord Chesterfield was appointed her Chamberlain; and with his father-in-law the Duke of Ormond, and Lord Carlingford her Master of the Ceremonies, sailed with the Duke of York's squadron to meet her. The poor little queen made a more pleasing impression on her Chamberlain than she did on Englishmen in general. He described her as "very discreet, of a good understanding, in person exactly shaped" (which, in the phraseology of the day, meant she had a good figure), "lovely hands, excellent eyes, a good countenance, a pleasing voice, and fine hair; and in fine is what an understanding man would wish for a wife." It is a pity his lordship could not have had her. She might have suited him better than his own only too attractive lady!

His great-grandson the fifth earl (he of the celebrated letters) quotes the following description of this lord from de Grammont's Memoirs: "Il avait le visage fort agréable, la tête assez belle, peu de taille et moins d'air, il ne manquait pas d'esprit, un long séjour en Italie lui en avait communiqué la cérémonie dans le commerce des hommes et la défiance dans celui des femmes."

Lely painted a very charming picture of Lady Chesterfield, who was beautiful among the many beautiful women who shone in the gay crowd at Whitehall. A contemporary writer describes her as having "the most exquisite shape imaginable, but

not tall, fair with all the glow and whiteness of a blonde, and all the animation and piquancy of a brunette. She had large blue eyes which were very alluring, her manners engaging, her wit lively, but her heart, ever open to tender sentiment, was not very scrupulous in point of constancy." In short, she had the defects of her qualities, and it was her misfortune that so much loveliness and lovableness should have been wasted on a man who did not love her, but who indulged in a *grande passion* for Lady Castlemaine, who, if she had ever loved him, had long since thrown him aside for the king.

In such an atmosphere of gallantry and intrigue, it was inevitable that she should eventually become entangled in an *affaire de cœur;* and, wounded by the coldness of the man she had married, she (too openly for those scandal-loving times), fell back on the affection of her own first cousin, James Hamilton.

It needed perhaps the prick of jealousy to open Lord Chesterfield's eyes to his wife's attractions, and he soon had cause for it.

At that time they were living in her father's house at Whitehall, and the Duke of York, afterwards James II., whose amours at that period of his life were almost as notorious as the king's, was a frequent visitor. The duke was a dangerous man; he possessed in common with the rest of his family that extraordinary charm that his grandmother Marie Stuart left as a fatal inheritance to her descendants. Moving amongst the noisy crowd with his handsome face and dignified bearing, and that grave, rare smile that contrasted so favourably with the mirth and often brainless laughter of the majority of the court gallants,

he could not fail to flatter the vanity, if not touch the heart, of any woman he distinguished with his notice; and Lady Chesterfield was both touched and flattered by the very obvious devotion of his Royal Highness. She was too ingenuous to conceal her pleasure in his attentions. Gossip began to be busy with her name, yet she apparently paid no heed to it, and thereby awoke another green-eyed monster in her cousin Hamilton, who, furious at her preference for the Duke's society, urged Lord Chesterfield to banish her from London; and he, not considering perhaps that the underlying motive of this advice was a jealousy as bitter and violent as his own, packed her off to Bretby, his seat in Derbyshire, a beautiful but lonely spot, where she had ample leisure to reflect on her folly, and little temptation to further flirtations.

Such a tit-bit of scandal was not likely to escape the ears of "little prattling Peeps," and his peerless diary records, on 3rd November 1662, how Pierce the chirurgeon tells him that "The Duke of York is smitten with love for My Lady Chesterfield (a virtuous Lady, daughter of D^{ke} of Ormond), and so much that the Duchess of York has complained to the King and her Father about it, and my Lady Chesterfield is gone into the country for it, at all of which I am sorry; but it is the effect of idleness and having nothing else to employ their great spirits upon."

Thus does the kind-hearted little man make excuses for the pretty lady, whose blue eyes, viewed from a respectful distance, doubtless had made their due impression on his susceptible organ.

"This day I was told the occasion of my L^{d} Chesterfield's going & taking his lady from Court.

It seems he has long been jealous of the Duke of York, and did find these two talking together though there were others in ye room and the Lady by all opinions a most virtuous good woman. . . . My Lord did presently pack his Lady into the Country in Derbyshire near the Peak, w^{ch} is become a proverb in courts 'to send a man's wife to the Peak' when she vexes him."

His precipitancy in packing his wife off post-haste to the Peak created, as it well might do, the most violent excitement at the court. A perfect passion of sympathy with the imprudent beauty, and disapproval of her lord's severity, followed her into her distant retreat. "And," wrote de Grammont, "on regardait avec étonnement en Angleterre un homme qui avait le malhonnêteté d'être jaloux de sa femme!"

In the early days of the Restoration a jealous husband was simply "funny," and became the butt of all the wits in London. For removing his young wife from the dangerous fascination of the Duke, Chesterfield committed a solecism which charitable people sought to make excuses for.

"On excusa le pauvre Chesterfield," says his descendant, still quoting de Grammont, "as much as one dared without provoking too much public dislike on account of the bad education he had had, having passed many years of his life in Italy, where they have the evil habit of secluding their wives."

Her ladyship's banishment pleased no one, not even perhaps the Duchess of York, whose complaint to the king had raised the storm, for she was a good-natured woman, and possibly did not mean to make such a scandal. Two short years deprived

her of her beautiful rival, and provided her with a far more objectionable one in her place.

The knowledge of what was going on was probably what induced Lady Giffard to write the serious and thoughtful letter on the subject of friendship, extracts from which have already been quoted (see Introduction). Judging from the elaborate care with which she has tried to explain herself, one infers that Lady Chesterfield has made her some of those half confidences which are so exceedingly annoying and perplexing to the recipient, and yet are almost a necessity in matters of love; and while not committing herself to any definite statement, has tried to test the value of her friendship, and at the same time sound her views as to how near it was possible to sail to the wind without suffering shipwreck. Lady Giffard, reading between the lines, has set herself conscientiously (and with some courage too, for she was the younger woman by three years) to administer some excellent though not very palatable advice, under the cloak of generalities not too well disguised.

"I have been much unsatisfied with myself," she writes, "for answering this morning with so little a consideration to a question that deserves I think so much from the first thoughts of it (w^{ch} I must confess to have received from y^{r} La^{sp}).

"After this confession, Madam, you will not easily believe me likely to judge rashly upon what may reasonably be allowed to shake a friendship y^{t} is once firmly grounded or at least unlikely to condemn myself for having done so w^{ch} has been my employment ever since and though 'tis possible I may have said the same thing by chance y^{t} my reason

may afterwards represent to me as truest like the judge y^t^ always tooke his opinions from y^e^ dice in his closet before he gave it upon y^e^ Bench and happened by that to grow more famous than those that were guided by their judgments or their books, yet I cannot satisfy myself that it was only done well by chance. But, Madam, I ought to have understood whether 'twas *unfortunately* you meant, or *deservedly* (that I might not trouble you with both) when you asked me if I thought the loss of reputation or Honour in the person I had chosen to make a friend, could justifye the lessening my kindness to them w^ch^ I am opinion there are few things in the world can make allowable, and must confess to think that whoever should make the first an occasion never deserved the name of being one. It rather appears to me one of those misfortunes that as the greatest sign of a real Friendship ought to engage ones kindness and endeavours in lessening ye affliction if it be possible or at least sharing it with them and repairing it with y^t^ w^ch^ of all things under Heaven is the most capable of doing it. The assurance of the fidelity and constancy of a friend, w^ch^ is able to make the greatest misfortune tolerable.

" But all this kindness of one part may reasonably expect an equal return on the other, y^t^ is all y^e^ freedome in the Worls in confessing the disaster, as well as y^e^ occasion of it, whether it proceeds from ourselves or others, for sure, reservedness can least of all things consist with a perfect Friendship, it may do with the shadows of it, w^ch^ I thinke is all y^t^ now remains amongst us, and as I think reservedness to a friend upon any accedent or misfortune though

y^e misfortune no way deserves it may excuse the lessening one's kindness to them, so I thinke, Madam, upon y^t others part of y^r question of those whose misery proceeds from their own Fault & w^d I was about to say I thought a justifyable occasion of being unkind to, yet I am apt to believe greate freedom and openness of their souls would have power to hinder me from ever leaving them if I were y^t Friend. At least while I discerned in them trouble enough for y^t misfortune to hinder me from suspecting they would ever be guilty of another, though I know not whether it be not too greate an expression of my constancy & good nature and too great a reverence for y^t w^ch certainly deserves it mor y^n anything in the world and whether one may not reasonably be allowed to conclude a person y^t had so little care of their Honour could not have much of their Friend. I am apt to believe there is something so virtuous and so esteemable goes to the making of a perfect friend y^t any one thing meane or unworthy in that person should incline me to suspect all ye rest and though I value little what the world says of one in comparison of that happiness w^ch is so far above all their opinions can give & therefore never quit my friend because the world believes she deserves I sh^d do it, yet I should have courage enough to venture a misfortune w^ch I know I have always strength too little to beare."

All this sounds rather cold and judicial, and unless it was accompanied by some expressions of warmer regard, and sympathy, th recipient would scarcely have penned the five affectionate letters that Lady Giffard treasured. It is only the rough copy of the little "lecture" that lies a ong her papers here.

Sir Peter Lely pinxit

M. Lyttleton

Lady Chesterfield had been living for a year and a half in the great house set in its formal gardens in far-away Bretby when she wrote the first of these letters. She had fallen into ill-health and experienced a touch of the "vappers," which was certainly to be expected when one considers the change that had come suddenly into her life—the contrast of the quiet, monotonous existence with the glare and glamour of Whitehall, and the wild dissipations of the wildest court of Europe at its wildest moment; and one can imagine the legions of "vappers" and megrims that must have assailed her, although she writes so pluckily of the "sattisfaction" her surroundings give her.

Sir William Temple says that *good nature* is saying things that you think will please others, and *good breeding* lies in saying nothing that can hurt or offend another; and the poet Walsh thinks that "those letters are best that show most of these two qualities." He is right, perhaps, from the point of view of the recipient, but to the impartial reader a little less of these excellent ingredients and a little more piquancy would have added flavour to these amiable letters, which are almost girlish in their warm expressions of affection, so quaintly at variance with their sometimes formal diction.

LETTER I

June the 4th, 1664.

I am infinitely overjoyed to heare of your safe Arrivall and now my deare friend I thinke it will not be improper after the promises you maide me at our parting, to put you in minde of seeing me heare, to purchasse which happynesse I would doe anythinge in the worlde, so passionately I owne my joy, being a selfe lover. Pray by

the next posst send me word when I may expect you, and how far you would have my choch to meet you. I heare a flying report of your being to be married, but to whom none could tell me. I hope it is not true, it being that which I would admyre you to deferre as long as your friends will suffer you. When I left you we weare both of the same opinion and I hope as yet you have not changed it. If you have I am one of the inluckiest creaturs alive in flattering myselfe with the beliefe of injoying your company which if this be true I shall not. Pray deale clearly with me, and send me word if I am to credit a report that assumes a very sensible trouble to—YOURS.

Direct your letters to Derby to be sent to Bredbye.
For the Lady Giffard at Mr.
Wing's house over aginst
new street and in St.
Martin's Lane, London.

This letter was written soon after the arrival of the Temple family in England, and Lady Giffard had been nearly two years a widow.

Lady Chesterfield was evidently so little in love with matrimony herself that she had no inclination to persuade her friend to re-enter the bonds, and it is apparent from the tone of the following letter that Lady Giffard was considerably annoyed at the report which had got about of the likelihood of such an event.

LETTER II

MY DEARE FRIEND,—I am more afflicted then I could have imagined anything in the world could have maide me after the recovry of a very troublesome and painful indisposition, but now that the violence of that is abated you involve me in a more insupportable trouble then any

I ever felt by the despaire you putt me in of a happynesse I thought myselfe sure of and instead of using that freedome with me that I have ever practised in all my concerns towards you, you now begin to put me with unfriendly excuses by telling me that though you doe not thinke Mrs. (Joist ?) the wisest woman in her country yett you thinke she has not deserved such an enemy as G. O. that person is so inconsiderable to me when any insinuations of this come in ballance with the affection I have for you as nothing in the world would be of lesse waite but I assure you upon my word that I am sertin they never have as they have not to me, sayed any suche thing to any body, and if this is not a cruell deniall that you have made to put me of it is the greatest piece of mallis in your Informer to G. O. that ever I heard of for to my knolidg they doe not speak better of any person then they have done before me of your friend and G. O. has a very perticular respecte for her but had they the greatest aversion to her imaginable nothing of this should daterre me from pressing the same request with as much heate as ever besides I am soe free as to the power of giving that person all the welcome that they can expect as due to theare meritt that I am very indifferent wheather G. O. be satisfied with my choyce or no since I am sure the only body that I am obliged by duty or inclination to consider is very extremely well pleased with the Caviller I have maide him of I thinke the worthyist woman in the world and to her I bend all my desier and my hopes are fixed upon her constance to welcome without reluctance the promisse you maide so muche in favour of—YOURS.

June 17, 1664.

I have a greate many Baux at her service whos company I desiere, informe yourselfe and send me word when my choch shall meet her.

My humble service to your sister the country now is soe pleasant that though my Lord is at London and this

place is solitary enuff, yett I will sweare I never in my life parst my time with more sollid satisfaction, pray answer this as soon as possibly you can for I am impatient to heare the success of yis bill. Farewell, my deare Friend.

Lucidity of expression was apparently not Lady Chesterfield's forte, and we must hope and believe that Lady Giffard, who doubtless possessed the clues which are denied to us, was able to unravel the meaning of this letter! "The worthyist woman in the world" is doubtless Lady Giffard herself, but it is hopeless to discover who the cavalier is, unless G. O. should stand for Godolphin, whose name in other letters of the time was frequently abbreviated to "Godo," so why not "G.O."? The postscript of this letter scarcely rings true, and is pathetic in its useless insincerity. Did she really think Lady Giffard would believe that she was passing her time with so much "sollid satisfaction" as she protested, or that "barbarous London" contained no more of interest for her than the term implied? Was it a futile and transparent effort to mislead her friend, or was it only a bit of childish bravado put on to hide the smart? One inclines to the latter supposition.

July the 1st sees another letter despatched from Bretby containing more apologies, and more desire for the company of her "deare friend," which she is destined to be denied again and again. On August 10th the post carried another, always with the same refrain; the countess is very persistent, and Lady Giffard very determined, probably necessarily so, for she naturally does not care to leave her "sister," Dorothy Temple, at a time when she was most wanted at home.

LETTER III

July the first 1664.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am extremely troubled to find by yours of the 20th that I am not to expect the satisfaction of your company for a long continuance till after your sister is up again and though I owne I am very covetious of it sooner, yett I will not be so foolishly fond of it as to presse you to for so very short a time pray send me word if you thinke it impossible for your sister to be persuaded to dispense with your absence while she lays for if she would be soe selfe denying and so very obliging to me that longs of all things in the world to see you I should acknolidg it the greatest generossety for her imaginable and a very peculiar honour to me as for what you apprehend of Mrs Scropes power with me to your prejudice your justification on that poynt is very unnecessary for I assure you the esteeme & kindnesse I have for you is much above the civility, I have for her besides I have so genneral a justice for all persons as never to condemn any with out indenyable proufs of theare guiltt but Mrs Scrow (Scrope ?) is so little a person in my opinion and so sildom in my thoughts that whoever gave her that information I forgive them though I doe not remember I told anybody of the kind things she sayed of me but I will never believe it was you, when you have thoughts of coming to Bredby send me word and my choch shall meet you at Northampton to which place choches com twice a weake so that with all the conveancey you can wish for you can come heather send me word by the next posst how you like this proposition, if you do not theare ar outlier towns you may your choche to com to, if you have any kindnesse for me hassen me the happynesse I beg of for nobody living loves you so well as—YOURS.

The Mrs. Scrope whom Lady Giffard has apparently suspected of making mischief between her and Lady Chesterfield must be, I think, one of the daughters of the last Lord Scrope of Bolton. Burke in his extinct "Peerage" gives this note: "Emanuel, Earl of Sunderland and last Baron Scrope, left three natural daughters, amongst whom the estates of the Scropes were divided—

"Mary = Hon. Hen. Carey.
Annabella = John Grubbham Howe, Esq.
Elizabeth = Thomas Savage, Earl Rivers."

It is impossible to decide which of these three Mistress Scropes is alluded to, but Mrs. Howe's name occurs several times in Lady Giffard's letters thirty years later to Lady Portland, when she was evidently an acquaintance or friend of the family.

The infant who, from Lady Chesterfield's point of view, insisted upon coming into the world at such an inopportune moment, was John Temple, the only one of William and Dorothy's seven children who reached maturity; he was the sixth child, and his birth gave the liveliest joy to his parents, proportionate only to their grief at his tragic death twenty-six years later. So much sadness had attended the short lives of the other five, who, like the babe in the well-known epitaph,

"Came into the world,
Found nothing worth its stay,
Took but one look
And went on its way,"

that it was no wonder Lady Giffard could not be tempted to desert her sister-in-law at such a time.

The Temples were living on a small income—

some five or six hundred a year—in their first little house at Sheen, and Mr. Temple (as he was then) was spending most of his time in London waiting for an appointment.

LETTER IV

MY DEARE FRIEND,—I expected to have heard from you many possts since in answer to a letter of mine wherein I desyred to know when I should send my choch to Northampton for you. I heare it miscarryed and so am writing againe to trouble you with the same question. I hope by this time y^r^ sister is brought to bed and very well and that you will noe longer delaye me of a happynesse I cannot be satisfied without. I am now all alone and am like to be soe to my Lord's bussnyes keeping him in Towne. I knew nothing of returning in to Ireland and I doe believe I never shall, being very well settled heare and perfectly contented I shall be when you will bee soe good as to performe the promisse you have maide to my deare friend.—YOURS.

Aug. the 10th, 1664.

After an interval of some months my Lady Chesterfield tries to lure her friend to Wellingborough, where she is drinking the "'Watters' which are worse than any pains." The attractions of the little market-town do not appear very inviting, and one wonders if her ladyship dwelt in a tent, as did King Charles I. and Henrietta Maria when they went there to drink at the "red well," as they did for several summers.

LETTER V

MY DEARE FRIEND,—My removal from Bredby to the Watters wheare I now am and a great deale of company that left me not till the day I begun my journey

heather hindered me ever since I received your lasst letter from writing to you and this place is so much duller than that from whence I came that could the Watters worke a merakle theare is no living in so hott and durty a place though I did not absolutely despaire of your having good natur annuffe after living so long in the barbarous towne of London as wee contry ladeys call it, to make a jurney heather I would disemble as towne ones doe, and discover as I have done the facts of, but, without rallerey I have heard you complain of the spleen and they all esteeme the watters of this place the best cure of the vappers of it, which are certinley lesse supportable than the payne of anything that can be given, pray consid[r] ones advice that has lived long enough in a cold mallincoly aire to be perfectly learned in all the poynts of that Distemper and if you have found the trouble of it as much as you will seeking to oblige me, send me word that you will come and be cured with—YOURS FOREVER.

WILLINGBOROU, *20th of June* [1665].

derect your letters to Northampton to be sent on to me at Willingborrour and I shall sertinley receave theme, for your greater immitation my Lady Ruthin is within 4 miles of this towne.

The letter is sealed in red wax, with the familiar coronet and the letters "E. C." interlaced, and addressed to—

"The Lady GIFFARD,
at Mr. Staces a Taylour
in King Street,
Covent Garden."

The Lady Ruthin whose near neighbourhood is held out as a bait, was Lady Grey de Ruthin, a baroness in her own right at the death of her father in 1648. She had been a girl-friend of Lady Temple's,

and is several times mentioned in her letters, and always with the greatest admiration and affection. "'Tis our Hyde Park," writes Dorothy (describing a country road near Chicksands), "and every fine evening, any one that wanted a Mistress would be sure to find one there. I have wondered often to meet my Lady Ruthin there alone: methinks it should be dangerous for an heir. I could find in my heart to steal her away myself, but rather for her person than her fortune."

Lady Ruthin married Sir Christopher Yelverton, whom Dorothy calls "a pretty little gentleman," and to whose wooing she says, "I have given my consent! so I think we shall have a wedding ere 'tis very long."

Poor little Lady Chesterfield paid dearly for her flirtations. She never returned to London, and lived more or less in retirement, though as long as her lord was tied to his office of Lord Chamberlain he came backwards and forwards to Bretby, where they entertained a good many friends. One would like to have known if Lady Giffard conjured up an attack of "spleen," and joined her, as she so much desired, at Wellingborough—one hopes she did, for probably the poor lady never tasted the unpleasant "watters" again. No "merakle" was worked on her behalf, and before the next summer came round the "alluring blue eyes" were closed in death.

She left one little daughter, who eventually married Lord Strathmore, the fourth earl, and Lord Chesterfield married *en troisième noces* Lady Elizabeth Dormer, eldest daughter and co-heir of the Earl of Carnarvon.

PART II

1664–1665. CHARLES II

MRS. TEMPLE'S (DOROTHY OSBORNE) LETTERS TO HER HUSBAND

"All letters, methinks, should be free and easy as one's discourse, not studied like an oration nor made up of hard words like a charm. 'Tis an admirable thing to see how some people will labour to find terms that may obscure a plain sense, like a gentleman I knew who would never say 'the weather grew cold,' but that 'winter begins to salute us.' I have no patience for such coxcombs, and cannot blame an old uncle of mine who threw the standish at his man's head because he writ a letter for him, where instead of saying (as his master bid him) that 'he had the gout in his hand,' he said 'that the gout would not permit him to put pen to paper.'

"The Fellow thought he had mended it mightily, and that putting pen to paper was much better than plain writing!"

—DOROTHY OSBORNE (1653).

DOROTHY OSBORNE'S many admirers will gladly recognise her hand in the following letters; and if the wrong-doings of grooms and stable-boys be of less interest than the peccadilloes of "gallants and coxcombs," they will cheerfully allow that it is not the writer's fault, but that of circumstances. Legitimate endearments and confidences of married people must ever lack the romance that surrounds the restrained expressions and suggestions of covered fires that pervade the letters of unauthorised lovers, but the brightness and charm of the lady of William Temple's heart shows through them all.

Dorothy's pen was always that of "a ready

writer," and she perfectly carried out her uncle Francis Osborne's advice to correspondents: "When business or compliment calls you to write a letter, consider what is fit to be said were the party present, and set it down." Her letters had always been talks with their recipients—not dull catalogues of events and diaries of engagements, but the style of correspondence that *donne à penser*—and it was very much her habit to follow another precept of her scholarly uncle, "to find the way to elegancies of style by employing her pen on every errand," not forgetting that "the more trivial and dry it is, the more brains must be allowed for sauce."

Dorothy Temple's brains were of a fine quality, and the sauce of her correspondence was of the most *piquante*.

Sheen

"Get ye gone to Sheen," said King Charles good-humouredly, on the occasion of his offering Temple the seals of Secretary of State in 1677, "we shall get no good of you till you have been there!"

The vague term "Sheen" has hitherto always stood for the first English home of the William Temples. Often in his Memoirs and Letters Sir William speaks of his "little corner of Sheen" where his heart is set, and "the possession of which makes no disappointments seem great." John Evelyn went to see him "at Sheen." King William visited the Temples "at Sheen." The Duchess of Somerset called on her friends "at Sheen;" Swift lived with the family "at Sheen;" it was always vaguely "Sheen!" Sheen! Sheen! but where—in what

part of Sheen—nobody knew. Writers have puzzled for many decades over the meagre information the term has given them, and few if any of the people who have written about the Temples (in whom there is apparently a perennial interest) know that Richmond was once called "Sheen." This made the area in which to seek the lost "corner" larger, but local antiquaries and topographists have located it at last on the site of the present observatory there, and Mr. Beresford Chancellor in his "History and Antiquities of Richmond" gives the "pedigree" of the place, which was originally a monastery for forty monks.

These seven letters from Mrs. Temple to her husband must have been written from Sheen early in the year 1665, while he was gadding about the town *en garçon*, and making friends with the pullers of wires and chief players in the game of politics. They show us how little different from the Dorothy we knew as a girl was this Dorothy, the wife, and the owner of five little graves in the green island over the sea. The letters show us that she has kept the resolution she made in the days of their engagement that her love for him should never stand in his way, or drag him back as she has known that of other wives do. She has let her "best Deare Hearte" go away from her into the gayest and maddest of cities without complaint, and when he stays over long she only chides him in her playful way, and makes fun of his probably very unfounded complaint that her letters are too short or too cold. "But now I remember me you would have such letters as I used to write before we married, there are many such in your cabinet." (So even then in those early days he

kept her letters in his "cabinet," where some of them still lie.) She brings out, too, the old family joke we remember hearing of before, of her brother's gibes that she had more "kindness for her lover than he had for her," and that after they were married he would reproach her for it.

"Jack" was born in 1663–4, after they left Ireland, and must have been now little more than a year old. There is no allusion to Lady Giffard in any of these letters, so they must, I think, have been written during one of her short absences, or she surely would have had some message to send her brother.

The description of the importance of Mr. Mayor, and the quality of his ruff, reminds us of the "Emperor" of the old days, one of Lady Temple's rejected suitors; just such a man with just such a ruff the words conjure up.

Dorothy had long since made her husband acquainted with her requirements in a partner for life. As long ago as 1653 she regaled him with her views, which might have frightened some of her more timid adorers away; for many of them might have recognised their own shortcomings in the attributes this difficult damsel "would have none of," had they been possessed of that very doubtful blessing which no one but the most self-satisfied of mortals can honestly desire—the gift of "seeing ourselves as others see us."

But the picture was drawn in delicate flattery to Temple, and it required no fairy gifts to read between the lines!

"There are a great many ingredients that must go to the making me happy in a husband. First,

as my cousin Franklin says, our humours must agree, and to doe that he must have the same kind of breeding that I have, and used to that kind of company. That is, he must not be so much of a country gentleman as to understand nothing but hawks and dogs, and be fonder of either than his wife; nor of the next sorte of them whose aim reaches no further than to be Justice of the Peace and once in his life High Sheriff, who reads no books but Statutes and studies nothing but how to make a speech interlaced with Latin that may amaze his disagreeing poor neighbours and fright them rather than persuade them into quietness. He must not be a thing that began the world in a free school, was sent from thence to the University, and at his furthest, when he reaches the Inns of Court, has no acquaintances but those of his form in these places, speaks the French he has picked out of old laws, and admires nothing but the stories he has heard of the revels that were kept there before his time.

"He must not be a town gallant neither, that cannot imagine how an hour should be spent without company unless it be in sleeping, and making court to all the women he sees, thinking they believe him, and laughs, and is laughed at equally. Nor a travelled Monsieur whose head is all feather inside and outside and can talk of nothing but dancing and duels, and has courage to wear slashes when every one else dyes of cold to see him. He must not be a fool of noe sort. Nor peevish nor ill-natured, nor proud nor covetous, and to all this must be added that he must love me and I him as much as we are capable of loving. Without all this his fortune though never

soe great would not satisfye me, and with it a very moderate one would keep me from ever repenting my disposal."

The inverted picture of her ideal husband is extraordinarily clever, and shows how thoroughly she read the character of the man she had promised to marry. The inverse is Temple to the life; and in some of the points she insists upon as unallowable, she puts her fingers on his weak parts, which she can really have scarcely more than guessed at. Certainly, as he ticked off the points (which it is conceivable that he did) he must have smiled as he recognised himself. Unquestionably their "humours agreed," and if they had not had quite the same sort of breeding, they belonged to the same social status, and moved in the same circles. He was assuredly not of the type of country gentleman that she objected to; though very fond of horses, he cared little for hawks and dogs as far as we know, and his ambitions reached further than the High Sheriff once in a lifetime.

The books he read for pleasure were very unlike statutes, but romances of the most sentimental order; he did not begin his life in a free school, but he did go to the University and was "bred to the law"; the French he spoke was not archaic, and the stories he liked were much what she did, amusing bits of gossip and *on dits* of the day. He certainly played at one time the "town gallant," but he neither "lived at a tavern" nor was "wretched without company," being always very fond of his own society. If he did make love to any fair ladies, he was not so foolish as to make Dorothy jealous; and though he had travelled a good deal, he was not always bragging of his

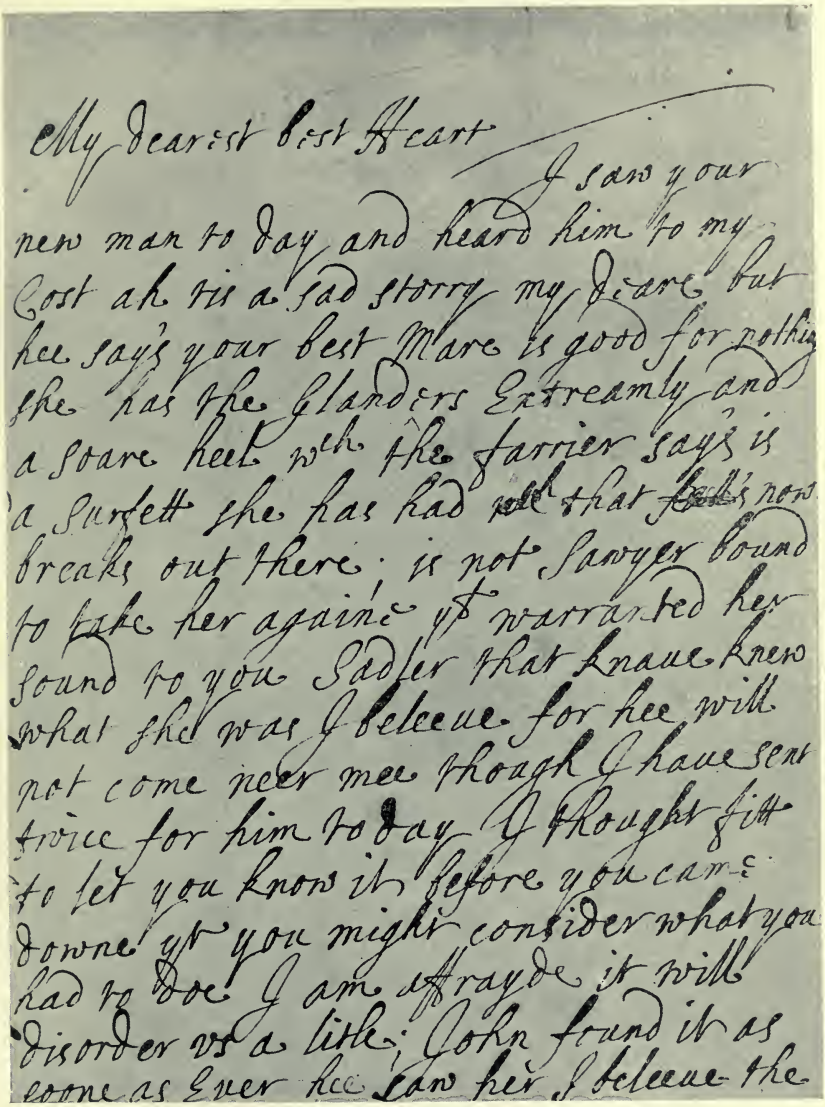
adventures. He was quiet and "exact" in his dress, his sister tells us. He certainly was no fool, though sometimes peevish, nor ill-natured nor discourteous. About the pride there may be two opinions, but one thing was certain—he loved his "Mistress" and she him "with all the love they were capable of," and that was saying a great deal; and Dorothy, for all her brother's gibes, felt quite safe in the knowledge that he would never treat her as her typical squire might have done—

> "When his passion had run its novel course,
> A little nearer than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

When she addressed these "scrips" to him they had been married twelve years; it is plain that he had not disappointed her.

Among the people herein mentioned, students of "Dorothy Osborne's Letters" will recognise several old friends. There is "Jane," who called herself Sir William's "fellow servant" in the early days of their courtship. Lady Temple was very much attached to "Jane," who was one of the Chicksands household, and was equally useful as a duenna, maker of marmalades or purveyor of prohibited sweets in the form of love-letters; she was sister to Mrs. Goldsmith, the wife of the Rector of Chicksands. These letters show that she continued to stay if not live with Dorothy after she married. "My Aunt" was probably Lady Danvers, her mother's sister. She had married as his third wife Sir John Danvers the regicide, whom Dorothy derisively called "my precious Uncle."

They lived in a beautiful house at Battersea near


My dearist best Heart

I saw your new man to day and heard him to my Cost ah tis a sad storry my deare but hee says your best Mare is good for nothing she has the Glanders Extreamly and a Soare heel wch the farrier says is a Surfett she has had all that [illegible] now breaks out there; is not Sawyer bound to take her againe yt warranted her sound to you Sadler that Knaue knew what she was I believe for hee will not come neer mee though I have sent twice for him to day I thought fitt to let you know it before you came downe yt you might consider what you had to doe I am affrayde it will disorder vs a litle; John found it as soone as Ever hee saw her I believe the

Facsimile of Lady Temple's Handwriting

old Chelsea Church, and close to the river in the near neighbourhood of Sir Thomas More's house. It was a "sumptuous" abode enriched with marbles and standing in a beautiful garden in the Italian style. The identity of the ill-conditioned boy is undiscoverable.

LETTER I

My Dearest Heart,—Forby did me great wrong in not delivering the long scrip I sent you, I know if you had seen it before you writt yours would have bin something longer than it is. But I am thankful however ; and indeed you sent mee very good news, of my Aunt's stay in Towne for the thought of that journey was not very pleasant to me. I am glad you have found a footman too, and Tom shall bee sent up as you appoint, but how will you doe to returne your money. I am in some paine for you. Mr. Lawfort has made up a bill of £15 od money, £5 wee had before and £5 now, and the linnen with some od things you had, buttons, and silke, &c. I sent to our neighbour Mr. Osgood to know if hee could help us, but hee is not provided at present hee says. I doe not think but Mr. Ward of Newgate Markett could doe it, he has acquaintance heare for I have had letters sent mee from him by Townsmen, if you have any from Irelande pray let me have them to entertaine myselfe withall till you come. It seems tis true that my Aunt Temple comes away for my cousin Mary Hammond writes my Aunt word yt she and my Lady Waller were at Battersay to see my Uncle and where they told her they expected her very suddenly. Poore woman I am sorry for her, tis certain the dread of us that frights her away.

Jack is invited to Coly a-shroving, but my Lady says she believes she is never to see you there, I sayed what I could to excuse you, but you are concluded the arrantist gadder in ye country, none matter though my deare I love you for all that soe you will hast home againe.

Doe you mean to look for some lodgings and roome to lay our goods in that must be thought on. I "memed" to stand out of harms way when the Great Wall fell downe. Here come Creeper that will let me say no more but that we are both yours. If Tom goes remember Mrs. Fountains hood.

The allusion to the difficulties of conveying money from one person to another, which occurs so frequently in contemporary letters, gives one an idea of what an inestimable boon the starting of the Bank of England must have been some twenty-eight years later.

Charles and his ministers never paid, on principle, any one who did not ask for their promised wage, and subsequent events showed that but for his wife, Temple (once safe away on the other side of the Channel) would have been left without funds; but Dorothy summoned Sir William Godolphin and her cousin Sir Thomas Osborne and others to her assistance, and shamed or coaxed the authorities into providing the sinews of war. She had not run the Chicksands establishment without acquiring some useful knowledge of business, and Temple, it is seen, entrusted her with his monetary affairs.

This mention of "my Aunt Temple" is the only one I have ever seen in any memoirs of the family. She must have been either an unmarried sister of Sir John's or the wife of his brother; whoever she was, she had not the happiest of relations with the family at Sheen, neither is it particularly clear from whence the dread of them has "frighted her away."

"My Lady Waller" was probably the widow of the Royalist general, Sir William Waller.

Little Jack's invitation to go "a-shroving" settles the approximate date of this letter; it must obviously have been written just before the beginning of Lent. "Shroving" in England was what the carnival was abroad—all sorts of quaint customs and mummery took place on Shrove Tuesday, and it is curious to think that even then Westminster boys were tossing pancakes over the beam as they do religiously to-day.

Coly, or Colney, Park, was the seat of Sir John Vachell. At Coly-cross Edward V. met the loyal mayor and aldermen of Reading. Coley House Charles I. made his headquarters after the first battle of Newbury (May 16, 1644), staying there three nights himself before going to Sheen. The Temples were some little time at Reading, where, if they did not already know them, they doubtless made friends with the Vachell family.

LETTER II

Tis mighty well too that I have sett upon thorns these two howers for this sweet scrip full of reproaches.

Pray what did you expect I should have writt, tell me that I may know how to please you next time.

But now I remember me you would have such letters as I used to write before we were marryed, there are a great many such in your cabinet yt. I can send you if you please but none in my head I can assure you. Tis not the great abondance of diversion I finde heer though, nor want of any kindnesse (I think) that hinders mee from being just what I was then, but a dullnesse yt I can give no accounte of and that I am not displeased with but for your sake and because it is many times an occasion of the making good one of my Brothers propheys

whoe used to tell mee often I had more kindnesse for you then became mee, and that I might assure myselfe if I ever came to bee your wife you would reproach mee wth. it, I might perhaps though been something more dull than ordinary when I writt last for as I remember I was sleepy too and not soe much with sitting up late as with rising early wch I have done every since you went either because I am weary of my bed or that tis good to make me leane again ; but know soe little what to doe wth myselfe when I am up that I am fain to send for Jack into my chamber, see him drest there, and when I am weary of playing with him go to work for him, but alasse, he has a greate defecte his coate was made and I had gott him linnen redy to weare with it but Mrs Carter has sent him noe shoes and stockings I believe twas Tom's fault that did not carry her Jane's letter soone enough. You tell mee nothing of my Aunt nor of my cousin Thorolde. I suppose tis that you have not seen any of them yett.

I shall observe your orders tomorrow and write to you againe on Monday tis like to bee a great faire they say something more then ordinary sure it will bee or else Mr. Mayor and his Brethren would mere have put themselves to the trouble of comeing all to my Aunt two dayes agon. Do tell her that they would pull downe our friend Mrs Harrisons hedge to make roome for it they threatened her garden too and question her right to the ffishing and the hundred eggs. Mighty hott words past and many more then the buisnesse was worth I thought but that the gravity of Mr. Mayor's ruffe bore it out soe well would I could borrow it to sent with this letter for tis as little to the purpose mee thinks as all that hee sayed, see what you get by putting mee upon long letters if you confesse it you are glad with all your heart to finde yourselfe soe near the end on't. Good night to you my dearest.—I am, your,

D. TEMPLE.

Though she would have rather died than have called him home unless she was convinced that he would lose nothing in coming, Dorothy's patience had been severely strained, and her courage was low when she wrote this letter; the dulness and solitude were doing their work, and little Jack, sweet baby that he was, was no substitute for her husband's sympathetic presence. Dorothy at no period of her life had any predilection for vegetating, though she was sometimes obliged to do so; her active mind made her desire to "live" every moment of her existence, and in after years when Sir William Temple was eager to retire from the world and "chew the cud" of a well-stored mind, nothing but the shrinking of a broken heart could have made her willingly seek such banishment as that of Moor Park. Yet Dorothy was no mondaine; the rush and excitement of noise and crowds gave her little pleasure; it was the "give-and-take" between friends, the chance meeting of kindred spirits, and the pleasant interchange of thoughts and ideas that made the joy of her life. She was fully alive to her own powers of intellect and charm (how could it be otherwise with the long procession of lovers that came and went at Chicksands during her girlhood to make her aware of them!), and she would not have been human if, in the lonely hours at Sheen when the "Creeper" was slumbering in his cot, she had not felt herself wasted there. But changes were in the air, and she soon had the opportunity of shining in a more congenial society than London afforded in the Merry Monarch's reign.

"Cousin Thorolde" was a widow lady and an occasional visitor to Chicksands in days gone by.

There is a mention of her in one of Dorothy's letters to Temple in 1653; apparently her conversation was not of a wildly exciting type, nor her company indispensable, neither was she a friend to Temple's suit.

"My Brother is gone to wait upon the Widow, she that was born to parsecute you and I, I think. She has so tired me being here two or three days that I do not think I shall accept of the offer she makes me of living with her in case my Father dies before I have disposed of myself. Yet we are great friends," she continues with that irrepressible touch of satire that her sense of humour never could resist, "and for my comfort she says she will come again at the latter end of June and stay longer with me."

Mrs. Carter's identity must remain shrouded in mystery; whether she is the laundress or the hosier, or a personal friend, there is nothing to prove, and it is moreover very immaterial. One thing only we know, that she omitted to send the dear little "Creeper" (probably his first) shoes and stockings.

Mrs. Fountain, whose hood "Tom" is to remember, might be equally a friend or dependant. The Temples of a later generation were intimate with the Fountaines of Narford, and she may well have been one of that family.

"Tom" was Temple's valet or manservant.

LETTER III

MY DEAREST HEART,—After all Mr. Mayor's preparations 'twas a very poore faire, not a good horse in't besydes Sawyers Teame in wch was the mare hee told you of and he brought her down to the stable to match

her with, my aunts and she doe very well together hee says but I did not see it for though I sent twenty messengers to him Sadler would not come neer mee all the faire day but sent mee word at night what hee had don wch was that on Satturday next heer would come two mares for you to see. Today I sent for him again and hee tells mee the mares are both Sawyers, both 4 years old and full as large as my aunts' and the same couler and will both come to about £30, one of them hee has bin offered £16 for and hee takes her to be better than my Aunts and if you like them you may hav them if not thers noe harm don, hee is not fond of selling them ; I have seen the young fellow hee looks plain and honest will undertake he sayes to look to your 4 horses very well and with as much care as any man. Sadler commends him mightily hee drove his Brother's coach the Gloucester road a great while, he asks £12 a year and cannott take under hee says. Hee had as much at Sadler's Brother and has as good as £16 where he now is. Sadler and hee goe by together tomorrow, then you may see him and sattisfye yourself but with all this I must tell you too that they say Sadler is generally taken notice on for a Gift he had of lyeinge and therefor what his Mares will come to I cannot tell. Can you tell me when you intend to come home, would you would, I should take it mighty kindly good deare make hast I am as weary as a dog without his Master, your poore Jack is all the entertainment I have hee men's his little duty and grows and thrives every day. When the sun shines his mayde has him abroad to use him to goe to Coly upon a solemn invitation. My deare Hearte bee sure I have a scrip by Tuesday's coach and noe reproaches remember that indeed I don't deserve them I thinke for I am sure I infintely love my dearest dear heart and am his. D. TEMPLE.

We see by this letter that horse-dealing was carried on then much as it is now, and that all was

considered "fair in love and war," and if the seller could take in the buyer he was no "knave" but a "fine fellow," and the other was a "fool" in the opinion of every one except the unfortunate dupe.

Dorothy Temple was sharp enough in most things, but she was no match for a horse-dealer, and there is not the shadow of a doubt but that she was "done" over the mares as well as over their groom who looked so "plain and honestly." Mr. Sadler's "gift for lying" evidently had not deserted him, and one does not wonder, after reading the last but one of these letters, that he could not be induced to come near Mrs. Temple all the Fair-day!

LETTER IV

MY BEST DEAR HEART,—How kindly I take this little scrip you sent mee; deed my dear you shall never want one as longe as I have fingers to write yet never trust me if I know what to tell thee besydes yt wee are all well heer and were at the fall of the great wall today.

I could have cryed over it mee thoughts it fell soe solemnly and with soe good a grace after it had stood out all their Batterys soe long, and met with the same fate yt all the great things in the world doe when they fall. The People shouted at it and were pleased, ran in to trample out because 'twas down treading where they durst not have sett a foot whilst it was up.

Well the man has a huge Bargain on't there is I am confident five times more free stone in't than anybody could have imagined but all this is nothing to your Mares and truth is my deare I can give you but a slender accounte of them. I hope they are well (and soe forth) but 'tis soe durty I cannot goe down to the stable

and Tom is resolved I shall see him noe more I think for I have not don it since you went; today indeed hee took his Phisick and so kept his Chamber but where he bestowed himself all yesterday I know not; Jane is at an end of all her patience with him too for it seems Robins Mr. seeing his letters open read them and Robin took yt soe ill yt they went together by the ears aboute it and great disorders it has caused, but those are common things. I thought wee should have seen a combatt between my poor Aunt and her grandsonne tonight. They fell out soe terribly at cards and doe you thinke that rude boy should have the confidence to throw up his cards in a snuffe (after he had disputed it with her halfe an houre) and say hee would play noe more because when hee has dealt twice shee told him on't and would have the cards to deal herselfe as 'twas her turn. Ah! my deare if son Jack should doe such things sure I should make bold to beat him as long as I were able, but poor childe hee looks soe honestly I know hee never will, deed my Hearte 'tis the quietest best little boy yt ever was borne I'm affray'd hee'l make mee grow fond of him doe what I can the only way to keep mee from it is for you to keep at home for when I am here with him now hee is all my entertainment besydes what I finde in thinking of my dearest and wishing him wth his D. TEMPLE.

The foregoing letter may have been good evidence years afterwards, in the quarrel between Sir William and Lord Brouncker, over the wall which divided that portion of "Sheen" which Brouncker had purchased of Lord Bellaysis from the rest of it belonging to Lord Lisle, where the Temples were now living, and which afterwards became by purchase their property.

This house was in an enclosure called Crowne Court. This enclosure contained other houses, two

more of which Sir William afterwards purchased. The Court was surrounded on three sides by high walls, one of which was not considered safe in 1666, and in the words of the legal document prepared for the Temple-Brouncker lawsuit of 1683, "it fayled," and was "newly raysed" by agreement between Lord Bellaysis and Lord Lisle. On the fourth side, the Court was protected by the river Thames, on the banks of which Sir William made his garden, and where Gerard found the "wild clery good for weak eyes," when he was making his "herbal."

For this beloved "corner of Sheen" its owner brought over from Holland the best of cherry and orange trees, and several kinds of vines, all of which did well, and their "descendants," if not some of the original trees, were transplanted to Moor Park in later days.

Evelyn, who visits him in August 1677, in company with Lord Brouncker, whose satirical remarks tinge his criticism, says, speaking of the "pretty villas" and fine gardens of the enclosure, that in Sir William's garden he saw the best trained fruit-trees he ever beheld, some most excellent peaches, and good pictures and statues, "though not so fine as their owner thinks them."

That it is the fall of this old part of the great wall preparatory to rebuilding it that the writer tells of in her letter, it is plausible to suppose, and her description of it is a truly characteristic one.

The fall of a wall, like the fall of a tree, has in it an element of majesty and tragedy. Who can see unmoved a great tree cut through at the foot, poised for one brief moment in mid-air, and then fall with a crash,

its lesser branches breaking into a thousand pieces; or watch a great wall lean and sway, lose its balance, and curving over, break with a resounding roar, like a wave of the sea on the rocks? Not Dorothy Temple!—though she little thought, when she watched it fall with "so good a grace," with how bad a grace the "new wall," raised out of its ruin, was to be broken into in days to come.

How the spirit of the times spoke to her through the action of the people! The "Usurper" was not long dead, and many of them remembered the joy of mutilating statues, and breaking stained-glass windows. Nor did the other lookers-on forget the crime of 1649!

The mob, no doubt, was thoroughly enjoying itself (and this time harmlessly enough), while Dorothy read her little parable in their delight at the destruction of property, their eager trampling on the "fallen great."

The portion of the letters that relate to little John have a sad significance. His mother was afraid to "grow fond of him," afraid to let the gentle little fellow, who was the "best little boy that ever she knew," twine himself too closely round her heart-strings, lest he too should be taken away.

Dorothy was teaching herself the stern lesson we all must learn, of the futility of setting up idols; they are always—or almost always—"broken to our faces," and this idol (if such he was) was to break with a louder crash than all.

LETTER V

My dearest best Heart,—I saw your new man today and heard him to my cost. Ah, 'tis a sad storry my deare but he says your best Mare is good for nothing she has the glanders extrenely and a soare heel wch the farrier says is a surfett she has had wch that nowe breaks out there ; is not Sawyer bound to take her againe yt warranted her sounde to you Sadler that knave knewe what she was before I believe for hee will not come neer mee though I have sent twice for him today I thought fitt to lett you know it before you came downe yt. you might consider what you had to doe, I am affrayde it will disorder us a little; John found it as soone as ever hee saw her I believe the fellow has good skill in horses he look very honestly too and like to make a good servant I think. I gave Jack the kiss you sent him and he mems little duty and gave mee another for you wch you shall have as soone as you come home and twenty more from

Your D. T.

LETTER VI

My dearest Heart,—'Twas kindly don not to forget my scrips. I wayted for it all day and would not have missed it for two such basketts of grapes as cam wth it though they were excellent good ones. I will bee very carefull of myselfe and my Aunt dos assure mee I cannot misse of a good midwife in the Towne whenever I shall have occasion for her. Your horses shall be looked to too as well as William and I and Jane and Mrs. Goldsmith can doe it, for wee understand it much alike mee thinks. I wish my Aunt's businesse a happy despatch, and my dearest home again with his

D. Temple.

LETTER VII

MY DEAREST HEART,—I send you heer a letter that will amaze you I believe as muche as it did mee, but tis most happy that hee is thus discovered before hee has don a worse mischiefe. Rid your hands of him quickly for God's sake since I knew this I have broken open his boxe but found nothing there but his owne things, his new sute and most of his linnen, unlesse it bee the cape of your plush cloak wch I have sent lest you might want it. Poor Mr. Rolles brought this letter through all the rain to-day. My dear dear heart make haste home, I doe soe want thee that I cannot imagine how I did so endure your being soe long away when your businesse was in hande.—Goodnight my dearest, I am, Yours D. T.

Lady Temple was one of those women, less rare than novelists would have us believe, who are equally attractive to men and women. We know the women-friends of her youth from the frequent mention of them in her letters—Lady Diana Rich, Lady Ruthin, "my pretty niece Dorothy Peyton," &c. &c. Later in life one may mention Lady Sunderland, and Queen Mary, whose marriage she had practically arranged, and who must have hated her so for it! though she loved her dearly before, and ever after. Among her most ardent female adorers was the Welsh poetess, Kate Philips of Porthynon. "The most ardently admired Mrs. Katherine Philips, the matchless Orinda," as her editor calls her, whose tragic death from smallpox at the age of thirty-two cut short the career of an unusually brilliant woman, an English "*bas-bleu*," and one who, if she had had the good fortune to have been born a Frenchwoman, might

perhaps have shone as a star of the first magnitude among the *précieuses* at the Hôtel Rambouillet.

Lady Giffard's care has preserved a letter from this lady, written but a month before her death, to Lady (then Mrs.) Temple, whom she beseeches to admit her to a greater familiarity and friendship than she has hitherto enjoyed, and speaking of her intense desire that "Mr. Philips" will take her to London, so that she can enjoy the "conversation of her friends," and not be left too long to the "melancholy silence" of the mountains and rivers which surrounded her home in Wales.

"Mrs. Kate Philips' letter, under the name of Orinda, to Sr. Wm. Temple's Lady."

For my highly honour'd Mrs. Temple att her lodgings at Mr. Winns house
neare the horse-shoe in
St. Martin's Lane
London.

Jan. 22, 1664.

DEARE MADAM,—You treat me in your letters so much to my advantage and above my merit that I am almost affray'd to tell you how exceedingly I am pleased with them lesst you should attribute yt contentment to ye delight I take in being praised whereas I am extreamely deceived if that be ye ground of it, though I confess it is not free from vanity. I cannot choose but be proud of being own'd by soe valuable a person as you are, and one whom all my inclinations carry me to honour and love at a very great rate, and you will find by the trouble I last gave you of this kind how impossible it will be for you to be rid of an importunity which you have much encourag'd and how much your late silence alarm'd one

yt is so much concern'd for ye honour you doe her in allowing her to hope you will frequently let her know she hath some room in yr particular favour, I hope you have pardon'd me that complaint and allow'd a little jealousy to the great passion I have for you and that I shall with some more assurance come to thank you for this last favour of 12th instant, and must beg you to believe that if my convent were in Cataya and I a recluse by vow to it, yet I should never attain mortification enough to be able willingly to deny myself the great entertainment of your correspondance, which seems to remove me out of a solitary religious house on ye mountains and place me in the most advantageous prospect upon both court and town and give me right to a better place than of either, and that madam is your friendship, which is so great a present, that there is but one way to make it more valuable and yt is by making it less ceremonious and by using me with a freedom that may give me more access into your heart and this beg from you with a great earnestness, and will promise you that whatsoever liberties of that kind you allow me, yt I will never so much abase that goodness as to press mine own advantages further than you shall permit or lessen any of the respect I ow you, by the less formal approaches I desire to make to you who though I esteem above most of ye world yet I love yet more.

I believe ere this you have seen the new Pompey either acted or written and then will repeat your partiality to ye others, but I wonder much what preparations for it could prejudice Will Davenant when I hear they acted in English habits and yt so a propos yt Cesar was sent in with a feather and a staff till he was hissed off ye stage and for ye scenes I do not see where they could place any that are very extraordinary but if this play hath not diverted the Citizens wives enough Sr. W. D. will make them amends for they say Harry the 8th and some later ones are little better than puppet plays. I understand

ye confederate translators are now upon Heraclins and I am contented that Sir Thos. Clarges who hath done that last year, should adorn this triumph in it as I have done in Pompey, for I defy Heraclius ? and all his works, having so unfortunately piqu'd Mr. Waller yt he was pleased to speak of me with as little generosity to ye King as he once did of Sacharissa to ye Parliament and I fear his displeasure is no wit abated since ye King's and Queen's so gracious reception of those verses you mention upon her majesties recovery and though this advantageous opinion might have given me some vanity yet Ile assure you Madam yours gave me more and though I never writt anything with more distrust of myself yt since you think them worthy of so favourable a mention I will submit my judgement to you and rather think it possible that I might hit something in them not unluckily then that you could be unsincere to one you are pleased so generously to own. You see how much I depend upon what you say and therefore you ought in honour never to use me with compliment.

I am glad of the news of ye Duchesses recovery and the other victory you mention at Court for though it be but changing our pack of cards for another yet time and inconstancy together may at last fix yt passion where it ought to be. I think the conquered rivall has done well in the change of her principles, for I wonder all ladies of her morality are not of a religion which provides them soe many shorter ways to heaven than repentance and when at the wane of their fortune they may retire into a Cloyster and persuade ye worlde yt the shame of their disgrace is only ye devotion of their souls and soe make a virtue of necessity. I am much obliged to anybody for enquiring where I am and indeed if I could give any account of what I doe here I should be better satiffy'd but I am good for nothing everywhere and you will have a hard task to prove there is better company where there is neither ye conversation of towns nor ye innocency of ye fields but

a certain kind of busy drudgery to ye world of Fashion for that pittiful nothing that men call pre-eminence with the combined incursions of people who can neither speak nor hold their tongue and yet I could endure the sight of all this here rather than be any more embarquee dans une affaire si mechante as ye combatting gyants, and seeing them devour ye reputations of ye innocent, if I did not consider that by coming to the place where these things are I shall be nearer ye conversation of some particular excellent friends (among whom I assure you Mrs. Temple has a most eminent room) which may both improve and delight me and they so much (byass) my inclination that I cannot but wish Mr. Philips his occasions may permit him to give me yt opportunity this spring and if they doe you are sure to be tormented with me soe much yt I think you are concerned to wish they may not, but in earnest for aught I perceive, I must never show any face there or among any reasonable people again, for some most dishonest person hath got some collection of my Poems as I heare, and hath deliver'd them to a Printer who I heare is just upon putting them out and this hath soe extreamly disturbed me, both to have my private folly so unhandsomely exposed and ye belief that I believe the most part of ye worlde are apt enough to believe yt I connived at this ugly accident that I have been on ye rack ever since I heard it, though I have written to Col. Jeffries who first sent me word of it to get ye Printer punished, the book called in, and me some way publickly vindicated yet I shall need all my friends to be my champions to ye criticall and mallicious that I am soe innocent of this pittiful design of a knave to get a groat that I never was more vexed at anything and yt I utterly disclaim whatever he hath soe unhandsomely expos'd. I know you have goodness and generosity enough to doe me this right in your company and to give me your opinion too how I may best get this impression suppressed and myself vindicated and therefore I will not

beg your pardon for troubling you with this impertinent story nor for so long an harangue as this, the truth is I would fain by example if I can not by importunity, induce you to yt freedom which is begged of you as soe necessary to ye happinesse of

my D : deare Madam, Your most faithful servant

ORINDA.

To Mr. Temple my humble service I beg.

It was during this visit, so eagerly anticipated, that she met her death. Cowley, Lord Orrerry, James Tyrrell, and Flaxman perpetuated her memory in mournful verse ; and Sir William Temple, at the desire of his wife and sister, summoned his not always ready muse and composed some lines in her honour.

Some of Mrs. Philips' verses on "Friendship" are very charming, and appeal to us to-day just as they did to her friends when she wrote them.

EXTRACTS FROM A POEM ON "FRIENDSHIP."

"Friendship doth carry more than common trust,
And treachery is here the greatest sin.
Secrets deposed there none ever must
Presume to open, but who put them in.
They that in one chest lay up all their stock
Had need be sure that none can pick the lock.

. . . . . .

A breast too open Friendship does not love,
For that others' trust will not conceal;
Nor one too much reserved can it approve,
Its own condition this will not reveal.
We empty passions for a double end,
To be refreshed and guarded by a friend.

. . . . . .

Thick waters show us images of things.
Friends are each others' mirrors and should be
Clearer than crystal or the mountain springs,
And free from clouds, design or flattery.
For vulgar souls no part of friendship share;
Poets and friends are born to what they are."

She is more pleasing when she writes in this simple way than when she plays the laureate, and commemorates historical events or addresses odes to queens and princes, when her pathos is apt to degenerate into bathos.

The following is an extract from the ode to Queen Catherine, on her sickness and recovery in 1662, on the gracious acceptance of which Lady Temple has evidently congratulated her:—

"Some dying Princes have their servants slain
That after Death they might not want a train.
Such cruelty were here a needless sin,
For had our fatal fears prophetic been,
Sorrow alone that service would have done
And you by nations had been waited on.
Your danger was in every village seen,
And only yours was quiet and serene.
But all our zealous grief had been in vain
Had not Great Charles called you back again,
Who did your suff'rings with such pain discern—
He lost three kingdoms once with less concern.
La'bring your safety he neglected his
Nor feared he death in any shape but this.
His genius did the bold distemper tame
And his rich tears quench'd the rebellious flame.
At once the Thracian Hero lov'd and griev'd
Till his lost felicity receiv'd,
And with the moving accents of his woe
His spouse recovered from the shades below,
And to his happy Passion we have been
Now twice obliged for so adored a queen.
But how severe a choice had you to make
When you must Heaven delay or him forsake!"

All this is very pretty and very flattering, but one cannot help thinking that the dear lady wrote with unintentional irony, and that the fear that "was on every visage seen" was not that the poor little unloved, childless queen should die, but lest she

should live! and that had she really died, the grief of the nation might not have provided her with such a numberless train of self-immolating followers as the poetess expected. It is not unlikely that when the poor plain face in its bizarre setting of corkscrew curls, pale and thin from recent illness, reappeared at court in cruel contrast to the splendid beauty of *la belle* Stewart, whose star was then in the ascendant, that "Great Charles" may have regretted the "richness and quenching" properties of his tears, and could possibly have forgiven his obedient consort if she had chosen the alternative course and hesitated to "delay Heaven" on his account.

Yet those tears were genuine enough at the moment, we may well believe. They were tears of penitence and remorse, and that pity which the young always feel for the young who are called early out of a world that seems to them so fair; a sense, too, of scant justice that they should be given so little time to live and laugh and love in. Something of all this was in Charles's heart, perhaps, as he bent over what he believed to be the death-bed of his neglected wife, and conjured her to "live for his sake." Later, when his counsellors urged him to divorce her because she had brought him no heir, the remembrance of that hour possibly kept him firm in the refusal which did him honour, and may be set in the balance against many acts of his careless, unscrupulous life.

Those honest tears won a faithless Charles many friends; that one touch of nature set all the poets a-rhyming. Waller's verses are scarcely less extravagant than those of the "ingenious" Mrs. Philips;

the themes are identical, and the sentiment only differently set. Waller's, though perhaps less sincere, is the more poetic of the two :—

. . . . .

"He that was never known to mourn
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserv'd for you; more dear,
More priz'd than all his kingdoms were!
For when no healing aid prevail'd,
When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
On your pale cheek he drop't the show'r
Reviv'd you like a dying flower."

But to return to Mrs. Philips' letter. The convalescent duchess was Anne Hyde, wife of the Duke of York, to whom the writer had already addressed a poem.

The victory at court was that of Frances Stewart, the new maid-of-honour, over Lady Castlemaine. The king's charming cousin was as popular at Whitehall as the Castlemaines were the contrary, and her advent at this critical moment to draw off the king's already faltering allegiance was welcomed by everybody. Even though it should prove (as it did) only "the changing of one pack of cards for another," it created a diversion in the old, old game, and the lookers-on saw the fickle king, for once caught in his own net, giving gold for silver, and learning with pained surprise that there was one woman at least in the world to whom he was not irresistible, for he failed to awaken in his lovely kinswoman the *grande passion* her wit and beauty had kindled in him.

It is probable that the dethroned favourite's change of religion was effected for immediate contingencies

more than with any far-seeing hope of ultimately obtaining pardon for her many iniquities at a higher court. The king's secret leaning towards his brother's religion was probably known to her; and now that all other cords that held him to her were strained almost to snapping-point, she strove to hold him with the strong one of religion, or at least the outward signs of it.

Poets are proverbially thin-skinned, and Waller was sometimes peevish. "Orinda" was at this time the rage; her collected poems had been published, as she says, without her knowledge, and Waller, who had but lately returned from France, whither he had fled some few years previously under a cloud, perhaps feared in her a rival in his art, and spoke ungenerously of her, as, to his eternal shame, he had apparently done once before under different circumstances of Lady Sunderland, the heroine of some of his sweetest poems and love-songs.

The occasion of his unheroic conduct was possibly when he was condemned to death in 1643 for plotting against the parliament, and only saved his life by implicating "*several exalted persons and some ladies in the plot.*" Lady Sunderland and her husband were true Royalists, and consequently bore no goodwill to the "Usurper's" parliament, and it is certainly possible, and even probable, that she may have been among them.

Mrs. Philips' use of the poetical name that Waller had given Lady Sunderland is interesting as showing that she was "Sacharissa" then as now to her friends and admirers.

PART III

1665–1668. CHARLES II

DIPLOMACY

"I know my duty so well as to value all persons, as well as all coins, according to the rate which his Majesty is pleased to put upon them."
—*Temple to Arlington.*

THE awful summer of 1665 found the two ladies (Lady Temple and Lady Giffard) with the little "Creeper" unprotected at Sheen. Temple, who had been for the past two years attending the court and enjoying himself in a society in which he was received with the welcome his introduction from the Duke of Ormond entitled him to, after refusing an embassy to Sweden, found himself not very willingly sent abroad on a secret mission, "so secret that they had to let him go without knowing to what part of the world he was bound."

The opportunity he had been waiting for had come. A faithful discharge of his mission was to be taken as an entrance into his Majesty's service. It was a thing not to be refused, though the first threatening of a coming epidemic was in the air, and Dorothy Temple was far from well. "The hard condition," wrote Lady Giffard, "was that he had to keep it a secret from his family, which he had never done before." So, for the first time in the annals of

this united trio, no little council of three sat "in my lady's chamber," to discuss the affairs of State.

Courtenay, Temple's historian, tells the story of how it all came about.

Not long after Charles had very imprudently declared war against the Dutch, Chancellor Clarendon was surprised by the request for a private audience by a man who "looked like a carter and spoke very ill-English." He was, however, an English gentleman who had become a Benedictine monk, and had been known to Clarendon when he was at Cologne with the king, during his exile. He now brought letters from a little potentate of the Low Countries—the Bishop of Munster—offering, for the payment of a certain sum of money, to enter the United Provinces with an army of 20,000 men.

This Benedictine monk made the fortunes of William Temple.

Clarendon thought the offer "came from Heaven." The monk was sent back to his master with encouragement to send over a properly accredited envoy, and there came a Baron Wredon, "a very proper man and well bred," who persuaded the English ministers that the Bishop could accomplish all he undertook, and that France would do nothing to his prejudice, though the Dutch were the friends of the king (Louis XIV.).

So Lord Arlington, the Secretary of State, made a treaty by which the Bishop, on the receipt of 500,000 rix-dollars, to be paid in three instalments, was to bring up his forces against the Dutch.

It was necessary to keep this a secret, and a person was immediately wanted to superintend the

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Lely pinxit

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

payment, see that the bishop performed his part of the treaty, and consult with him about the co-operation of the Elector of Brandenberg and the Duke of Neuberg.

Lord Arlington suggested Temple, and accordingly, one summer morning at 4 o'clock, the sleeping household at Sheen was aroused by a messenger from London who desired to see Mr. Temple without delay.

On his arrival, in prompt obedience to this summons, the minister put his zeal and friendship to the test by asking him if he could be ready to start in three or four days' time on an unnamed and secret mission.

Temple, after a little consideration, said that since he might not consult anybody else he would ask his (Lord Arlington's) advice, as a friend, and would follow it.

"Then," said Arlington, "that will be to accept the offer whether you like it or not."

He then explained the object of the mission, paying him the compliment of telling him how perplexed he had been to think of anybody but himself who was not only capable of the affair, and could be trusted with the money, but who could keep the secret.

Thus was Temple launched into diplomacy; and in the sweltering dog-days of that pestilential summer he left his family and sailed on his secret mission. He was scarcely gone before the plague burst forth in all its horror. It soon spread to Sheen, and "a servant dying of it in a house joyning theirs and one being taken ill in their own, they resolved to go

to London." London of all places, where the people were dying in their thousands and ten thousands! But thinking that it could hardly be nearer to them than in their own house, they started away.

Lady Giffard is no embroiderer; her facts are facts, and she has no great love of detail. She gives us a provokingly meagre account of the dreary journey to London. We can only imagine the panic that must have possessed them, the irresolution, the doubts and fears which must have distracted them till they had made up their minds to fly from contagion, as they thought. One can picture the hasty packing, the quickly harnessed horses, the agitated departure, the hurried directions for the care of the sick servant, and the tedious drive and the arrival in London, the horror, the consternation that grew with every step. "But they found a dismal scene there, soe many houses shut up with crosses upon the doors, as they passed into the town, the people in them crying and wringing their hands at the windows, the bells all day tolling, the streets almost empty of everything but funerals, that were perpetually passing by, the difficulty of finding a lodging from the fright everybody was in of receiving the infection with them, few going thither on any other occasion but flying from it at home, people coming in like Job's messengers all day, with one sad story before another was ended. Yt. after two dayes spent in this dismal place they ventured to go home and trust with God Almighty's blessing what the use of care and cordialls could do to preserve them at home. Above all the great one of resolving whatever happened never to leave one another, and with this and God Almighty's blessing

on the family, they recovered ye servant and continued all ye rest of them in perfect health, and though I hope nothing so dreadful will ever again befall my country it may not be thought wholly impertinent to set downe the methods wch. under God I thought they owed their preservation to wch. I think a greate part was a cordiall of Sir Walter Raleigh's found in most Recipe Books a soveraigne [remedy] . . . against the Plague, which they made and gave a spoonful or two of it round the house every morning, burnt Burgamot Spirit, and made as many servants as they could after ye smoke was gone take tobacco for a great part of ye day, strew'd rue in ye windows and held myrrh in their mouths when they came any where that they apprehended infection."

There never was a woman less prone to self-glorification than Lady Giffard. All through her MSS. she keeps her own personality in the background; not with affected or forced humility, or even with an undue amount of that rare virtue, but simply because she is so full of her desire to make others shine that she sinks her own identity, and scarcely remembers her share in any praiseworthy act. Perhaps if Dorothy Temple had written this little story of the plague-scare we should have heard more about Lady Giffard than she told us herself; her "ego" is most provokingly merged in the "we" and "they" of the narrative.

The return to Sheen after the fatiguing and useless journey must have been depressing indeed. To re-enter a house in which a plague-stricken servant was fighting for life, and set about systematically to dose and disinfect and use all available and known preventatives against contagion, required good heads as well as

strong faith and brave hearts, and the younger woman, who was left as it were on guard, must have been racked with anxious fears and misgivings. But they all escaped, and before the welcome autumn came a little girl was born. She came as a gift to her father at the reunion of the family at Brussels, and was all her short life the darling of his heart.

Temple performed his mission to the satisfaction of his patron, and paid over the first instalment of money in the short space of three days.

Arlington's letter of acknowledgment was one to be proud of :—

"In a word, the account you give of all committed to your care is entirely approved of; and I foresee, by this your beginning, that your friends will have little to answer for in your behalf at the end of the negotiation if you continue as you have begun."

Pleasant words for a rising diplomatist to read on his first flight, but the compliment was not accompanied by anything more substantial, and he was obliged to apply again and again without success. To add to his difficulty, a ship-load of tin, which was to effect a payment to the bishop, was sunk at sea, and Von Ghalen began to cool, and the Englishman's hope of soon seeing him "thundering at the gates of Amsterdam" receded into the middle distance.

In the meantime Temple had passed a couple of months in Brussels, a place he was ever after attached to. He had not much faith in the *bona fide* loss of the tin, and in a letter to Lord Arlington said as much as would have landed him in an action for libel in these days. "I could not forbear saying, that whoever his Majesty was pleased to charge of this embarkment,

were doubtless very honest gentlemen, but if I should serve the King in my station as they have done in theirs, I think I should deserve to be hanged; but all this is a good lucky hit for the good alderman and me, who, if we had been to cry about our tin here, till we had sold all the quantity entrusted to us, we had certainly been taken for a couple of tinkers!"

His stay in Brussels suggested to his mind not only the patriotic notion that useful services could be rendered to England by a permanent resident in this neutral town, which acted as a sort of city of refuge for France and Holland (now ready to break into hostilities), but the more personal one of a golden opportunity for himself. His intimate knowledge of both the Spanish and French languages, and a certain English doggedness combined with a good deal of *savoir-faire* and court polish, eminently fitted him for the post he himself created. With his usual habit of going straight to the point, he wrote the following suggestion in a letter to his chief:—

"I am thinking upon Sir George Downing's departure from hence whether it would not be necessary for his Majesty to have a constant resident at that court, having none left in all these countries, and that it would be easy for such a person here to knit and maintain with small intelligences, not only in Holland, but in the armies and courts of the neighbour princes of Germany; besides a necessity which is like to grow every day, of correspondence with this court itself. If I did not know it becomes me to think his Majesty may find out much fitter persons for this employment, I would make a humble offer of my service in it and undertake to give a good account of it,

perhaps with little more charge than will be in keeping me hereabout only to attend that single trust which is now left in me, which after the arrival of that despatch I have so long looked for (but yet hear nothing of) will grow to be very small, and I should be ready for that service or any other journey his Majesty's affairs might engage me in."

Arlington took Temple at his word in both his propositions. He soon obtained the king's command to establish his friend in the residency at Brussels, and some months later he engaged him again at a moment's notice, in a journey of importance so vital that he had to travel at the rate of a king's messenger and not that of a dignified plenipotentiary.

All this time the Bishop of Munster was in a quandary; though he was thirsting to begin his campaign against the Dutch, without this substantial financial support he was unable to carry out his plans. The loss of the cargo of tin had been disastrous to him; he could not get the rest of the promised money from England wherewith to raise and maintain the avenging army, and he was ominously threatened by France. He professed the greatest regard for Temple, and repeatedly declared that "nothing should force him from his league with his country," and, indeed, in spite of pecuniary delays he kept his faith until France declared war against England, which she did in March 1666, and then he entered into peace negotiations with Holland.

His intention of thus acting independently of England had leaked out, and Temple's hasty journey was if possible to prevent his carrying it out. He was, however, not in time to do so, and having formed

a very high and pleasant estimate of the bishop's character, was amazed (as he really had no reason to be under the circumstances!) and bitterly disappointed (as was but natural). He wrote in despair to Arlington, who sent over some belated monies with instructions to him to meet the bishops and ministers of Brandenberg, and other towns, in conference at Dortmund, with a view to establishing peace within the circle of Westphalia, and between the Dutch and the bishop, *as if the idea had come from England.* He was furnished with full powers, and ordered to "get to horse" and go straight to the bishop's court, and ask him to "instruct him what to do!" This was of course a bold trick of diplomacy, and Arlington knew Temple could manage it if any one could. His mode of negotiating had already become characteristic; he was bidden to "play out this farce" as skilfully as he could, and it was suggested that perhaps "some of his troublesome insisting upon the punctilios" might be more useful than the "candour and ingenuity (ingenuousness) in which he so much abounded."

No sooner had Temple started than counter-orders and changes of meeting-places pursued him, and the latest intelligence was that the conference was to be at Cleves. He, however, was then well on his way to Dortmund disguised as a Spanish envoy. He went by Düsseldorf through a savage country, over cruel hills, through thick woods and rapid streams; he arrived at Dortmund to find the gates shut, and all his eloquence could not get them opened. "He slept on some straw with his page for a pillow." This does not sound very restful—especially for the page He eventually reached a castle belonging to

the bishop, where he was received with honour, and instructed "in the most episcopal way of drinking possible" out of a vessel shaped like a bell, of silver-gilt, holding "two quarts or more" (of what he does not tell—possibly a not too potent beverage!). The general who entertained him took out the clapper, filled the bell, and drank off the contents to the king's health, replaced the clapper and turned down the bell to show it was empty. This ceremony was repeated by all the company; Temple alone, unaccustomed to such copious draughts, "drank by proxy."

The next afternoon he arrived within a league of Munster, and was met by the bishop at the head of "a brave army of four thousand men; a guard of a hundred Heydukes ran at full speed in front of his coach, which travelled very fast." When the coach came within forty yards of him it stopped, and the bishop and the Prince of Hauberg got out. Temple also alighted, and advanced half-way to meet them. The bishop received him with exaggerated courtesy, insisting on his sitting alone in the seat of honour in the coach, saying, "he knew what was due to that style from a great King," while he and the prince occupied the opposite seat.

"I was never nice in taking any honour offered in the King's name and so easily took this," says Temple, recounting his adventures in a letter to Arlington, "but from it and a reception so extraordinary, began to make an ill presage of my business and to think of the Spanish proverb, 'Quien te hace mas corte que no suelen hacer ote ha d'engammer, ote ha menester' ('Whoever pays you more court than he is wont to pay, either means to deceive you or has need of you')."

The bishop's conduct soon proved that Temple's suspicions were well founded. He conducted his intended dupe with all honour to Munster, and would have left him to repose without touching upon the business that brought him there; but Temple was a match for him, and made him sit down and enter into the affair without ceremony. He admitted that necessity compelled him to order a conference at Cleves, but he offered to stop the proceedings and send a messenger to England for directions. Temple treated all these fables with indifference, and had no sooner bowed out the priestly warrior than the disquieting news arrived privately that the treaty of peace was already signed without any reference to England.

Temple, however, had no choice but to attend the mighty feast prepared in his honour, which lasted for hours, and at which he "drank fair with the rest"—not two quarts at a time, it is to be hoped! Next day the bishop confessed that the treaty had gone further than he intended, and endeavoured to propitiate the indignant minister with personal favours. Temple, however, refused all "until I should know whether the King of England would consider the Bishop a friend or enemy," and seeing through his Grace's little play of detaining him until another instalment of the subsidy should arrive, he pretended to acquiesce in the arrangement for another conference next day; but in order to defeat the scheme for obtaining the money, "though suffering a little from his departure from his usual temperance," he started on horseback at daybreak instead of going to rest, and rode hard to a frontier village eight miles

off. There he hired a room and pretended to go to bed, but took fresh horses at the back door of the inn "while the rest of the company thought him a-bed," and rode through the wildest unfrequented ways till eight at night. He was now quite spent and ready to fall from his horse. He lay on the ground while his escort tried to get him a lodging in some peasant's cottage, but without success, and after refreshing himself with a little juniper water (a kind of gin), the only thing they could get, he rode on another three leagues, and arriving at midnight somewhere in the Neuberg district, he lay once more on a bed of straw till break of day; then off again, reaching Düsseldorf at noon, where he went to bed for an hour.

He was now past trusting himself on horseback, and the Duke of Neuberg sent him in his coach to Brussels, where the last straw was awaiting his already overburdened back! He had the mortification of hearing that his "wise secretary," as he sarcastically dubs his subordinate, had allowed the Munster agent to take out the bills of exchange for the bishop, and there was a train of endless difficulties laid for him to avoid the payment. "And if I succeed not in this part of the affair," wrote the poor man to his patron, "I lose the fruits of the hardest journey, upon my return, which I believe any man has made these seven years as I have lost them already, of more care and thought and bent of soul than I am sure anything in this world is worth, unless" (he amends with more tact than truth) "it be the service of such a master as his Majesty."

The court at home, though surprised at the

bishop's breach of engagement, was not moved to the indignation Temple himself could not but feel, and attached now very little importance to it, and Arlington assured Temple that "his Majesty was entirely satisfied" with his proceedings, and that whatever mortification his disappointment may have given him he was not to believe that any of it was imputed to him or to his want of good conduct and zealous affection to his Majesty's service.

It is only fair to record that the bishop originally meant well and was not altogether a fraud, for after the breach of the alliance, hearing that the French Government was trying to purchase the services of the Munster troops, Temple successfully urged on him the ingratitude of thus transferring to England's enemy troops raised with English money, and suggested that Spain should be allowed to enlist them.

So ended Temple's first piece of diplomacy, a failure that was almost a success, for it showed of what stuff he was made, and he now found himself established as the representative of England at the vice-regal court of Brussels. "His functions," says Mr. Courtenay, "were chiefly those of observation and report."

It was while Temple was on his wild cross-country ride to Munster that his wife and sister, little Jack, and baby Nan arrived at Ostend, disappointed we may be sure at his not being there to meet them, but enjoying the anticipation of more successes as much as he did. It was not long before he returned, however, to be loved for the "perils he had passed," and commiserated for his hardships, and they all spent "a very happy year" together in this charming town

with its delightful diplomatic circle of Spaniards, French, Austrians and English.

Lady Giffard and Lady Temple must have been in their element. They made many friends—the D'Isolas, D'Estrades, Del Roderigo, and De Marsins. These last were Lady Giffard's special friends; forty years later she corresponded constantly with Madame de Marsin. There is quite a thick packet of that lady's letters, but containing so little of interest, and written in such a commonplace, conventional style that they would interest no one if printed here; and there are two from monsieur her husband, telling of her illness and her death in Paris some years later.

Castel del Roderigo was the Spanish minister, D'Estrade the French, and D'Isola the Austrian.

To Brussels also came the poor little fourteen-year-old widow of Lord Ogle, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, with her grandmother the Countess of Northumberland, and there was formed that friendship with the Temples which ended only with her's and Lady Giffard's lives.

This happy year came all too soon to an end. Another baby boy was born to Dorothy, but it probably went the way of the five babes in Ireland, for there is no other mention of it in any memoirs and letters I have seen.

To attempt even the most elementary explanation of the *embrouillement* of Europe at this time, is quite outside the limits of this volume; but Mr. Courtenay, whose conscientious and comprehensive life of Sir William Temple has been altogether too long disregarded, has said in a few words all that need be said on the subject here. "The position of Spain

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Sir Peter Lely pinxit

LADY TEMPLE

and England in reference to Holland (with whom we were at war) and France, tended naturally to an alliance between the former states. France, though not yet a principal party in the war, was allied with the Dutch, and had protected them against our ally, the Bishop of Munster."

Spain was neutral in the existing war between England and the Dutch, and the duty of the resident was to watch over this neutrality and cultivate a good understanding with the Spanish Government, with a view particularly to the negotiations then in progress under the auspices of Sir Richard Fanshawe, the British minister, whom Sir William Godolphin was on the point of relieving, and Lord Sandwich, who was sent on an extraordinary mission to negotiate a treaty; it was part of Temple's duty to facilitate the conclusion of it.

The next move in the game was the overtures for peace made by the Dutch to England, with the proviso that Charles should not put forward his nephew, the young Prince of Orange.

Temple, who was not at first taken into full confidence in this matter, was sceptical about the wisdom of accepting it. "I confess," he said, writing many years later, "I think nothing can make a war good, or a peace ill, but its growing too necessary, and did not more dread the first when we began it than I now do the last unless it be in some way victorious."

This sentiment probably emanated from the curious difference of opinion between the Dutch and English residents in Brussels as to which gained the victory after the great four-day fight between Albemarle and De Ruyter, on which occasion Temple was instructed to say "that he thought the Dutch exceeded

us in the trophies which they bore away, but the loss which we inflicted on them by destruction and conflagration was greater than that which we suffered at their hands."

Apparently the honours were so even that Brussels, being a neutral place, allowed the victory to be decided by the *vox populi*. The Dutchman announced his intention of celebrating the victory by a display of fireworks. Temple was "beforehand with him," but "rejoiced with moderation," declaring that he would "leave something to be done upon an entire victory." He ventured, however, upon the greater popularity of the English cause to drink "to the health of the conquerors." This diplomatic toast met with rounds of applause, both in house and street.

The Dutch, however, after some delay made a huge and lofty bonfire; but the townspeople "wondered that these fellows should make bonfires when they were beaten," and one of them kicked over a tar barrel. This was resented by a swordsman in the resident's house, and a general fray took place, which ended in little more serious than the quenching of the fire and shouts of "Vive le roi d'Angleterre! Vive l'Espagne et l'Angleterre!"

As Temple's historian truly says, "he had no part either in dividing or directing the fleet," and the question of victory needs not to be settled here; but a conversation between the Comte de Guiche (so well known to English readers through Alexandre Dumas' novels) and the English diplomatist plainly shows how nearly the victory was being decided—not for us, but against us—had it not been for a timely fog which came to our rescue.

"He gave us," writes Temple from Brussels, to Lord Arlington on August 31st, 1666, "a very fair account of the first engagement, and did our nation so much right as to say he observed 'moins de relachement' among us in the worst of our game than among the Dutch in the best of theirs. He admired our discipline and the general's (Monck, Duke of Albemarle) carriage in the course of this battle, as well as the constancy of our men, but added withal that we had the worst of the fight, and if the mist had not fallen, the Dutch had given us chase; upon which I asked him what the Dutch did the night after the fight.

"He answered directly that they sailed home as fast as they could.

"I asked whether they carried their lanterns. He confessed their admiral did not; and what the rest did he could not tell. I asked if ours did so. He said he knew not, for he went to sleep as soon as the fight was ended; but," added Temple (who certainly knew less about it than the count, who had behaved with much gallantry during the fight), "I assured him they *had*, and said no more!"

One thing was certain—it was the Dutch fleet that hurried away in the fog, and the English that remained, and (if we may credit Temple's statement) with their lanterns burning.

But it was neither this dubious victory nor a more decided one which followed it in August, that decided the success of the campaign, which was unquestionably ours, and which, to quote the words of D'Estrade, made us rulers of the sea—

"La victoire des Anglais paroit en ce qu'ils sont maîtres de la mer."

In his present position Temple had great opportunities, and he fully justified Arlington's predictions, though he had the faults of an imaginative and sensitive nature added to a somewhat captious temper. But his intelligence being, as it was, of a very high order, and with a touch of philosophy that he had perhaps learnt from his wife, he soon made himself heard in the counsels of nations; in fact, as the French say, he had "arrived." His new post was no sinecure. Charles began to wish for a peace with Holland. Holland was equally anxious for it, but the difficulty was how to set about it. Temple saw that Spain and Portugal, who were still at war, must be forced to make up their quarrel if Spain was to be free to help us in the Low Countries; yet, as he quaintly put it, "Peace, like all other fruit, will never keep if it be gathered too soon, and when 'tis ripe 'twill fall off of itself." Yet something had to be done, and Temple could not divest himself of the idea that De Witt, the Grand Pensionary of Holland, was the inveterate and unchanged enemy of England. But time showed that he was wrong. Whatever his object may have been at the moment, De Witt was more than half inclined to make friends, and with the idea of fostering this spirit Arlington decided to make use of Temple's literary talents.

"I have promised his Majesty," he wrote, "to charge you with the writing of a small paper, and publishing it in French, that may pleasantly and pertinently awaken the good Patriots in Holland, not only to thoughts and wishes of Peace, but to a reasonable application for it, assuring them that his Majesty continues to wish it, and would gladly receive

any overtures for it from the States, here in his own Kingdom, not expecting less from them in this kind than they did to the Usurper Cromwell."

This was to be written in the form of a "pretended letter" from some merchant to another in Amsterdam, or any other form he liked best. Arlington thought it would operate well in Holland, and be worthy of Temple's pen, "which I know has sufficiency for a much greater."

The pamphlet was speedily written and published, and soon "ran in some vogue" at Antwerp, and peace appeared upon the horizon; but Temple now began to grow quite bloodthirsty, and to change his opinion about "good peace and ill war." He conceived a pretty plan of embarking France and Spain in a quarrel "beyond retreat," while England was to mystify France by concealing her intentions and leaving it quite uncertain whether she was going to assist Spain, or leave her to her own devices; then, having involved several other countries and states in the general muddle, and effectually misled the field, she was to come in triumphant at the death and share the spoils with victorious Spain!

The Dutch, however, objected to sending ambassadors of peace to Charles as they had done to Cromwell in 1654; and England, to Temple's alarm and dismay, suddenly offered to despatch delegates to the Hague herself.

This was a complete *volte-face*, and the only good point about it was that it equally alarmed the French king.

Temple's national dignity was disturbed. He thought this move was derogatory to England, and

would appear to the world that she was unduly anxious for peace. A compromise was therefore arranged for, and the proceedings were settled to take place at Breda.

Thoroughly bewildered by such a sudden change of tactics, Temple begged leave to go to Breda, and promised himself to elucidate the mystery if he could. The permission was granted, but he was commanded to take no part in the proceedings except as the ambassadors (Lords Coventry and Hollis) should direct. The negotiations nearly failed at the last through the long-standing dispute about the Island of Poleron, which caused the French to jeer at the English for risking "the loss of the dinner for the sake of the mustard."

But on July 1667 peace was finally concluded between England and France and Holland and Denmark respectively, and France was free to turn her full attention to the Spanish Netherlands.

Town after town went down before the invincible Turenne, and Brussels itself was threatened. Temple did not think, with two armies almost at the gates, that his wife and young children were safe there, and sent them home to England, having some time previously had the forethought to procure a passport from the English ambassador in Paris, Lord St. Albans, and permission for her and her children, servants, and baggage to cross by Calais.

The decision must have been a welcome one to Lady Temple, for she was no lover of the sea, having had too much experience in her youth of rough passages to the Channel Isles, and having sailed too often among those dangerous rocks that guard the

fortresses and port of St. Malo not to know and appreciate the dangers and discomforts of the deep. "I pity your sister in earnest," she wrote to Temple in the days of their courtship when he was escorting Lady Giffard, then a girl of fifteen, over to Ireland; "a sea voyage is welcome to no lady, but you are beaten to it, and 'twill become you now you are a conductor to show your valour and keep your company in heart."

This was in March 1654, at the end of which year William and Dorothy were married. Another message reached William's sister a few days later from her future sister-in-law: "In earnest I have pitied your sister extremely, and easily apprehend how troublesome this voyage must needs be to her by knowing what others have been to me. Yet pray assure her I would not scruple at undertaking it myself to gain such an acquaintance, and would go much further than where (I hope) she now is to serve her. I am afraid she will not think me a fit person to choose for a friend that cannot agree with my own Brother, but I trust you to tell my story for me and will hope for a better character from you than he gives me." Cannot one realise how proud and pleased the little girl was to receive these charming messages from an older one, and how Dorothy's pretty ways of turning things and unfailing tact laid the foundation of that sisterly affection which held them together all through the rest of their lives!

A few tempestuous voyages between Harwich and the Hague had probably not converted her to seafaring ways, and the sympathy she accorded to the traveller fourteen years before was forthcoming again, we may be certain, with compound interest.

Temple was very anxious to accompany his wife to England, but his government would not hear of it, and on his request for orders as to what he was to do in case of a siege, was told to stick close to the Marquis del Roderigo.

It seems odd that a town that was dangerous for Lady Temple should be safe for Lady Giffard. But perhaps it was anxiety for the children that hurried her away, and Lady Giffard having no such ties, was the best one to remain, for the ladies would have been very unhappy to have both deserted Temple.

Still puzzled to understand Charles's new tactics with France, Temple began to study seriously the policy of the Dutch governor or Grand Pensioner, John de Witt, and in order to make his acquaintance (with the excuse that Lady Giffard had a great desire to see Holland), the brother and sister started on a tour in that country. They travelled incognito, with only Lady Giffard's woman, a valet, and a page out of livery, and visited Amsterdam and the Hague. It was all new to Lady Giffard, and she enjoyed it all "mightily, being specially pleased with the India houses."

Temple himself was disappointed at finding the country so little altered from what it was when he was there some years before. He found "nothing new" at Amsterdam but the Stadthaus, "which put him in mind of what Cavaliero Bernini said of the Louvre when he was sent to take a view of it, that it was 'una granpiccola cosa'"; and what pleased him most on his tour was the freedom with which all men spoke of public affairs, in their own state and their neighbours', in boats, and inns, and other public places,

which enabled him (being incognito) to learn a great deal about the feeling of the people he otherwise would have had no chance of knowing. It is possible that when he went back the next year as ambassador, there were some who recognised with dismay the affable gentleman to whom they had talked so garrulously!

Like all other travellers, Sir William and his sister were very much impressed with the super-cleanliness of the Dutch, a habit which Sir William accounts for, almost apologetically, by supposing that it is the "perpetual dampness of their houses from the water all around them" that necessitates what evidently appeared to him the superfluous cleansing of their apartments and everything they use or touch, which, "but for the constant rubbing and scouring, would breed sundry fevers and disorders which their efforts are able to avert."

On arriving at the Hague, Temple, still preserving his incognito, called on De Witt with his sister, and during the interview they divulged their identity, and were received with all honour by the hospitable Dutchman, who, Sir William must have been relieved to learn, had just despatched two ambassadors to London. They spoke with frankness of the late war, and, as far as the two men were concerned, for ever buried the hatchet. They discovered a mutual antipathy to Sir George Downing, the late resident, who, according to the Grand Pensionary, "exasperated into a national quarrel what might have been settled as between private persons." This was a ready-made bond of sympathy between them, and an acquaintance begun so auspiciously could not fail to last. The intimacy only ended with De Witt's death.

October saw them back in Brussels, and Temple became very home-sick, and did everything he could, short of asking for leave, to get to England. At this time he was keeping up a warm correspondence with Lord Lisle, the eldest of Lord Leicester's sons, and his own boy-friend. He begged him to sound the depths of the waters round the court at Whitehall, which were always at ebb and flow. Lord Lisle's answer was dispiriting. He surmised that Temple might not find success among the courtiers there, and advised him to "keep his Residency as long as he could."

Lady Giffard's movements were controlled by her brother's, and she too remained on at Brussels.

"The best on't is," Sir William wrote in his answer to Lord Lisle's candid advice, "that my heart is so set on my little corner of Sheene that while I keep that, no other disappointment will be very sensible to me; and because my wife tells me she is so bold as to enter into talk of enlarging our dominions there, I am trying how a succession of cherries may be compassed from May till Michaelmas, and how the richness of the Sheene vines may be improved by half-a-dozen different sorts which are not yet known there, and which I think much beyond many that are.

"I should be glad to come and plant them myself this next season, but I know not yet how these thoughts will fit."

Late in the autumn he received the king's command to return to England privately. Lady Giffard accompanied him.

Great changes had passed over London since

Temple had left England just a year and a half ago. The plague had swept through the city, and the great fire was beginning to be talked of as a story, like the burning of Troy. Sir Christopher Wren was busy with compasses and rule, drawing plans and building up churches and houses. The old picturesque if insanitary order of dwellings was passing away, and a strong, massive, unlovely masonry rearing its walls slowly and steadily in its stead. Temple himself, too, was changed. He had gone away a young, untried gallant; he had come back a successful, honoured diplomat; but there was one thing that was not changed—the love between his Dorothy and himself.

We must imagine the happy meeting, earlier than his family could have hoped, with his wife and Jack and "Nan," and all the tales he had to hear and tell, for Lady Giffard has not chronicled the meeting. Soon he was back in London, where many of the mysteries that preceded the Peace of Breda were revealed, and he learned how the Chancellor's (Clarendon) fall had come about; how the ridicule of Buckingham and Shaftesbury had helped it almost as much as his political differences with the king. He heard of all the various causes that led to the capitulation of Arlington and the sudden and unaccountable weakness of the English. He learned how vital had been the necessity for the Peace of Breda, and how fatal it would have been to have "spoilt that dinner for the sake of the mustard!"

He was scarcely allowed time to look around him before he was sent on another mission—this time to the Hague, where he was to make that important

treaty known to history as the "Triple Alliance" between England, Holland, and Sweden, a defensive league and a treaty of mediation between France and Spain. The following January saw him preparing to start. In spite of the dangers and hardships of the crossing in the winter (possibly because of them), his wife and sister were unwilling to let him go alone, and Lady Giffard resolved to accompany him.

With his accustomed appreciation of any service rendered him, an endearing trait in his character which was perhaps one of the secrets of his success, Sir William writes to his father :—

"The season of the year is bad and the weather ill, and yet my sister is soe kinde as to come hither (London) with me from Brussels, and to return with me at this short warning to the Hague, which will be a great ease to me as well as satisfaction, and by relieving me from all domestic care, will leave me the more liberty to do my business, which I foresee will be enough to take up a better head than mine.

"My wife and children stay here till I see whither my wandering planet is like to fix, but my brother Harry resolves to be of the party and take this occasion of seeing Holland and what is likely to pass in the world at this juncture."

It was "brother Harry" who brought the Triple Alliance document to England some months later.

On this occasion they travelled in the royal yacht—in some luxury, perhaps, but not in comfort, for they were exposed to a most awful and alarming storm. So violent was the wind and so high the seas that for thirty hours seamen and passengers alike gave themselves up for lost, as indeed they probably must

have been had they not had the good fortune to fall in with a pilot from the Dutch coast, on to which they were driven. Lady Giffard relates this episode in her MS., and Temple mentioned it in his dispatch to the king. With what a fever of anxiety must Lady Temple have watched for the "Duch letters" to arrive!

The making of the treaty is a matter of history. Every schoolboy can give one the date—January 23rd, 1668—but only the students of the Temple dispatches know the difficulties and discussions and the alterations in the draft that were necessary, and the energy and determination of the Englishman to rouse the phlegmatic Dutchman and Swede into prompt action. "I foresaw," he said, "that many things might arise in ten days' time to break all our good intentions," so he hurried matters forward and carried all before him. On Friday he received the last instructions from the king and made his last conditions. At eleven o'clock on Monday morning the treaty was formally executed between the three ministers—Temple, Dhona, and De Witt.

"After sealing," wrote Sir William, "we all embraced with much kindness, and applause on my saying on that occasion, 'à Breda comme amis, ici comme frères,' and De Witt made me an obliging compliment of having the honour that never any other Minister had before me, of drawing the States to a conclusion in five days!"

The news of the accomplishment of the Triple Alliance was received in London with great demonstrations of joy, and it was equally popular at the Hague. Sir William Temple was the hero of the

hour. Congratulations and expressions of admiration were showered on him from all sides, and it was probably owing to his own sensitive pride and absence of any vulgar "push" that he received from his royal master no adequate honours nor remuneration. He himself wrote of this treaty as a "nine days' wonder," but it still ranks in history as one of the greatest of diplomatic achievements, and should have won at least a peerage for its maker.

The treaty-makers, having done their work to their satisfaction, proceeded to play, and M. de Witt gave a party to meet the Prince of Orange. "We are all to play the young men, and be as merry as cards, eating, and dancing can make us, for I do not think drinking will have any great share," wrote this veteran of thirty-eight, at the end of an important dispatch to Arlington.

"History," Mr. Courtenay says, "has condescended to notice this entertainment, but it is silent as to the part Temple bore in it. We know not whether his neglected abilities were revived at the card-table or at supper, but in the dance he was outdone. The Grand Pensionary himself, five years older than Temple and Dutchman as he was, is recorded as "dancing the best in the room." We are not told whether the masterly performance was a *cavalier seul*, or if Temple, Dhona and De Witt celebrated their Triple Alliance in a *pas de trois*, for these festive gatherings at the Hague were seldom enlivened by the presence of ladies.

For the honour of England it is hoped that Sir William beat him in a tennis match he was engaged to play with him next morning.

While her brother was being fêted and made much of, Lady Giffard can certainly not have been left out in the cold; and in the absence of any account of her doings, we may safely conjecture that she came in for a fair share of "compliments and attentions." They left the Hague in March, and returned to Brussels to make arrangements for Temple's going as England's representative to the Congress of Aix. Arlington appointed him ambassador, and paid him the compliment of sending no instructions.

"I do not yet foresee," he wrote, "the necessity of adding an instruction, but follow the rule of Solomon, 'send a wise man upon an errand and say nothing to him.'" This confidence was acceptable to Temple, but the further expression of his Majesty's trust was less so.

"We should send you money to gild this character, but I hope your own credit will suffice you for the present, as your own talent will supply you with instructions."

Poor Temple had more talent than wealth, and he could have spared his "credit" for a little gold. It is quite pathetic to see how aghast he was at the empty splendour of his exalted position.

"I have received your Lordship's of the 16th and 19th (Mar.)," he wrote; "the first accompanied with the powers under the great seal, and the other under the signet, which will serve to fill my head and empty my purse; what other effects they will have upon the business and me I cannot tell. I am not yet very fond, that I can find, of entering upon my new honours."

He was quite alarmed at the prospect of being the only ambassador, feeling sure he would commit some

solecism, and he pleaded hard that unless the French and Dutch representatives were to hold that rank, he might doff that terrifying dignity for the lesser one of envoy-extraordinary.

"In this," he assured Arlington, "I am pretty confident to acquit myself well enough both in these and other circumstances, whereas the other is a thing I know nothing of and enough to make a poor man's head turn round, that was always brought up in the shade and silence until your Lordship brought me out on the stage."

Arlington met his wishes by sending him the lesser powers he asked for, and thus spared him further terrible anxieties as to what he should "give the envoys," and whether he "should return visits to the Pope's nuncio," and other points of etiquette; and, accompanied by Lord Strafford, he started on the 24th of April for Aix.

Though he left Brussels by a private way, he found the road as he neared the town of Hessel crowded with people, who entertained him in the highway with a speech and a banquet, "and all the great guns of the town at once." Other towns vied with Hessel, and the volleys of shot fired in his honour would have been salute enough for all the ambassadors in Christendom.

Difficulties met him at the Congress which possibly made him wish himself in the high and mighty position after all. M. Colbert, the French minister, and Bevering, the Dutch, were quite anxious to conclude the business, but Baron Berjeyck, Castel Roderigo's envoy, made tiresome and trifling excuses for delay—possibly taking a leaf out of Temple's own

book, and practising on him "the troublesome insistence on punctilio and precedence" Lord Arlington had so commended in a previous business—while to add to his troubles Sir William found himself stretched on a bed of sickness, the premonition perhaps of the suffering from gout and "spleen" that darkened his later life.

What the Pope had to do with this treaty of peacemaking on the part of England and Holland between France and Spain is not clear, but he seems to have acted as a sort of nominal mediator, and his nuncio had to be considered. The process of getting all the signatures was a great worry. Colbert, a brother of the great minister of Louis XIV., signed his name with such an arrogant scrawl that there was no room for the Spanish envoy's signature. The baron claimed the right to sign on the same line, and the Frenchman maintained he had not the equal right because he was not an ambassador. Temple had much ado to keep the peace, and it required all his tact to calm this "storm in a teacup."

"I was weary of all their comings and goings with messages over perplexing trifles," wrote the sick English envoy, in a humorous account of the proceedings to Arlington, who, as always, gave him due credit for his part. "Now I can give you the 'parabien' of this great work which you may without vanity call your own," he wrote, "and it is with more satisfaction considering what escapes you made between the Marquis's resolutions, the Baron de Berjeyck's punctilios, and M. Colbert's 'emportement.' God be thanked the great business and you are so well delivered from these accidents!"

The Peace of Aix was published at Brussels on the 30th of May 1668 (N.S.), and the safety of Flemish towns secured. It was received with little demonstration but much real satisfaction and thankfulness to England for bringing it about, "for they realised that with two armies at their gates it was no longer the time to be brave."

Temple returned to Brussels as soon as he was well enough to travel, thinking to spend some time there, but troubled what to do with his "*Excellency*," for, "considering how ill my time and how well my money has passed with it hitherto," he grumbled, "I doubt nobody will be persuaded to take it off my hands."

But this was what he was not allowed to do. He was bidden to "keep himself in the same figure and equipage, the better to wear the character of his Majesty's Ambassador at the Hague." He was, however, allowed to return to England before entering into his new duties.

During the Aix proceedings Lady Giffard remained at Brussels, where she studied Spanish with the assistance of an old archer of the King's Guards. A dictated letter from him has been preserved in Sir William Temple's handwriting, thanking his pupil for the gift of a silver sword-hilt she has sent him. It is accompanied by the following translation into English by Lady Giffard herself—endorsed "Lady Giffard's translation of Portella's letter"—and has been printed in an edition of Temple's works published in 1814. The editor imagines the letter to have been written by Sir William in jest. This I think is erroneous; soldiers in those days were seldom

scholars, and the courtly old archer may have been perfectly well able to instruct his pupil *viva voce*, and yet not capable of penning an epistle worthy of acceptance by his "enchantress"; and what more likely than that he should take advantage of Sir William's knowledge of his tongue, to depute him to write a note at his dictation and in his name. The sonorous Spanish sentences have suffered in translation, but the sentiments are so un-English as to dispose of the somewhat unaccountable suggestion that it was anything but what it purported to be, a letter of thanks written from dictation; if it were otherwise it would scarcely have been so carefully translated and preserved.

From Antwerpe, Mar. ye 30th, 1667.

MADAME,—I have received with much transport and sence of my obligations to y^r^ Ladyship the Hilt of a sword that you did me ye favour to send me, & which was much endeared to me by the assurance y^e^ Resident y^r^ Brother gave me, that you did not expect I should as I am us'd to doe, melt my selfe into thanks & tears with sence of your kindness; but that you would thinke yourselfe very well pay'd with recieving a letter from me in Spanish, being as easy to me to write ill as it is to your Ladyship to do well. But can it be true that writing a letter in Spanish should acquit me of soe great a debt, that shall not be wanting though I went to fetch it in Gallego: But pray Madame tell me if I am to beleeve you a Saint or an enchantresse, for this I am very sure off that you have done a Miracle & made a deeper wound in my heart with a silver Hilt of a Sword, than the Bravest Cavalier could have done with a Blade from Toledo; but you will tell me that we live in an age that is not new

to the miracles done with silver & that greater things are now brought to pass with that than with valor and steel in past ages, your Ladyship is in ye right, & soe shall not make Reliques of your Garments for this Miracle but don't know whether they will escape when I have told you that since I touch'd this enchanted Hilt I find my gray hairs dropping off, the blood in my veins growing warme, that from an old man of seventy I am a youth of fiveteen, & love that has been so long banished returning in triumph to serve upon this miserable heart & break it in pieces the first moment. Wretch that I am, condemn'd to travel our again those rough and uneven paths of blind & ingovernable youth, how can one life suffice to be twice a Martyr in ; is it possible that I must once more feel ye heat of that scorching love, & that out of theese cold ashes should kindle a violent flame, that I am again to be blasted with sighs and drown'd in tears and feel such torments & disquiets as onely leave me alive that I may dye every day, oh lady of my soul how have you indone me with doeing me good, and how many real and cruel smilles must now curb me ye jest of being in love with you when I was old. But a little hope will relieve the greatest sufferings of love, & flatter my selfe that so accomplished a person must be as reasonable, and that haveing faveur'd me so much as you have done when I was old, I may hope for your pitty at heart now I am young, handsome, and in love, but if my passion flatters and my hopes decieves me as they are us'd to do, I have yet this consolation that having bin made young in an instant by your faveurs when I was old, your cruelty may as soon & as easily make me old now I am young, & then I shall make as great a jest of your charmes as you have done of my passion.

May your Ladyship live many years, be in love as I am at seventy and then not forget

her most humble servant and lover

GABRIEL PORTELLA.

PART IV

1666–1669. CHARLES II

LETTERS FROM LADY SUNDERLAND ("SACHARISSA") AND WILLIAM GODOLPHIN

SIR WILLIAM GODOLPHIN'S LETTERS

"It is of the greatest importance to write letters well, as this is a talent which unavoidably occurs every day of one's life as well in business as in pleasure; and inaccuracies in orthography or in style are never pardoned but in ladies."—*Lord Chesterfield's Letters.*

NEXT in chronological order come three letters from William Godolphin (afterwards Sir William), one of three Cornish brothers, gentlemen of good and ancient family, and gay young sparks about the court at the time the first letter was written. Sydney, as Groom of the Chamber to King Charles, was writing verses to the actress Moll Davis; Henry was designed for the Church, and became later, Canon of St. Paul's; and William, like Temple, was at that time unemployed.

The date of this letter is not to be discovered, but it was obviously written the day after his first meeting with Lady Giffard and her brother, and the inference therefore is that this was shortly after their first appearance in London early in 1664. It is addressed

"*To Mr. Temple or my Lady Giffard,*"

and was, I imagine, intended more for the lady than the gentleman, whose name was superscribed to save

the proprieties at such a short acquaintance! Temple had not then arrived at a position in life when such fulsome flattery could be addressed to him in any anticipation of favours to come. Such over-blown flowers of speech were, it is far more likely, intended to ingratiate the writer with the lady, and she cannot be accused of undue vanity if she laid the flattering unction to her soul!

The Dean of Christchurch, too, one is tempted to suspect, was only a convenient lay-figure, and knew no more of his own overpowering desire to make Mr. Temple's acquaintance than did that gentleman himself, being perhaps equally guiltless of any grasping design of reaping undeservedly "one of the greatest rewards of the world." But whether or no, that day began a sentimental friendship which seems to warrant the suggestion that he was the "G. O." of Lady Chesterfield's letters, and the gentleman to whom report said Lady Giffard was "being to be married."

LETTER I

For Mr. Temple or my Lady Giffard.

WHITEHALL, *between* 11 & 12 *Saturday.*

The Dean of Christchurch is now with mee & hath engaged mee at 3 of the clock this afternoon to show him wher hee may doe his duty to you, with Submission to y^r^ greater designes; But I could not bee so wanting to his great virtue & worth as not to doe this endeavour towards the giving him one of the best rewards of this world, & to put it in y^r^ power at least to make him as happy as all those who have ye hon^r^ of your acquaintance.

I sayd yesterday hee was the man of ye world into whose Being I would have been glad to transfer my own

(if it were possible in Natur). But that was before I had ye advantage of him in knowing you, which I esteem so material a part of my life as I should with much more difficulty return to what I was before that time than go into the meanest thing that enjoyed that privilege.

The letter is endorsed in Lady Giffard's writing: "W^m. Godolphin's letter."

After all this one cannot but hope that Lady Giffard (if not her brother) was ready at "three of the clock" to smile on the virtuous dean, and complete her evident conquest of Godolphin, and so dissuade him from migrating rashly into any of the lower animals.

In January 1666 came another letter from Godolphin. The intimacy had far advanced since the introduction of the dean, and that it was not a "single swallow," but one of a series of epistles (only two of which Lady Giffard has preserved), is seen by his acknowledgment of one from her that he feels so incapable of thanking her for, that he throws the herculean task back upon herself.

But there is a note of deeper feeling underlying the florid flattery of this effusion, which is almost—but not quite—a love-letter. It is the letter of a man who knows how far he may go, and whose position is clearly defined; he is something more than a friend, but not an accepted lover; possibly not because of his own want of merit, but because Lady Giffard meant to remain a widow.

LETTER II

OXFORD, *January 27th.*

I give your Lady^p ten thousand thanks for y^e song you did mee ye hon^r to send me which (I see) whether

you repeat or write hath an extraordinary power over my mind. It pleaseth his Ma^sty to send mee upon y^e Decks of another World and into another sett of storms than those of Love, not so pleasant nor yet so troublesome, but I shall not dare to engage in so long a journey without sacrificing first at your Altar at Sheene and imploring your good wishes which are to conduct & reward mee, & if y^r Lady^sp will prepare any commands for me to that part of y^e world whither I am going I shall esteem y^m ye noblest part of my reward & value myselfe by noe rule so much as your Lady^ps good opinion which I have been always too ambitious of.

Y^r Lady^ps humble servant,

W. GODOLPHIN.

It would have been difficult to have ascertained the exact date of this letter, or to have determined as to the "decks" of what particular world he was being banished, but for the following extract from a letter from Temple, now at Brussels, speaking of the sacrificial visit to Sheen and the "idle business of accounts" (which must have been a signal service to him), and "welcoming him to Spain," which was a country he had travelled in himself. This proves that Godolphin's letter was written on the eve of his departure as English ambassador to the court of Philip III.

In Swift's "Life of Sir William Temple" occurs the letter alluded to:—

To Mr. Godolphin.

BRUSSELS, *April* 1, *vis.* 1666.

SIR,—Among my few debts I could not have imagined myself likely to have any in Spain, till my late intelligence

from England, and observation of the winds persuaded me to it, as my good conscience does, to endeavour at the satisfaction of them before it be called for.

After I have welcomed you into the climate with the same cheare and kindness that the sun I know will do, you must receive my acknowledgment of two letters I had from you before you left English ground; but withal some reproach that you could mingle the expression of your kindness with that idle business of accompts in which you are too just, as those you had to deal with were too merciful, at least much more so than I expected.

Your letter from Sheen was more obliging in making me believe you met anything in that corner, you could be entertained or pleased with, but if it were so I fear you had your revenge, for my wife tells me to my face, in her letter upon that occasion, that she shall love you while she lives for the kindness of that visit. What effect this might have upon an absent man in Spanish air, I know not, but from this more temperate climate I will assure you that I am content to share with you the kindness of my best friends, which is all the quarrel I will raise at this distance upon this occasion. . . .

In this letter we have a touch of the pleasant humour so characteristic of his wife's letters, which Sir William must have been so well able to appreciate and respond to. Lady Temple's expressions of regard for Godolphin were no mere words, for she carried on a correspondence with him during his Spanish embassy, and always held him in the highest esteem; and it is plain that if Lady Giffard was cruel, Mrs. Temple was kind. The request to pay a good-bye visit to Sheen was granted, and one more letter reached Lady Giffard before Godolphin sailed for Spain.

LETTER III

If you knew how much I was revived at the sight of the letter you did me y^e^ hon^r^ to send to mee (who delight so much at every body's good) would doe y^e^ office which I find so hard of thanking yourselfe ; & y^e^ satesfaction of making one so happy as I think myself in your favour would be a greater reward to your mind y^n^ all my life can pay you.

I never believed myself happier in any conversation y^n^ I have done in yours, and since I find that it is possible for mee to maintain it at this distance I hope I shall never be deprived of so great a benefit to y^e^ end of my life.

I am very unworthy of y^e^ least thanks from you for anything I can ever be able to do in this world but I am ashamed to receive any for any service & have wished myselfe capable of sending to Mr. Temple whose person I love so entirely & to whose Virtue I have devoted myselfe & can never doe myselfe more honour than by esteeming him & cherishing my friendship with him, which is one of the greatest blessings Heaven hath bestowed upon me. I shall entertain you at that time with more of his affaers resolving to kisse your handes at Sheen within a week before I goe upon y^e^ wide sea which shall carry me to no quarter of the world wher my chiefest divertisement will not bee y^e^ contemplation of those friends that I have chosen out from y^e^ rest of mankind.—I am, Madam, Y^r^ most humble & most obedient Servant,

W. GODOLPHIN.

This visit, if not unmixed with the sadness of farewell, was also not devoid of "agreeableness."

It was Godolphin's pleasing task to tell the ladies that the honour of a baronetcy had been conferred on Temple by the king, in order to give him sufficient rank to hold the newly invented post of British

resident at Brussels, and as a reward for his zeal and diplomacy in the mission to the belligerent Bishop of Munster, which failed through no fault of his.

This appointment and the necessary funds constituted the "affaers" that the king's messenger proposed to entertain them with, and one can imagine from what an elaborate network of metaphor and hyperbole the recipients had to pick out the information, and in what flowery phrase Godolphin told his news at Sheen.

Lord Arlington made the announcement in a plain and simple manner.

"Mr. Godolphin," he wrote to Temple, "will tell you of the warrent his Majesty has signed for you without your leave or recommendation, and I hope your philosophy will enable you to be content to rise by these slow steps to greater Honours, as your good parts and zeal in his Majesty's service do qualify you to deserve them."

Temple made haste to deserve them in a practical way by sending his Majesty a little *douceur* in the form of a Holbein (a possession that is of infinitely more value to its present possessor, whoever he may be, than it was to King Charles!), which he presented in these words :—

BRUSSELS, *June* 26, 1666.

I shall therefore leave this subject (that of the Baronetcy) to beg your Majesty's pardon for my presumption in sending over a picture of Holpeyn's which was esteemed by my Lord Arundel one of the best of that hand in his collection. M. Ognate has consented to lay it at your Majesty's feet where I lay myself with the most passionate wishes for your Majesty's health and Glory

and with the most humble sincere devotion that can ever enter into the heart of—Sir, your Majesty's most obedient and most loyal subject and servant, WM. TEMPLE.

Temple, writing to Godolphin again in March 1668, mentions that he "has received lately the favour of some lines from you in a letter of my wife's," but no more letters from him to her are to be found among Lady Giffard's correspondence, and one can only wonder if he tried his luck during that farewell visit to Sheen and failed. Certain it is that he never married, and spent most of his life in Spain, where he died in the Roman faith in July 1696, leaving estates in England, Spain, Venice, Rome, and Amsterdam. In his last days the poor man seems to have been left much at the mercy of strangers, and the Duke of Manchester, then in Godolphin's old post of ambassador at Madrid, wrote a pitiable account of the way in which he was harried over money. "On the 30th of March, being bedrid, he was surrounded by priests and Jesuits urging him to make a will for the benefit of his soul," which apparently entailed cutting out all his own relations and leaving his fortune as they dictated, with a legacy to each of them for masses for his soul. The ambassador, however, went to his rescue, and two months later he made another will in favour of his own relations and some well-chosen charities. Before leaving England he had made a testament that might serve excellently well for the model of a modern will. He left funds to provide for the education and maintenance of poor scholars, for the relief of decayed virtuous gentlewomen, the redemption of prisoners, and the placing out of poor children

in trades; and as he then made his brother Francis a trustee for these charitable bequests, one has every reason to believe that they were carried out to the benefit of all concerned.

The lines addressed by Sydney Godolphin to Miss Davis are in manuscript among the Temple papers. They are of no particular merit, and only interesting because of the greatness the writer afterwards attained, rising rapidly from his position of Groom of the Chamber to be a Privy Councillor and then Lord High Treasurer of England in Charles's reign, and Lord High Treasurer of Britain in Queen Anne's time. He, too, was a friend of Lady Giffard's, and after many years proved it by rendering a signal service to a kinsman of hers.

SYDNEY GODOLPHIN'S VERSES TO MRS. DAVIS.

"Chloris it is not thy disdajne
Can ever cover with dispayre
Nor in cold ashes hide that care
Which I have fed with so long paine.
I may perhaps mine eyes refraine
And fruitless words no more impart
But yet still serue, yet serue thee in my hearte.

What though I spend my hapless dayes
In finding Entertainments out,
Careless of what I go about
Or seeke my peace in skilful wayes,
Applying to my Eyes new rayes
Of Beauty and another flame
Unto my Hearte; my Hearte is still y^e^ same.

'Tis true, that I could love no face
Inhabitted by cold disdain
Taking delight in others paine.
Thy looks are full of native grace
Since then by chance scorn hath her place,
'Tis to be hoped I may in time remove
This scorn one day, one day, by endlesse Love."

Sydney afterwards became the husband of Queen Katherine's charming maid of honour, Margaret Blague, whose death at the birth of her child threw such a deep and unwonted gloom over the court.

The friendship that existed between this beloved lady and John Evelyn was one of those ideal ones that Lady Giffard dreamt of, but like everything of the best and most beautiful in this world it was "too fair to last." He tells the whole sad story of her death in his diary—how her husband sent for him and his wife when they were in church one sultry September day of that "excessive hot autumn" of 1679, and they promptly "tooke boate for Whitehall," to find her at the point of death; and how her husband, being too broken down by her loss to do his part, had fallen down as one dead, and Evelyn himself had the melancholy privilege of closing the eyes of the beloved lady, and "dropping" a tear on the cheek of the "deare departed friend, lovely even in death"; and how finding among her papers, which he and her husband sorted together, a desire to be buried in the "dormitorie" of the Godolphin family, they carried her in a hearse and six horses, attended by about thirty of the relations, to Godolphin in Cornwall, and there laid her in the parish church by the side of bygone generations of this ancient family. "So died she in the 26th year of her age, to the inexpressible affliction of her deare husband and all her relations, but of none in this world more than myselfe, who lost the most excellent and estimable friend that ever lived."

Henrietta Blague flashed into notice in the character of "Diana" in a magnificent gown covered with stars and diamonds, and danced with the young Duke

of Monmouth in a ballet written for the Ladies Mary and Anne of York on their first appearance at court, by Crowne.

The piece was called "Calisto, or the Chaste Nymph." The Lady Mary took the part of the heroine; the Lady Anne was Nyphe; Sarah Jennings, Mercury; and Lady Harriet Wentworth, Jupiter. A fateful hour it was that brought this little group of dancers together in their harmless frolic. All were handsome, young, and happy; yet Tragedy, standing for the time aside, held a bitter cup for all but one—Sarah Jennings alone of the gay party lived long and prosperously, and throve as her sort proverbially do. Of Mary the queen and Anne the queen little need be said. Mary, only a year later, was hurriedly married, in spite of her tears and protests, to her cousin, William of Orange, while the handsome and poetical Mulgrave held her heart. Anne was to live a moderately long life of constant recurring loss and worry.

Harriet Wentworth was to "dree her weird," as wife all but in name to Monmouth, for love of whom she sacrificed her family, her honour, and her liberty, living a life of strict seclusion, only visited occasionally by him, and after his death staying on at Nettlestead in Suffolk, and expiating her sins in a solitary life of devotion to charity and religion.

Monmouth was to fall from the highest pinnacle of royal favour to being a suppliant for his life, and to die at last a not ignoble death on the scaffold, seeking in vain with a generous and mistaken sophistry to reinstate in the eyes of the world the woman who had so deeply loved him, and whose reputation he had so fatally injured.

Only the fierce Sarah was to outlive them all, and to rule with the coarse tyranny, that only the vulgar can exercise, the mild and gentle Anne, who in an unlucky hour had chosen her for her Woman of the Bedchamber.

LADY SUNDERLAND'S LETTERS

"Whate'er men do or say, or think or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme."—"P."

The name of "Sacharissa" (Lady Sunderland) is so well known, and the story of her life already so delightfully and exhaustively treated by her biographer, Mrs. Ady, that it would be superfluous to do more than remind our readers that she was a Sidney. The glamour that hangs round the very name of Sidney is familiar to us all—every child knows the story of Sir Philip and the glass of water, but he always wants it told to him again; every one knows Waller's exquisite "Song of the Rose," and "Lines on a Girdle," of which Dorothy Sidney was the theme. Every cultured American who comes to London makes a pilgrimage to Penshurst, and knows better than many of her compatriots her portrait which hangs in a gallery there. It shows us the face of a laughing girl in a shepherdess's dress. There are several portraits of her in different "stately homes of England," but the Vandyke which hangs in the beauty-room at Petworth is the one best known to us, it having been more often engraved. It represents her at three-quarter length in profile, dressed in a white, low-cut gown, and rich full sleeves of old-gold satin which harmonise exquisitely with the ruddier tones of her hair, dressed in the Henrietta-Maria

Sir Peter Lely pinxit

I am your La^ps very
affectionet seruent

style—those curls in which Waller says "a thousand cupids dwell."

It is the face of a brilliant "woman of fashion," expressing all the pride of birth, the high courage and dignity one would expect to find in one of her race. There is power in the grey-blue eyes, and a suggestion of good humour and mirth in the slight fulness of the lips and chin; not a face to suit present-day taste perhaps, more striking than beautiful, but undoubtedly that of a quite extraordinarily charming woman, in whom "wit and discretion," as Dorothy Osborne tells us, "were reconciled in her person that have soe seldom been persuaded to meet in anybody else."

"Go, lovely rose!" sang her faithful, life-long adorer Waller—

> "Tell her that wastes her time and me,
> That now she knows,
> When I resemble her to thee,
> How sweet and fair she seems to be."

And again—

> "Ye lofty Beeches tell this matchless Dame
> That if together ye fed all one flame,
> It could not equalise the hundredth part
> Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart."

There is an early miniature, too, at Ham House of the young Lady Dorothy in a blue gown with a white rose in her hair, painted before the first tragedy of her life had clouded it, and before perhaps her greatest happiness had dawned, while she was still a girl in her father's house. She had married the gallant Robert Spencer, afterwards Earl of Sunderland, who was killed on Newbury battlefield in the "charge of the Cavaliers." The manner of his death,

as told by Lloyd, the historian of the civil wars, is so grand that its memory should be kept green.

"Foremost in that brilliant company which charged with a kind of contempt and wonderful boldness upon their foes rode my Lord Sunderland, distinguished among so many brave men by his heroic bearing. Again and again he returned to the attack" (against the serried ranks of trained pikemen) "with a valour that made even his enemies wonder, till, as he was in the act of gathering up his reins to charge again, a bullet from a trooper's musket struck him. . . . Calmly and nobly he met his end, and those about him were surprised to see him die with so few regrets; he lived for some time after receiving the fatal wound, and" (finishes the narrator) "his holy thoughts went as harbingers to Heaven, whereoff he had a glimpse before he died."

Born and bred among such traditions of noble deeds, the Sidneys could not but rise above the sordid motives and actions of many of their contemporaries, and Lady Sunderland was in every sense a great lady. Sir William Temple was one of her boy admirers, and Dorothy Osborne rallies him about her not unfrequently in her letters, telling him when she sends him her own portrait not to "let it disturb that of my Lady Sunderland which hangs in your closet." Perhaps her ladyship's superior age robbed his affection of anything likely to arouse his mistress's jealousy, for when she wrote these words she was twenty-six, Lady Sunderland thirty-six, and Temple twenty-five.

Lady Giffard, we know, was many years younger than either of the three, and was only a few months

old when Dorothy Sidney married Lord Spencer. The year Martha Temple was married and widowed, Lady Sunderland's son came of age. Some ten years before (nine years after the Earl of Sunderland's death) she had married Mr. Smythe (afterwards Sir Robert) of Boundes in Kent; doubtless she was a widow for the second time when she wrote her letters to Lady Giffard, but she always retained her title of Countess of Sunderland. Her kaleidoscopic letters are refreshing even after this lapse of time, and one can imagine with what delight Lady Giffard received them, bearing as they did the tidings of the things about which she and Sir William must have been longing to hear.

Unlike most people of that date, Lady Sunderland wasted no time in preamble, but dashed fearlessly into her subject, dismissing it with a few sentences, and flying off again in her breezy fashion to another, telling as much in two pages of her beautiful, even handwriting as others did in four; and that not only because she lived in the forefront of the best society in England, and kept her eyes very wide open, but because she wrote fearlessly and spontaneously, and obviously without any desire to pose as a "polite letter writer," but only anxious to tell her friends what she thought would most interest them. One misses the note of sentiment, and the quaint philosophy of some contemporary writing, such as Lady Temple's and Lady Russell's; but if Lady Sunderland's letters are fuller of facts than of fancies, they are none the less valuable for that.

Carefully folded and endorsed by Lady Giffard's hand, these letters lie before us. Time has faded the

"sable flood in which she stained the silver of her pen" to so faint a tint that the strongest light is required to read them, though every word is as clear as print. They are signed with the letters "D. S." interlaced in a monogram—a signature that never changed with her changing fortunes, and stood equally for Dorothy Sidney, Dorothy Spencer, Dorothy Sunderland, and Dorothy Smythe. They are innocent of date, as one has learnt to expect. Hitherto only twenty-four of her letters have been known to the world, but since these have lain by unnoticed all these years, who knows how many more may be still hidden in the drawers and cabinets of the descendants of her correspondents?

Thirteen of the published letters are written to her favourite brother, Henry Sidney, and the rest to her son-in-law and friend, Henry Savill, Lord Halifax, and are in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. Ninety years ago they were published by Lord John Russell, bound up with his life of Lord and Lady Russell, and in 1893 they were reprinted in Mrs. Henry Ady's book "Sacharissa."

The correspondence with Lady Giffard is of an earlier date by some ten or eleven years; the letters are undated, but they date themselves by the historical events mentioned in them, and were written in 1668–69.

Lady Sunderland's second marriage provoked a great deal of criticism, and probably was something more than a nine days' wonder in her world. Dorothy Osborne, who apparently only knew her very slightly at the time of writing, was very much upset at it, and commented on her ladyship's affairs in several of her

letters to Sir William Temple. She was curiously irritable at the marriage. "Who would ever have dreamt he (Mr. Smith) should have had my Lady Sunderland, though he be a very fine gentleman and does more than deserve her. I think I shall never forgive her one thing she said of him, which was that she married him out of pity; it is the pitifullest saying that ever I heard, and made him so contemptible that I should not have married him for that reason." Most women will share Dorothy's disapproval, but perhaps it would be only fair on Lady Sunderland to take the writer's remarks with the proverbial, and ever excellent, grain of salt!

In a letter written a little later she says: "At this present we so abound with stories of my Lady Sunderland and Mr. Smith; with what reverence he approaches her, and how like a gracious Princess she receives him, that they say 'tis worth going twenty miles to see it. All our ladies are mightily pleased with the example, and I'll undertake Sir Solomon Justinian wishes her in the Indies lest she should pervert his wife!"

In yet another letter more gossip on the subject is detailed. "I have heard," she says, "that they are very happy, but withal that she is a very extraordinary person, and aims at doing extraordinary things." (So people sought after notoriety even in those days!—though one is not inclined to believe that a lady made so celebrated by the greatest poet of the day had any need to seek it, and one may well believe with the "bold" minority that she did it because she loved him.) Her marriage was strictly private, as became her widowhood, and took place in

the chapel at Penshurst. Her father, Lord Leicester's brief entry in his diary has been mentioned by several modern writers: "Thursday, July 8, 1652. My daughter Spencer was married to Sir Robert Smith at Penshurst, my wife being present with my daughters Strangford and Lucy Pelham, Algernon and Robert Sidney, &c., but I was in London."

His lordship would appear to have shorn his daughter of her title to adorn her husband with it, for she was undoubtedly Lady Sunderland, while he was plain "Squire Smith" at that time, though according to the old qualification for knighthood he probably had every right to the honourable prefix. Some years later he succeeded his father in the baronetcy, but Sacharissa preferred being Lady Sunderland to Lady Smythe, and still retained her first husband's name.

LETTER I

If Madam you dislike my payment of two letters for one acuse yourselfe for beginning with one, and this Towne for your being ill entertained, for if that would punishe me I would write it, at least all I could get brought to me, for tho' I am not sicke I have bine little abroade to helpe me. Your sister will now bee satisfied her intelligence was true, concerning my Lady Harvie, for I suppose she knowes that she has not bine at Court since the King's seeing that she tooke to herselfe represented affter she had made so publicke a complaint of it and now she expects some favourable expressions from his Ma.^{tie} to encourage her coming againe, but yet that is not obtained though it has bine much endeavoured, but the King being a very civill person, and she having a mind to be sattisfied the busynesse will probablye be don. Tis a dangerous thinge I finde for Ladyes to brage

of power in State affaires and I am confident it has caused that to be don that would not have bine to any other gentlewoman. Her brother is extremely concerned in her disgrace wh. has bine nowe a greate while to satisfy those who did not wishe her in favour. I believe nobody is unwillinge she should showe herselfe in the Drawing-roome, the Queene has taken no notice of this businesse except very privately. She received the Portugall envoy very coldly that brought the news of the young Princes yet she says now the Pope has confirmed the marriage she has nothing to say. She has danced country dances two or three times of late but not the King at all. The Duchess of Richmond looks very well but it dos noe wonders except my Lord of Brisstol's (Bristors?) fitts of the Mother wch. he has very often and weepes after them licke a woman. I thinke there is noe Premier Minister here nor any greate favorite, those who have had most have soe still. What will be don with my Ld. of Ormond is not knowne to the Vulgar but guess he will goe out more than who shall come in. The Duchesse is as well as is possible and has as fine a childe as ever was seene. I should with greate pleasure send the newes of the Queene's being towards her condition. Mr. Montague goes presently my Ld. Harry Howard will goe noe further than Tangiers till he knowes if . . . will receive him well, My Lady Devonshire was used wth such great respect that day she cristened the Duke's childe that it will make her live a yeare the longer, she did not stirre a step but wth the two greatest men wth white staffes to leade her. The Kinge opened the dore for her to shorten her way to the Queene wth whome she satt downe. Some would have cryed down my Lord Newport at his first coming for his Livinge, but that is soe good it canot be, there is none in the Court is better. The Duke of Buckinghame has sett up a table three dayes in a week that is very fine and great, and he says shall be very constant

and orderly, if here is not toe much of this strife I am mistaken, w^ch^ you shall never be Madam in thinking me your Lyships affectionate and very faithful Servant.

I present my services to yr. Brother and Sister.

"Your sister (Lady Temple) will now bee satisfied her intelligence was true concerning my Lady Harvie," &c. &c. So writes Lady Sunderland. Pepys' version fills up the gaps for us and gives us the story in full, to which our correspondent only alludes *en passant*. Writing on the 15th January 1668, he says: "To Sir W. Coventry, where with him a good while in his chamber talking of the great factions at Court this day, even to the engaging of great persons and differences, and making the King cheap and ridiculous. It is about my Lady Harvie's being offended at Doll Common's acting of Sempronia to imitate her for wh. she got my Lord Chamberlain her kinsman to imprison Doll, upon which my Lady Castlemaine make the King to release her and to order her to act it again worse than ever, the other day when the King was there himself, and since it was acted again and my Lady Harvie provided people to hiss her and fling oranges at her, but it seems the heat is come to a great height and real troubles at Court about it."

It really seems incredible that Charles should have been so weak as to listen to Lady Castlemaine's spiteful suggestion, or that he should have been so discourteous as to countenance the vulgar insult, and equally incredible that a lady of Lady Harvie's position could stoop to so vulgar a retaliation. But it must be conceded that she had ample provocation.

The name of "Sempronia" had long stood for

a consequential female politician; ever since Ben Jonson's clever play first appeared on the stage in 1611, at His Majesty's (James I.) Theatre.

Report said that Lady Harvie had laid herself open to a similar rebuke besides her other indiscretion. In her case the actress was Mrs. Cory, popularly known as "Doll Common," on account of her success in that part in another play, "The Alchemist."

The play in question was "Catiline's Conspiracy," and the particular scene which gave such offence to Lady Harvie was the second in the play.

Some student better versed in the history of the Restoration may find other heads on which the caps of Catiline's conspirators may have fitted, and made the play the "mirth compelling" comedy it evidently was in this eighth year of Charles's reign.

There had been too much feminine influence brought to bear on him of late, and Charles was tired of it. He had already told Lady Castlemaine she "was a jade, and meddled with matters that did not concern her," and smarting under the reprimand which gave her enemies (who were not a few) the opportunity of scoffing at her, she planned this mean revenge on a lady of character and position; for Lady Harvie, who was the wife of Sir Daniel Harvie, an ex-ambassador, was a woman of some mark, and (for all the ridicule cast on her) a personage—a force to be counted with. St. Evremond describes her as being "gifted with wit," and having "a genius for the most refined politics" (qualities she certainly did not exhibit on this occasion!). He tells us too that "she had a great hand in several changes of the Ministry" at this moment. Of course changes of the

utmost importance were being made, as we know, and the poor lady had been putting her dainty finger into the political pie, no doubt, and had drawn out not a plum but a stone.

Once, when on a visit to Paris, she had become acquainted with Monsieur de la Fontaine, who dedicated one of his fables to her, saying that it was she who had suggested it to him.

The verses are couched in the usual "gallant" style, and leave a very good impression of her :—

"A Madame Harvie.

"Le bon cœur chez vous est le compagnon du bon sens,
Avec cent qualités trop longues à déduire,
Une noblesse d'âme, un talent à conduire,
Et les affaires est les gens.
Une humeur franche, et libre ; le don d'être aimé,
Malgré Jupiter, et les temps orageux.
Tout cela merite un eloge
Il en eut été moins selon votre genie
La Pompe vous deplait l'Eloge vous ennuie."

In later years Garth called the Duchess of Marlborough "Sempronia." Protesting against her abuse of power and domineering conduct towards the queen's uncle, Lord Rochester, he wrote—

"I foresee his fate,
To be supplanted by Sempronia's hate,
Sempronia of a false procuring race,
The Senate's grievance, and the Court's disgrace."

Mr. Montague, who "goes presently," is Ralph, a younger brother of Catherine's first Master of the Horse, Edward Montague, a gallant young fellow who, report said, raised his eyes too boldly to the queen. As "one man may steal a horse while another mayn't look over the wall," so poor Catherine, who had to suffer such a woman as Lady Castlemaine in close

attendance on her, and see her royal husband playing the *cavalière servante* to the abandoned women of his court, was not even allowed the solace of the respectful regard and thoughtful care of one loyal gentleman! Pepys, who disliked him, said "his Pride was his undoing," and "affecting to be so great with the Queen, and having more care of her than anybody else." M. de Cominges, the French ambassador, said "he was as well made, and as witty as any gentleman in England," and thought none the worse of him for the gallant homage he rendered the queen. It cost him his life, however; for, banished from the court, he joined the Fleet, and was killed in a sea fight off Bergen. One more grief for the lonely little queen.

By the urgent recommendation of the Duke of York this brother Ralph, of whom Lady Sunderland speaks, was given Edward's place, but he only held it a short time, and it was to Paris as our ambassador he was going "presently," which meant "at once."

The Duchess of Richmond was the king's cousin, Frances Stewart—"La belle Stuart"—already mentioned (see p. 44). Her beautiful face and figure is familiar to us all on the back of our penny pieces, for Philip Rotier, the royal medallist, being employed on designs for a copper coinage, took her for his ideal of Britannia.

Pepys saw her in Catherine's train on that memorable and happy day when the king rode "hand in hand with the Queen before all the Ladies and gallants of the court," while "my Lady Castlemaine, with a yellow plume in her hat, looking mighty out of humour, rode unattended behind with the other ladies." He

(Pepys) "followed them up to Whitehall and into the queen's presence, where all the ladies walked and talked, and fiddling with their hats and changing and trying them on each other's heads, the finest sight"—to him—"considering their great beauties and dress"; but the best of all was "Mrs. Stuart in her riding dress with her hat cocked, and a red plume, and her sweet eyes, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*." He thought her the greatest beauty he had ever seen in his life, and he was so astute as to "verily believe" (what Lady Castlemaine had already learnt) that she was cause of the king's coldness to her.

Charles's affection for his beautiful cousin was of a higher quality than that with which he "honoured" many others. She was a born coquette, and gossip was soon busy with her name, but she did not allow herself to forget the queen, and the charming story of her "rapprochement" with Catherine is told by Miss Strickland; it shows the good heart of the beautiful maid-of-honour who might have been another "Anne Boleyn."

When she learnt how much in earnest the king was in his devotion to her, even to the point of allowing his ministers to discuss the advisability of procuring a divorce so that he might marry her, she realised the pain she had necessarily caused the queen, and professed herself ready to marry any honourable gentleman who possessed an income of £1500 a year, and thus put an end to the other disgraceful project. The king was naturally furious at this unexpected move, but Frances threw herself at the feet of the queen, and with tears of penitence implored her to forgive her past folly and

thoughtlessness in exposing her Majesty to so much uneasiness and indignity; and implored her protection in the future.

Catherine, who was clever enough to detect the true from the false, and amiable enough to refrain from reproving her, comforted her with assurances of forgiveness, and permitted her to be constantly in her presence.

In the meantime the courtiers, willing as they well might be to wed with the loveliest and most charming girl at Whitehall, held aloof from entering into rivalry with the king, till at length her cousin, the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, was brave enough to come forward as a candidate for her hand. His suit was sternly refused by Charles, who forbade either party to think of such presumption, for he had no mind to see the then reigning queen of his heart the bride of another man.

Frances, however, was sincere in her desire to stand no longer between husband and wife, and, aided (some writers have said) by the queen herself, she clandestinely married her cousin, who was desperately in love with her.

The Chancellor, Lord Clarendon, who had such a hand in making the king's marriage, is said to have urged on the Stewart-Richmond alliance, and thereby mortally offended Charles, and hastened his own fall. Some time elapsed after this blow to the king's susceptibilities before there was any further rumour of a divorce, and thus indirectly Frances was able to make life easier for the queen.

Lord "Bristow" (Bristol's) "fits of the mother" had been the cause of much ribald mirth ever since

he had concerned himself (many people thought, without sufficient warrant) in the marriage projects of the king. He was an officious busybody who meant well but habitually blundered, and was too fond of settling other people's affairs. He had been violently opposed to the Portuguese match, and had schemed with the Spanish Ambassador to prevent it, trying to raise the king's interest in some "beautiful ladies of Italy, and magnifying their persons and conversations, in which arguments," says Clarendon, "he had naturally a very luxurious style, unlimited by any rules of truth or modesty."

Neither his plots and plans, nor his malicious little tales, scraped up in a journey he took to hostile Spain for the purpose of proving the Infanta of Portugal an unsuitable wife for the king, had availed anything, as we know; and every new addition to the family of the Duke of York (who already had three children) brought on a spasm of regret, and opened the floodgates of his lordship's grief and despair. His daughter was married to Lord Sunderland (Sacharissa's only son). She seems to have inherited her father's *espièglerie*, and a few years later became one of the "Sempronias" of her time. She was no favourite of her mother-in-law's, and came in for a well-merited share of the satire her father's officiousness provoked.

Buckingham, who was "setting up his tables," was of course George Villiers, one of that band of brilliant sinners that surrounded the king. Less wicked than Shaftesbury, less coarse than Rochester, he was stronger than the first, and far more dangerous than the second, and his enmity to the Duke of Ormond was bitter and unrelenting. Men of the calibre of the

great duke have no chance against the unscrupulousness of the Buckinghams of the world—they cannot without loss of dignity cope with their intrigues and plottings and frivolity; besides, Ormond's youngest son had been so audacious as to carry off Buckingham's niece, and the heiress of his house!

At the time Lady Sunderland was writing he was at the height of his power, but the fatality which haunted the heads of his family did not desert this fifth and last duke; he "died in a poor cottage in Yorkshire in 1687, having squandered the princely fortune his father left him, in extravagance and riotous living, leaving nothing behind him," wrote a contemporary diarist (Edmund Bohun), "but a reputation for wit and imagination and briskness of fancy, but of no judgment, piety, or moral virtue."

A writer of a century later is more charitable, and has a plea for him which is so naïve, I cannot forbear quoting it at length. The Reverend Dionysius Lardner (a gentleman with a whole regiment of letters after his name), in writing a treatise on the manufacture of glass in his "Cabinet Encyclopædia," feels certain that a man who could have projected the art of making glass in England could not have been so black as he has been painted! Did he imagine, I wonder, that Buckingham, living in a "glass house" as he certainly did, forbore to "throw stones"? If so, he was very far from the truth, for the duke could throw stones as well as anybody; and, as the Duke of Ormond found, his missiles were sharp and well directed. But this is what the Reverend Dionysius says:—

"The second Duke of Buckingham has the merit

of much improving the manufacturing of British glass by means of certain Venetian artists he brought to London in 1670. Three years later the first English glass plates were made at Lambeth under the auspices of this nobleman. The violence of party spirit which characterised that age should lead us to receive with caution all estimates of character which we find by contemporary chroniclers. Although there was unquestionably much of vice and profligacy in the general conduct of this favourite of a vicious and profligate master, we may hesitate to believe that the man who could apply himself to letters and interest himself in the useful arts of life could at the same time be as depraved in heart and mind as the pages of history has represented."

In her second letter Lady Sunderland tells of the dismissal of Ormond from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, an event that was passionately desired by Buckingham.

The Portugal envoy whom the queen received coldly must have been he who brought to England the news that the Cortes had sworn fealty to Dom Pedro, her younger brother, who, with the Pope's permission, was not only about to be placed on the throne that had been taken from the imbecile elder one, but to appropriate his wife as well. The long struggle with Spain, and the subsequent civil war between the two princes, Alphonso and Pedro, had so impoverished her country that poor Catherine had been unable, even with Lord Arlington at her back, to secure as much as the arrears of her promised allowance; so it was not surprising that the empty-handed envoy was received without enthusiasm by

this poor lady, who found, added to her other troubles, that of poverty.

The dancing of country dances by the queen at this period is much commented on by writers of the day. Her figure was unsuited to the corantes and brawls then in fashion, and contrasted ill with the graceful forms of the English beauties. Her failure to please is pathetic, for it meant perhaps happier days that had dawned for the neglected queen; the king was kinder, Frances Stewart was wedded and remained her friend. She felt, perhaps, that among all the shameless wantons that thronged her court there was one woman at least who could dare to take her own line, to withstand the flatteries of the king, and be loyal to the queen. This knowledge had perhaps more to do with the queen's altered demeanour than the court quite realised.

"The Duchess of Richmond looks very well," wrote Lady Sunderland, with disappointing brevity. Naturally every one was talking of the reappearance of the ex-maid-of-honour as Duchess of Richmond—a position she filled with honourable pride, refusing to hold any communication with the king, but desiring permission to kiss the queen's hand on her marriage. This course of conduct won poor Catherine's gratitude, but perhaps served rather to inflame than deaden the king's passion for Frances. Sir John Dalrymple tells how, when she fell sick of the smallpox, Charles's anxiety conquered all fear of infection and prudence, and he paid her several visits in her sick-room—visits that perhaps the poor lady, though doubtless touched by his devotion and contempt of danger from infection, would rather have

dispensed with. Pepys also records a romantic adventure of the king's, when one Sunday, having ordered the guards and coach to be ready to take him to the Park, he suddenly dashed into a boat, and with a single pair of sculls, and all alone (except perhaps for one attendant), went by water to Somerset House, where, the garden door not being open, he scaled the wall to visit the duchess, apparently with the intention of taking her by surprise. One would like to know what sort of reception his Majesty received — a kindly one we can imagine, for few women could be so hard-hearted as not to pardon so pretty a compliment to herself even at the sacrifice, which she perhaps regretted, of his kingly dignity; and the light touch of comedy could not have failed to raise a smile, even if it were at the royal adorer's expense.

LETTER II

Jan. 28th (1668).

So great news as the change of the Lieutenant of Ireland will be in all letters, yet that doe not acquit me from any mension of it Madame, because you did inquier after it in your last to me. Sunday the King at my Lord Keepers dismissed the Duke of Ormond from it with many gracious expressions that it was not for any fault or miscarriages of his governing on any declination of his kindness to his person which he would shew by taking him into all his counsels, the Duke of Ormond made a long speech to the King and then complimented my Ld. Roberts which he more than returned, soe very much civility past since he attends the King with the very same dilligence he did before with as much submission and humility as is possible and severetye to his enemies.

The Duke of Buckingham has his greatest desire in

his being out but not all tis thought because he did not choose his successor.

A Tuesday the King dined at the Dutch Embassador's they will all treate him I believe and none worse than the French did except that their cooks are better than others, for 'twas as poore as could be on such an occasion, and the man stood at the doore, taking care himselfe of his plate, and they say to have the sweetnesses saved but I think that cannot be. An old coustom is abolished, no Valentines were drawn out of thrift, the Maydes of Honour have a losse by it for twas their fees, if my Lady Harvie wear not at Arlington House she would be forgot she is gott in a little with the Duchess of Monmouth again soe far as to see her sometimes. She has the courage only to resolve to have her hip set but not to suffer it to be don, when she goes about it, makes litle tryalls and then begs of them to let her alone. This has been a very quarrelsome week, before the King my Ld. of Rochester forgot his dutye so much as to strike Tome Keeligrew, he was in a case not to know what he did but he is forbid the court and Brunkard and Sir John Morton were so high in wordes in the Queen's Privye chamber that they were both committed by my Ld. Chamberlain. My Ld. Burleigh goes a-woing as they call it, with hopes that his Father and my Ld. of Devonshire will not agree, he can endure my Lady Rich as well as any other wife, but he had rather have none. If you are as diligent to my ill letters as others that are so, 'tis as much as is due to me though I am your Ladyships very affectionate servant.

My service to yr. Brothers and sister.

Lady Sunderland begins her second letter with the news that she knows her friend is most anxious to hear—that of the manner of the Duke of Ormond's dismissal from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, and the name of his successor. All this is so much a

matter of contemporary history, that this is no place to enlarge upon it. What chiefly interests us is the description of the king's courteous demeanour, the duke's graceful acceptance of the situation, and the pretty compliment that passed between him and his successor, Lord Roberts, or Robartes, as it is often written. This Lord Roberts was an ex-Puritan general, "a man of more than ordinary parts, versed in knowledge of the law, and esteemed of an integrity that could not be corrupted by money, but sullen, morose, and inordinately proud, and had some humours as inconvenient as small vices, which made him hard to live with."

This is taken from Clarendon's character of him, and the wildest imagination could not conjure up a man so unsuited for the post. Happily for him (as well as for Ireland) he never took up his appointment there; and after a few months' dallying on account of funds which, as usual, were not forthcoming, he was offered the Privy Seal for a sop if he would resign the post of Lord Deputy, which he did with alacrity.

The dinner at the Dutch Ambassador's is chronicled elsewhere, but its quaint parsimonious details are new to us.

One is glad to hear that Lady Harvie has "got in again a little with Lady Monmouth," and that she has the countenance of her father, Lord Arlington, now Lord Treasurer, and in high favour with his Majesty! —for one cannot but feel that though she foolishly put herself out of court by her most undignified mode of retaliation, she was, in the first instance, very hardly treated. To be held up to ridicule by a paid actress

on a public stage with a full house of her personal friends, was, to say the least of it, annoying; and to be set at nought, and subjected to fresh insult at the instigation of such a woman as Lady Castlemaine, must have been galling in the extreme, and none the less because she had more or less courted it by her unseemly revenge on the actress.

Tom Killigrew's historic box on the ears is chronicled with rather more detail by our old friend Samuel Pepys, for Lady Sunderland does not give us the sequel as he does, and omits to say that though Lord Rochester was forbid the court for his silly horseplay, yet he was seen next morning walking with the king in Pall Mall, apparently on excellent terms with his Majesty; a want of dignity on the part of Charles which Pepys severely criticises: "See how cheap the King makes himself, and the more for that the King hath not only passed by the thing and pardoned it to Rochester, but this very morning the King did publickly walk up and down, and Rochester I saw with him as free as ever, to the King's everlasting shame to have such an idle rogue his companion." This episode occurred on the 16th February 1668.

"Brouncker, and Sir John Morton, were so high in words in the Queen's Privy Chamber that they were both committed by my Lord Chamberlain," writes Lady Sunderland. "After dinner I to the Town," writes Pepys, on the 4th of March in the same year, "where I find Sir W. Coventry with abundance of company with him; and after sitting awhile and hearing some merry discourse, and among others of Mr. Brouncker being this day summoned to Sir Wm. Morton (one of the Judges) to give security for his

good behaviour upon his words the other day to Sir John Morton, a parliament-man at Whitehall who had heretofore spoken very highly against Brouncker in the House, I went away to Aldgate."

Lady Sunderland rather makes fun of Lady Monmouth's lack of courage to have her hip set, taking it for granted that Lady Giffard knew about her accident, which she probably did. Pepys tells us how it happened: "Last night the Duchess of Monmouth dancing at her lodgings has sprained her thigh." A few days later, on the 15th May, he writes: "The Duchess of Monmouth's hip is I hear now sett again after much paine." On the 3rd of July he records "that she is still lame and likely alwais to bee, which is a sad chance for a young lady to get only by trying tricks in dancing." The end of September sees the poor duchess "in great trouble for the shortness of her lame leg wh. is likely to grow shorter and shorter that she will never recover it." How the poor lady must have regretted those futile "little tryalls" that were to cost her so dear.

The abolition of valentines must have been a terrible blow to the poor maids-of-honour, who had hitherto depended on them for their pocket-money, if not for more necessary expenses. The custom was, on the eve of the 14th of February, to draw for valentines with the gallants of the court, who were expected to make their lady a substantial present. The Duke of York is said to have given Frances Stewart a jewel worth £700 on one occasion, when she had the good fortune to draw him; and though like everything else liable to abuse, and rather a drain on the purses of those who sat in high places, it was a pretty custom,

and it seems a pity to have abolished it, so at least the "maydes" must have thought.

Lord Burleigh, who "goes a-wooing" with so bad a grace, was the eldest son of John Cecil, fourth Earl of Exeter; and the "Lady Rich" whom he could put up with as well as with any other woman, was Anne Cavendish, only daughter of the Earl of Devonshire and widow of Charles, fourth Lord Rich, son of the Earl of Warwick, and a grandson of the celebrated "Penelope." One of Lord Burleigh's sisters (Lucy) was Lord Robartes' wife. Lady Devonshire was Anne, daughter of William Cecil, third Earl of Exeter.

This Lord Newport, who had "lately come to his living," was the son of a great Royalist, and had himself fought valiantly under the royal banner till 1644, when he was taken prisoner by the Parliamentarians. At the Restoration he was taken into the king's service, and first made Comptroller of the Household and then Treasurer. It was to the appointment of Comptroller that Lady Sunderland probably alludes, a post that many no doubt coveted; and in those days when rewards and honours were meted out promiscuously at the caprice of the sovereign with little regard for worth or merit, a successful man had to count with a host of enemies in those who had formerly been his friends perhaps, or who, at all events, had hitherto wished him no ill.

"Crying down" seems to have been a very general accomplishment in these times, and the new Comptroller of the Household was no favoured exception to the rule; every man "cried down" the man who stood one step above him on the ladder of

success, and if he "cried" long enough and loud enough, down he came! Later on in the days of Queen Anne, when the women held the ropes, my Lady This "cried down" my Lady That, and stepped triumphant into her place; but this was not yet, for though Charles allowed himself to be governed by the women, he did not encourage or suffer them to meddle with the affairs of state or office.

Lady Sunderland's comment on that very unfortunate measure, the recalling of the Duke of Ormond from Ireland, whither he had gone against his own inclinations and Clarendon's judgments, from the highest and most loyal motives, shows how obvious it was to all observers that for the time at least it was the Duke of Buckingham who pulled the strings.

It is difficult to leave Lady Sunderland without some more flattering tribute to her adoring bard than that accorded by "Orinda" to Waller, whose imperishable verse has brought her deathless fame; we find one among the fugitive scraps of writing hoarded in "the Cabinet." The paper is a sort of "appreciation" of the poet—or perhaps a fragment of some essay begun and never finished. It reads thus:

"WALLER THE POET."

"Yet among the great ones of his age he complimented few y^{t} had not something shining in their characters at the time he made court to them. You don't perceive he ever courted any of the L^{d} Treasurers not even honest Juxon. Nor did he afterwards bestowe his praise on stupid Lenthall, Bradshaw, Hampden or Hazelrigg. If

he may be thought under cover of the storm to make his approaches to my L^d^ Richard he does not name him, and in his Poem on the Restoration he does not so much as mention the great Instrument of it the Prevaricator Monk. He had celebrated the Earl of Sandwich before. K. James, when Waller gave 'advice to a Painter' was in great esteeme in ye World, and when he came to the Crown a terror to all who had voted freely in the Parliament before."

This appreciation is in the handwriting of Montague Bacon, the learned fellow of Trinity, Cambridge; but whatever he may have conceived of Waller's character, Addison tells another tale (or rather quotes, for he could not have been present), an anecdote which declares that Waller was not always above taking poetical licence with his principles, and that during the Commonwealth he paid his court to Cromwell, but when King Charles returned he changed his tune, and wrote the poem in question extolling the happiness which must necessarily flow from that very monarchical form of government he had previously considered as a species of tyranny, and unjust restraint on English liberty. So the story goes that when he presented his effusion, as was then the custom, to the king in a crowded drawing-room, his act, and even his appearance at court, made quite a little stir, for many of the company, knowing or believing that he had tried to ingratiate himself with the Cromwells, both Oliver and Richard, were eager to hear how the king would receive him, and quite expected to see him forbid the court and his introducer severely reprimanded. They had, however, yet to learn the character of the king, who, taking the verses from him,

read them to himself and then looked at Waller with a smile.

"These verses," he said, "are extremely good, but I think some of those you wrote to Cromwell were better."

Waller, with a presence of mind and adroitness equal to his other talents, bowed low as he answered, "O, may it please your Majesty, we poets always write better on fiction than on truth."

A quick wit was, as we know, always a passport to Charles's affection, and Waller's writings were ever after received with favour.

This time it was the author who had the last word, but more often in the clash of wits it was the king himself.

Gregoris Leti, the Italian historian, did not come off quite as well on a somewhat similar occasion. Some years later he was known to be seeking "copy" in the English court, and one day when he attended a levée the king asked him how his book was progressing, and added (for he had perhaps had enough of that sort of thing with Evremond and de Grammont!), "I hear you are publishing some anecdotes of our courts—take care that there be no offence in it."

"Sire," answered the Italian, "I am certainly collecting material for such a work, and I will be as careful as possible, but unless a man be as wise as Solomon he cannot publish anecdotes without giving *some* offence."

"Why then," replied the king, "cannot you be as wise as Solomon and write proverbs and leave anecdotes alone?"

PART V

1668. CHARLES II

AT THE HAGUE

"Men in great places are thrice servants. Servants of the sovereign or of the state, servants of fame, and servants of business; so that they have freedom neither of their persons, nor their actions, nor their time."—*Bacon's Essays.*

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE had seen enough in his flying visits to the Hague to know that many and great would be the difficulties that would beset his path as England's ambassador there. In the first place he was to succeed a self-seeking and injudicious minister in Sir George Downing; and in the second, though his country was at peace for the time, as Sir Thomas Clifford said on the occasion of the rejoicings over the Triple Alliance, "for all this noise we shall soon be at war with them again," and it was, as subsequent events showed, a case of the "unripe fruit which was gathered too soon," for three years afterwards (1671) the two nations were once more in conflict.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty he had to contend with was the disturbing presence of the young Prince William of Orange in this republican state. He was the son of Princess Mary (the eldest daughter of Charles the First) and of "William the Silent," that brave, quiet soldier who bore the burden

of statesmanship and generalship unflinchingly through the great Dutch revolution of 1643, and whose great services were rewarded by the independent Hollanders with an invitation to become their king. This he refused, and they, with the commercial instincts of the nation, realising that a king or queen, or figure-head of some kind, would be a good investment, pressed the sovereignty on the Princess Elizabeth of England as well as on the Duc d'Anjou; but no one apparently had a talent for the part, and the offer was not passed on to the younger William, who was now living with his grandmother in the palace in the wood, and was the source of some anxiety to the republicans of the Hague.

Temple had strict injunctions to treat him with all the respect due to the nephew of the King of England, while he was equally bound by the Breda Treaty not to press his cause in any way with the Dutch. Luckily he had in the Grand Pensionary a man devoid of pettiness or jealousy, who willingly fell in with Temple's ideas of giving the prince his due.

The first meeting between the youth who was afterwards William III. of England and Sir William Temple after his arrival took place two days later. Having explained the situation fully to De Witt, the ambassador sent his compliments to the prince, and requested "an hour of waiting on him."

He found the prince "much improved since last winter," and noted that he with difficulty accepted the honours the English ambassador was instructed to pay him.

Some days later Temple called on the prince

again, and found him *tête-à-tête* with De Witt, who saluted him very kindly and retired, saying he was "glad to leave the Prince in such good hands." Temple performed his ceremonies according to his orders, though with "much deference" on the prince's side. One can picture the scene—the shy, awkward boy and the handsome, courtly man going through the ceremonious performances with elaborate compliments and inclinations which were quite novel to both of them, with a running accompaniment of protestings and insistings! Temple was not without a sense of humour, and it must have been only the absence of it in the prince that could have saved disaster!

The English ambassador found him "a most extreme hopeful Prince, and, to speak plainly, something better than I expected, and a young man of more parts than ordinary, and of the better sort, not lying in that kind of wit which is neither of use to one's self nor to anybody else, but in good plain sense, and of extreme good humour and disposition, and thus far of his way without any vice. Besides being sleepy always by ten at night, he loved hunting as much as he hated swearing, and preferred cock-ale before any sort of wine. I thought it not impertinent to at once give you his picture, *which the little lines are to make like, rather than the great ones.*

"His person I think you know is very good, and has much of the princess in it; *and never anybody raved so much after* England, as well the language, as all else that belonged to it."

To judge from this description of him he was more pleasing in extreme youth than he was in later manhood.

The fourth difficulty that Temple had to contend with was the uncomfortable suspicion that the English Government was trying to shuffle out of the terms of the Triple Alliance; he was beginning to wonder why Arlington's letters were more guarded and less friendly, and it was not long before he was completely disillusioned. In the meantime there were terms to settle about trading and maritime rights complicated by England's new interest in the East India Company. Then there were the schemes for a quadruple alliance between Spain, Sweden, Holland, and England which he desired to advance, and various financial arrangements which he thought would benefit the king; and besides all this he had to find his way about in this proud, self-sufficient little republic without lessening the dignity of the sovereign he represented. "His Majesty spoilt a good Resident to make an ill ambassador," he wailed to Arlington, when the intricacies of etiquette became too bewildering!

As to the Hague itself, it was in Temple's day "the most delightful village in the world," and "travellers who had seen all the magnificent palaces and rarities of Italy" found themselves charmed with this quiet Dutch city (by contrast, one must suppose, not by comparison). "On one side you see a walk to the sea worthy of the old Roman, on the other you enter a wood the most agreeable that can be seen," where there are "houses enough to make a great city, and trees enough to make a delicious solitude."

The society of the Dutch republic was, as might be expected, *tant soit peu bourgeois*, and lacked the pomp and circumstance as well as the excitements and movement of a regal court, but at "certain private

houses could be found there all the innocent amusements that the country affords, and at that of public meetings all the busy chat and noise which most populous cities are able to furnish."

Spiritual matters, too, were managed in Holland with great moderation; the differences of religion which in other countries raised so much commotion and strong feelings did not in the least ruffle the torpid minds of the people at the Hague. Every one sought heaven in his own way, and society recognised the "many mansions" and the various roads that lead to them. "Those who are thought to go astray are more pitied than hated, and bespeak from others a pure charity free from the indiscretion of mistaken zeal. There is, however," concludes the writer of these remarks philosophically, "nothing perfect every way in this world, and we find fewer polite persons there than men fit for business, and more good sense in the management of affairs than delicacy in conversation."

Such was the quaint and homely community in which the English embassy soon became a popular centre; a prosaic, well-behaved, irreproachable society, redeemed from the dead-level of virtuous middle-class respectability by a little leaven of much less respectable nobility: some distinguished exiles, the family of the Prince of Orange, and not unfrequently visitors from England, who were made welcome at the embassy.

Taking advantage of the Grand Pensionary's permission to remain incognito as long as he liked, Temple was some time in Holland before he made his state entry to the Hague, in the face of a vast

concourse of people, who flocked in from all parts of the country. He congratulated himself on having acted against the advice of his friends, who protested that, with the curtailed allowances and retrenchments of equipage provided by the Government, he was not called upon to put himself to any great expense, but to "live low" in proportion to it.

"I should have died of despite," he wrote, "had I followed their advice; as it was, for aught I hear, they were all satisfied, and it appeared so by the same concourse in all the streets at my audience, where they tell me all the burgomasters in Holland were come together as well as the States-General; and it passed, as far as I could hear, with their satisfaction, and I am glad it is well over."

Temple had a great idea of upholding the dignity of the king, and spent all his own private income, which was not very large, to eke out the scanty supplies from home. Contributions may have arrived, too, from Sir John, always generously disposed towards him, who must have been very proud of his son who had made himself such a position. An Englishman's idea of hospitality has been in all ages very different from a continental one, and the burghers were surprised to see the Prince of Orange so constant a visitor and on such intimate terms that he "dined about two days a week at the family dinner," and, what must have been more surprising still, that the housekeeper was equal to the occasion!

There was much going and coming, too, among friends from England. Lord Ossory and Henry Sidney came, and the republican Algernon also betook himself there at one time, to Temple's dismay,

for his position of ambassador made it difficult for him to entertain him, while his old friendship with the Penshurst family, however much he might disapprove of his principles, made it impossible for a man of his character constantly to ignore him. Besides, Algernon put him in a dilemma by asking him to send letters to England for him. They were harmless enough, Temple believed, one only relating to some Barbary horses he was getting for the Duke of Northumberland, and the other to some family affairs in which Sir John Temple was concerned; he therefore took charge of the letters, but wrote to Arlington for instructions. Sidney was in such hot water with the king at that time that his companions were open to suspicion in high places, and Temple must have sincerely wished he had not made the request.

"Your Lordship told me I might be civil to him," he says, "and just so much I have been on this occasion; if I am to take other measures I desire to receive them from y^r^ Lordship, this being the first word I have heard of him since my arrival on this side."

There were difficulties, too, with the various other ambassadors, and Temple was constantly begging for instructions as to whom he should give "the hand and door"—a mysterious ceremony that resolved itself into no more than the ordinary politeness of an equal to an equal, and merely meant "shaking hands" with and accompanying a departing visitor to the door; but the representatives of kings have to be circumspect, and only the ambassador of a greater monarch or a prince of royal blood was entitled to so much honour. The Prince of Tuscany caused him considerable worry,

with his not-easily-defined precedence; and, worse than all, the "criers down" were at work in England. The former resident, Sir George Downing, was making difficulties about money supplies at head-quarters, and Arlington had been drawn into other schemes, and for no fault of his own Temple was daily losing ground. The task they had set him to do, he had done too well; for the king was hand and glove with Louis now, and too much friendliness with Holland was no longer desirable!

A Dutch gentleman, Mr. Overkirk, a relation of Lady Arlington, who went over to England, did him, in all innocence, more harm than good by praising him to the English ministers, and the unpleasant change sank slowly into Temple's brain.

"My wings are cut," he wrote to Arlington, "and that frankness of my heart which made me think everybody meant well, as I did, is much allay'd; and perhaps 'tis the better, I am sure 'tis the safer for me, for a minister with this last disposition makes fewer faults, though with the other he makes greater strokes, and though I have made shift to end this business, yet I should not have been capable of beginning it as I did by our first alliance here when my heart was free."

He was not yet case-hardened, and the frosty breath of disapproval chilled him. The Triple Alliance, which was his glory, and would have been (Burnet said) "Charles's masterpiece had he stuck to it," was dying before his eyes, "though after so many shocks and presages of its death there is within two days some appearance of its recovery," he wrote to the Prince of Tuscany.

While Temple across the water was trying to puzzle out the meaning of Arlington's shifting policy, and to discover how he had offended, the King of England had become a pensioner of Louis. Temple had been kept at the Hague just to "amuse" the Dutch and keep peace for a time, but the mask was falling from the faces of the crafty ministers, and Louis was showing his power by seizing Lorraine.

Temple received a sudden recall.

"His Majesty commands me to let you have his pleasure that without delay you come privately to England, leaving your house standing there in the form it is, acquainting M. de Witt therewith, as also of his Majesty's purpose to send you speedily back again."

Wise De Witt smiled at the intelligence, and said "he would know more if he returned, but in the meantime he would try and cure himself and others of his suspicions at this new development of the game."

Temple arrived in London in October 1670, and his worst fears were confirmed by his reception at court. Arlington was closeted with Lord Ashley when he presented himself at Arlington House, and kept his old friend an hour and a half in a waiting room ; and when he at last appeared, his manner was cold with the ill-ease of an unquiet conscience, and he would talk of nothing but Temple's journey, even sending for his little girl out of the next room, and then admitting Lord Crofts, to preclude any "particular conversation."

In despair Sir William Temple solicited the ordinary presentation to the king. Lord Arlington took him to him when he was walking in the Mall

(with eyes and ears turned to anything rather than politics, we may be sure!). "His Majesty's curiosity was also confined to the journey without any notice of the occasion of it."

He could get no assistance from the Lord Keeper, nor Secretary Trevor; they were now "barely in the skirts of business," Buckingham, Arlington, Ashley and Clifford being alone in the secret of affairs.

At last Sir Thomas Clifford told Temple of the determination of the Government to throw overboard the fruits of all his labour, and to quarrel with their allies.

"A little heated" after a long and unpleasant cross-examination, Temple asked the Minister "what in the name of God a man could do more?" To which in a great rage he answered that "he would tell him what a man could do more; which was to let the King and all the world know how basely and unworthily the States had used him, and to declare publicly how their Ministers were a company of rogues and rascals, not fit for his Majesty or any other prince to have anything to do with; and this was a part nobody could do so well as he!"

Temple's reply to this abusive tirade was that he was "not a man fit to make declarations, but that when he did, he should speak of all men what he thought of them, and so he should do of the States and the Ministers he had dealt with there."

"The treatment he had from Lord Arlington did not pass without being resented," says Lady Giffard in her "Life and Character," "by Sir William, who had not learned the lesson they say one should always learn in courts—to swallow everything!"

A few days later he received a letter from Lady Temple from the Hague, telling him that she had heard on good authority from "P." what he had not yet suspected, that the Duke of Buckingham was negotiating with the French king, and that his recall was likely to be a permanent one, for all Arlington's promises; "something was striking up with France," and that he had been sent away because he was "too great a friend of these people" (the Dutch).

HAGUE, 31*st October*.

MY DEAREST HEART,—I received yours from Yarmouth, and was very glad you made so happy a passage; 'tis a comfortable thing, when one is on this side, to know that such a thing can be done in spite of contrary winds. . . . I have a letter from P. who says in character that you may take it from him that the D. B. has begun a negotiation there, but what success he may have in England he knows not: that it were to be wished our politicians at home would consider well that there is no trust to be put in alliances with ambitious kings, especially such as make it their fundamental maxim to be base. These are bold words, but these are his own. Besides this there is nothing but that the French King grows very thrifty; that all his buildings except fortifications are ceased, and that his payments are not so regular as they used to be. The people here are of another mind; they will not spare their money, but are resolved, at least the states of Holland (if the rest will consent) to raise fourteen new regiments of foot and six troops of horse; that all the companies, both old and new, shall be of 120 men that used to be of 50, and every troop 80 that used to be of 45. Nothing is talked of but these new levies; and the young men are much pleased. Downton says they have strong suspicions here you will come back no more, and that they shall be left in the lurch; that something is striking up with

France, and that you are sent away because you are too well inclined to these countries; and my cousin Temple he says, told him that a nephew of Sir Robert Long's, who is lately come to Utrecht, told my cousin Temple, three weeks since, you are not to stay long here, because you were too great a friend to these people, and that he had it from Mr. Williamson, who knew very well what he said. My cousin Temple says he told it Major Scott as soon as he heard it; and so 'tis like you knew it before; but here is such want of something to say, that I catch at everything. —I am, my dear's most affectionate D. T.

The contents of this letter (which is published elsewhere) show better than pages of assurance could do how completely Lady Temple was in her husband's confidence, and of what assistance her intelligent interest in affairs must have been. "P.," who vouched for the Duke of Buckingham's intrigues with France, is, I think, Monsieur Puffendorff, the Swedish agent, who, watching the progress of matters for his country at the Hague, was also in the confidence of Turenne, the French commander in Flanders, and who had seen a letter from Colbert, the French ambassador in England, to the field marshal speaking of his negotiations with the English ministers, whom he boasted of having made to feel "toute l'étendu de la générosité de sa Majesté" (Louis XIV.). Thus the shameful bribe of £18,000 on condition of the rupture of the Triple Alliance — the price of Charles's honour — was no secret to him; and so it was that Temple learned that his recall was a stipulation of the French Government, and that his interests had been ruthlessly sacrificed to the exigencies of the hour. He was detained in England himself, but not allowed to send for his

family, who were left at the Hague to keep up the fiction of his speedy return; and it was not until the summer of 1671 that he was formally displaced from a post "in which all Europe regarded him with interest."

In the meantime Holland was being harassed at sea by France and England, and the Dutch people were beginning to turn their despairing eyes towards the Prince of Orange, in whom they saw their chance of salvation. They made him first admiral and captain-general, and then Stadtholder of Holland and Zealand This sudden veering round of the populace resulted in the massacre of their honest, straightforward governor, De Witt, and his brother, with the preposterous excuse that they had tried to murder the prince with a poisoned waistcoat.

At home, Buckingham and Arlington were at daggers drawn and no adequate funds were forthcoming to carry on the desultory war; so in 1672 peace once more became a necessity, the Government turning in their trouble again to Temple. Arlington and the Lord Treasurer, Danby (who as Sir Thomas Osborne twenty years before had been one of Lady Temple's numerous suitors) vied with one another in their eagerness to nominate him for the pleasant task of peacemaker. He accepted the trust and was preparing to start, but the Dutch people spared him the voyage by empowering the Spanish ambassador, Marquis del Fresno, to act for Holland, and once more in the short space of three days Temple concluded an important treaty. This time it was the "Treaty of Westminster," and was more lasting than the other.

Arlington still affected "the light tone" with him

as if he had never played him false, while the king actually went so far as to write himself to the States, saying with preposterous untruth that the ambassador was coming away "by his own desire and on his private affairs!"

So, for the ensuing months, while Lady Temple was keeping up appearances at the Hague, Sir William was improving his little domain at Sheen, having withdrawn himself for a time from public life in only partially concealed disgust. His father had urged him to make use of his reputation to improve his circumstances both socially and financially, and there was open talk of a peerage for him; but whether from a shy pride, or from injured feelings, he discouraged with determination all suggestions of the kind, saying he was "resolved never to ask anything of his Majesty except to serve him well," which was somewhat hard on his wife, who would have been delighted to have had this further tribute to her husband's worth to flaunt before the eyes of the unappreciative brother at Chicksands! But the omission only added one more item to the long list of the disappointments of her life.

A present of £500 from Sir John at this moment, with an injunction to "make the front of the house uniform," kept Sir William occupied, and when his family returned it was to find their "nest as pleasant and commodious" as the gift could make it; and, "since his Majesty had thought fit to change the course of his counsels in which he (Sir William) was so long and so sincerely engaged," Temple described himself as "wholly sunk in his garden and the quiet of a private life"—one of the great amusements of which was writing treatises and planning his

W. Wissing pinxit

LADY TEMPLE, WIFE OF SIR JOHN TEMPLE OF SHEEN

"observations" upon the United Provinces. There is a copy of this voluminous pamphlet at Spixworth, in the handwriting of his nephew, John Temple, who eventually succeeded to his possessions.

All this time there is no mention of Lady Giffard, but she was certainly in England. Temple's old enemy, Sir George Downing, was sent back to the Hague in his place, and he took the ambassador's house and furniture off his hands, but so unpopular was he, and such a commotion did his presence excite at the Hague, that he was soon frightened away. And Sir William had the satisfaction, which we may be sure he was not too human not to feel, of seeing his ill-wisher sent to the Tower for coming back without leave!

At last a yacht was sent for Lady Temple and her children by Charles, who thought he saw a brilliant opportunity of provoking a fresh quarrel with the Dutch at the command of his taskmaster the French king, and the captain sailed with orders to fire into the first ships of the Dutch fleet he should meet with, unless they struck their flag to the Englishman.

He saw nothing of the fleet going out, but coming back he fell in with it, and without warning or ceremony he obediently fired into the nearest ship! His action was amusingly misconstrued by the Dutch admiral, Van Ghent, who imagined the yacht must be in distress, and gallantly came on board to offer his services, with a "handsome compliment" to the English Ambassadress. He had had no orders on this point himself, he explained, when he had recovered from his astonishment at learning the true reason of the shots; and protested that he could not

believe that he was to strike to the king's pleasure-boat. The perplexed captain appealed to Lady Temple, but she, having no mind to be made a cat's-paw of, told him that "he knew his own orders best and what he was to do on them," and left him to act as he thought fit without any regard for her and her children.

Eventually both English and Dutch commanders proceeded on their way without further amenities, and Lady Temple was landed safely in England, where she was much commended for her spirited action in the matter, for which she had to account to the judge of the Admiralty; but poor Captain Crow "went to the Tower for it."

When Sir William next attended the king's levée the king spoke admiringly to him of his wife's "carriage at sea," and said that "she had shown more courage than the captain" (who was evidently not intended to return without having established a distinct *casus belli*), and then fell to railing against the Dutch. Temple replied that as matters went, it must be confessed there was some merit in his family, "since I have made the alliance with Holland, and my wife is like to have the honour of making the war." The king smiled at the "truth that was spoken in jest," as also did Temple, who "found this the only way to lure the discourse into good humour."

"And thus," wrote the disappointed Minister some years later, alluding to the collapse of his labours, "ended in smoke an adventure which for more than three years made such a noise in the world, restored and preserved so long the general peace, and left his Majesty the arbitrage of affairs."

Soon after this Sir William was offered, through Arlington, an embassy to Spain. The offer was strangely worded. The king, he was told, "took so kindly his willingness to go over to Holland" and his "easiness" when that commission failed, as well as his success with the Spanish ambassador, that not knowing anything better to give him he was resolved to send an "Ambassador-extraordinary to Spain, and for that purpose would recall Sir W. Goldolphin;" but although this had formerly been an ambition of his, Temple at the eleventh hour declined it.

The reason of this refusal puzzled his friends and made a great deal of talk in court and diplomatic circles. The generally accepted idea was that it was due to the violent opposition of his father, though it is more probable that he was at the mercy of the vacillations of Charles, who found him at the last too useful to be spared. Arlington thought it was because he confidently expected that the interest of Lord Danby would procure him the post of Secretary of State, which he (Arlington) was about to vacate for that of Lord Chamberlain; while Temple perhaps suspected Arlington of wanting to get him out of the way, and did not intend to play into his hands. Opinions were divided in his own house. Lady Temple inclined towards it, and Lady Giffard was against it, "though she is the best Spaniard." That the wishes of the sister were allowed to prevail over those of the wife, shows plainly enough that Sir William had no special desire for it at that moment, or that he was not his own master, for many preparations had already been made, and they were thought to be practically on the eve of departure.

Two of his friends, Henry Sidney and Ralph Montague, were now most anxious to get him into the Ministry, and offered to lend him the £6000 Arlington was to receive for vacating his post, but Sir John was much set against this as against appointment of the Spanish embassy, and Sir William himself preferred employment abroad; besides, he "ever detested the custom grown among them of selling of places, and much more so those of so much importance to the Crown."

In May 1674 he was once more appointed ambassador to the Hague, with the stipulation—not without much discussion—that the emoluments were to be made equal to other ambassadors of the Crown.

So the three years' respite were over, and the "play" was to begin all over again. Part of his "leave" he had spent in Ireland with his father, and now it was Lady Giffard who went back with him to Holland, Lady Temple taking "Jack," now almost a man, to introduce him to his grandfather.

"I resolve to take my whole family over," he wrote to Sir John, "but my wife and son shall first make you a visit, since you will not think of coming over; it is their turn now, and my sister and I will go first into Holland, though we should both be glad to wait on you again if it could have been allowed us, but my wife will not consent to my going without her or my sister, and she has a great mind to carry over her son to you herself; after having been so long in France and at an age when commonly the great changes are made, which you will judge of when you see him."

The father's pride spoke in that last sentence! Yet he was a stern parent too, as many proud fathers are.

In vain, scheming Ministers, ambitious relations, and affectionate friends plotted, and planned, and persuaded Temple to accept anything, and everything, rather than return to Holland. Destiny was too strong for them; and if his return was based on a personal inclination, one is at a loss to see what it was that drew him back for the third time to the Hague, after the dastardly murder of the Grand Pensionary, whom he had liked and respected so much, and the breaking of all his treaties.

He did not care greatly for the Hollanders either; their slowness and phlegm irritated him. No Dutch man or woman, he said, could fall in love, and they were neither handsome, nor witty, nor sociable. Perhaps it was the young Prince of Orange, in whose career he was already interested, that drew him, but if so, disappointment was again to dog the way. For William, who had developed irrepressible warlike proclivities, was now out with the army in Flanders; and Mr. Courtenay suggests — very plausibly, I think—that the prince was alarmed at the idea of marriage, and suspected Temple of coming charged with some proposal of that nature (on the subject of which there had already been some informal correspondence with the ambassador) which would have put a spoke in the wheel of martial glory which Fortune was now turning so fast for him. It was not long, however, before Temple gained his confidence and smoothed the way for his ultimate marriage with Princess Mary of York.

In truth, he had been given his cue by the Duke of York before leaving England, in veiled language which was perfectly well understood by the

diplomatist but which preserved the dignity of the young princess.

After a long and confidential conversation on the subject, the duke had bid him assure his Highness that "if there was anything in which he might use his service, he might be sure of it;" and to Temple's respectfully guarded answer, "Pray, sir, is there nothing you except? and you do not know how far a young Prince's desire may go," James answered with a smile, "Well, well, you may tell him what I bid you."

"At least," replied the other with apparent carelessness, "I will tell him you smiled when I told you so, which I am sure is a great deal better than if you had frowned."

The following year found the Prince of Orange resting awhile on the laurels Seneff had brought him, and spending his time between his grandmother's palace in the woods and the English embassy at the Hague. About that time Lord Ossory came over with a suggestion of marriage from the king, but the lust of battle was still on the young prince, and he evaded the question with unbecoming coldness; yet before rejoining the army he renewed the subject of his own accord with Temple, and to use his own words, "not as the King's Ambassador, but as a friend." He inquired anxiously about the "person and dispositions" of the princess, explaining with boyish bashfulness that he would not have it "thought in the world" that he cared about such trifles as beauty or character, but that in reality he did very much; that he certainly would not marry a lady of the type of the wives of his uncle's court; and feeling

in himself that he might not make a very easy husband, much would depend on her own character and disposition.

Lady Temple and Lady Giffard, who had seen a good deal of the Princess Mary, no doubt at Richmond, reassured him on these points, and Lady Temple went over to England with letters to the king and duke, both from the prince and the ambassador, asking permission for him to visit England in the character of a suitor, after the campaign.

The Princess Mary's father and uncle had, however, very properly stood on their dignity, and were not disposed to throw the beautiful girl into the arms of a man who had shown so little desire for that honour such a short time ago, and all the answer he received was that they would take time to consider it.

To her cousin (Lord Danby) alone was Lady Temple permitted to impart the momentous secret of this project. To a man of William's character it wanted but a taste of opposition to whet his ardour, and he now became as anxious to marry his cousin as he had before been to escape the bonds.

The ultimate success of his suit, and the hasty wedding in the king's apartments at Whitehall with his unwilling and tearful bride, is another story altogether; but the annoyance and jealousy of Arlington at the making of the alliance without his knowledge by the Temples and Danby more immediately concerns these letters. It is easy to understand the feeling of Sir William's former patron at this juncture, but the unworthy treatment that he had more than once meted out to his friend exonerates the latter from any charge of ingratitude, even if he could honourably have

confided in him. But the bitterness engendered, by the withholding of a confidence that Arlington might reasonably have imagined his due, strained the cord of friendship to breaking-point, and the estrangement between the two men became permanent.

Shortly before this, in the year 1674, the quiet of the Hague was invaded by a pleasure party from England headed by Lord Arlington, who came in a private capacity, but with authority and mysterious instructions from Charles. The cooling of the former affectionate relations between the two Ministers must have somewhat taken the edge off their enjoyment; but such finished courtiers and men of the world as both Arlington and Temple were able to keep up an appearance of cordiality for a time at least, and mix amicably in the agreeable society such a party must have formed.

Arlington was accompanied by his wife, and her sister Mademoiselle Baverwort, and her brother Monsieur Odycke, as well as Lord Ossory (who had married another of old Prince Maurice of Orange's natural daughters), Lady Temple's cousin, young Lord Latimer, Dr. Durel, and Sir Gabriel Silvious, an intimate of the prince's court. After a stay of six weeks, and a gay round of dinners, receptions, and other entertainments, they took their leave, Arlington having failed in the principal part of his mission, which was to incline the pugnacious princeling towards peace.

Very soon afterwards, in May 1675, Temple was appointed ambassador to Nimeguen, but not before he had been summoned to London to receive some of Charles's bewildering confidences that were "so

private that they could not be well written to him." The whole family then removed to this Flemish town. The change from the damp atmosphere of the Hague was a pleasant one, though, as Temple wrote to his father, there "would be necessarily an increase of trouble and expense as well as honour;" which is easily understood when one learns that he fixed upon a house for which, "with stables and out-houses, I am like to pay £1000 a year, which is but a part of those exactions likely to be practised there on this occasion, and which cannot be remedied by this State, where the magistrates of each town have a jurisdiction uncontrollable by the States themselves, either general or provincial, and are like themselves to give no remedy in this affair which they are all concerned in."

Very little business was done all this year, and Temple found his office as "ambassador-mediator" no sinecure, but managed to avoid unnecessary friction during the waiting-time, which would have been tedious enough but for the pleasant reunions and *soirées*, where there were ladies, and the evenings spent in dancing or play and "careless and easy suppers and collations;" and thus by this pleasant intercourse, it was observed, "the mediation was always active."

If she had desired to play the part of "Sempronia," Lady Giffard had now her opportunity. The French ambassador was intensely anxious to see the war at an end, and M. Colbert made it known to the King of France that she had such an ascendancy over her brother that if tactfully approached she might be of the greatest use in the negotiations. Louis, who had

great faith in the weight of feminine influence, was glad to try and use her friendship with the Colberts for his own advantage, and authorised him to make great promises of royal approval and gratitude should she accept the situation. It is curious, though characteristic of Lady Giffard, that there is no hint of this compliment to herself in her MS., and it is only from a letter of Colbert's in d'Estrade's "Memoirs" that we hear of it. That she did not ardently desire a peace is unthinkable, but that even her influence could turn Temple from his determination that whenever it came it should be a "good peace" and not another attempt to gather "unripe fruit" is equally unthinkable; that she should dream of taking rewards for attempting to persuade him to act against his principles or without his full knowledge and approval is even more unthinkable; and that the offer was declined with courtesy and determination we may be assured.

In 1677 young Temple (Jack) came out with letters to his father from Lord Danby, offering him the post of Secretary of State; but the offer was made in the obnoxious way that always raised Sir William's ire. Sir John Coventry, who held the post at the moment, was willing, he said, to resign on the payment of £1000. This offer was accompanied by a letter of recall, and a royal yacht was sent to bring him back to England.

With the excuse that his father held all the estates of the family, and that he himself could not raise even half the sum, he got out of it; and pleading ill-health, retired for a short time to Sheen, having concluded one more successful treaty obliging the French to evacuate all the Spanish towns in the Netherlands.

The year 1678 saw him back at the Hague with his family, living in excellent style, having "a hundred pounds a week and all the plate of his embassy;" and a few months later the fall of Danby brought him to England, "deep in the King's councils," and once more settled in his "commodious nest."

By this time Coventry had decided definitely to vacate his post, and Sir William, whose fate seemed to hustle him from pillar to post, was not long left in peace; for the king's instinct told him when he possessed a loyal, single-minded servant, and he had no mind to let him slip through his fingers for lack of employment.

PART VI

1679. CHARLES II

A CHRONICLE OF FAMILY EVENTS

LORD LINCOLN'S LETTERS

"If we could lay aside two things: first, our own imagination, which makes us think things necessary which are not; and secondly, our deference to the opinion of the world, which makes us incapable of being happy unless we are thought so, the majority of mankind would be much happier than they are at present."—Dr. EDWARD YOUNG.

IT has always been impossible to follow the thread of Lady Giffard's life without pursuing that of her brother, so inextricably was it interwoven with his. And as time went on the strands suffered no loosing; the death of their father, Sir John, in 1679, knit them more closely than ever. The periodical visits to Ireland were perforce discontinued, and the whole family drew together at Sheen. The younger Sir John, who had been Attorney-General in Ireland for over twenty years, settled with his large family at Temple Grove, and the other brother, Henry, was close by in his rooms at the Temple in London.

It was now fourteen years since that message from Whitehall had summoned Temple at dawn to receive his first orders in the king's service, and he had done much in the time, and received very little; but even now he was not to be left to the repose he coveted. Factions in Parliament were running high; the Duke

of York was in Flanders, and Charles so driven and harassed, without any really strong man to lean on, that he pressed Sir William to reconsider his decision and become Secretary of State, saying, with a humility that would have melted most men, "that he had no one to consult with when he wanted the best advice." Temple refused the appointment, but advised his Majesty to choose a reliable council to consult and advise with. Charles consented, and it was agreed that Sir William alone should help him to choose. On his principle of never letting the grass grow under his feet, Temple urged on this dilatory king, and in four days the old council was dissolved and the new one established, of which he was one. The king's illness during the summer of this year (1680) created fresh changes; and the sudden return of the Duke of York, who had been sent out of the kingdom and had been secretly recalled by the Lords Essex and Halifax without Temple's knowledge, added to the unfriendly way in which they treated him on the occasion, not only by keeping him out of the plot, and thereby misrepresenting him to the Duke, so hurt and disgusted Temple that he once more took refuge at Sheen.

The king recovered as speedily as he fell ill, and the Duke was sent off to Scotland to be out of the way while the bill for excluding him and his heirs from the succession was brought in. Temple declared warmly against it, saying "his endeavour should ever be to unite the Royal family, and he would never enter into any counsel to divide them;" and true to his word, the last thing he ever did in the House of Commons was to carry the king's answer to their

address—an unqualified assertion that his Majesty would never consent to the exclusion of the Duke. It was perhaps on occasions of this kind that Sir William Temple regretted he had not allowed his friends to ask for a peerage for him, which he would have undoubtedly received at the time of the Triple Alliance; his rank would then have spared him the small mortifications his proud and sensitive nature occasionally suffered. There were times when his position was not quite defined, and he was asked to undertake tasks that other men had refused; and had he been in the position his services warranted (and that but for himself he would have been), this would not have been possible.

Secretary Jenkins had been charged the night before at the council with the delivery of this message, but on second thoughts he was judged too unacceptable to the House to carry it. The king would have had either Sir Robert Carr or Mr. Godolphin (Sidney, afterwards Lord) take it, but they both excused themselves, knowing it would not be received with pleasure. Charles in his dilemma again appealed to Sir William, who expressed surprise that what was agreed upon over-night should be altered in his chamber, but declared himself very willing to obey him, and this rather because others had excused themselves, and to show his Majesty that he "intended to play no popular games." So after a few respectful reproaches for the king's capricious withdrawal of his full confidences, and with a little burst of not unnatural temper, he told his Majesty that "he had not so good a stomach for business as to consent only to swallowing what other people had chewed," and

that his chief object in accepting this unpopular task was that he *entirely approved of the message itself*, and that was his principal inducement in accepting it.

This answer was, he afterwards used to say, the only thing he could imagine that the king ever could take ill of him.

Soon after this Charles, in illustration of Rochester's epigram that he "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," dissolved parliament, contrary to his promise, without consulting his Privy Councillors, and then it was that Temple rose and made one of the boldest speeches ever hitherto heard in the House.

In entirely proper and respectful terms he called in question the king's right (having made his councillors) to act without them, because it implied a contradiction, "What use were councillors who did not counsel?" He knew of no precedent for such a course; he doubted if it had ever been practised by his Majesty's predecessors, "nor was so now by any prince in Christendom." He urged the importance of king and parliament agreeing; he humbly advised that the king should use his council, by permitting them freedom of speech at their sittings and hearing what they had to say, after which he might "resolve as he pleased," and that if at any time he was displeased or discontented with them he might dissolve them, but not subject them to the farce of being mere dummies.

This bold and manly speech could only have been made by a man who had the welfare of the king and his country deeply at heart, and sought no advancement for himself, and is, I think, the most satisfactory proof that Sir William's desire to withdraw from public

life was real and not affected, as one has been tempted to suspect. By it he gave offence to those of his friends who expected personal advantage from the king's unconstitutional proceeding; and being thoroughly out of touch with the tortuous ways of Charles and his ministers, he sent him a message by his son, "that he would pass his life as good a subject as any in his kingdom, but would never again meddle in public affairs." The king assured him that he was not in the least offended; but his actions belied his words, for without giving him any intimation of his intention, he with characteristic impulsiveness removed him from the council that he himself had formed only a short time before; and but for the kindness of old Lady Northumberland—who came over the water from Sion in the early hours of the next morning, and asking to see Sir William privately in his closet, told him his name had been struck off over-night—he might not have heard of it before the council met again. This old lady did not bear such a very high character, and has been reviled in history, not unjustly, for marrying her little granddaughter Lady Elizabeth Percy to the dissipated Thomas Thynne of Longleate; but in this case she certainly did the kind thing, and her friendly action prevented his hearing of it in a more unpleasant way.

After this Sir William had no more compunction in enjoying the rest that his inclinations and growing ill-health demanded, and congratulated himself with joy that at last he was out of the storm.

But no man is master of his fate, and it is often when one thinks one has gained the summit of one's desire that the blow falls. A heavy one was already hanging over the heads of the happy family at Sheen,

Univ. of California

Netscher pinxit

LADY GIFFARD AND DIANA TEMPLE

and after three short years it fell. In this year (1684) two important family events happened: one a heart-breaking sorrow, the other presumedly a pleasant occasion—at all events one of surpassing interest to his parents—Diana died, and John Temple married.

Clever, merry little Nan! the writer of the letter her father always treasured, the last of the only two girls there had been among his seven children, was carried away when she was scarcely more than a child.

Nan died of that inexorable ravager, the smallpox, and her little body was the first to be laid in the gloomy corner of Westminster Abbey, whither her mother was the next to follow her.

The little note has been printed before, in Judge Parry's book, but it will bear repeating here.

"SIR,—I defered writing to you till I could tell you that I had received all my fine things, which I have just now done, but I thought never to have done giving you thanks for them. They have made me so very happy in my closet, and everybody that comes does admire them above all things, but yett not soe much as I think they deserve, and now if Papa was heare I should think myself a perfect Pope, though I hope I should not be burnt as there was one at Nell Quin's doore the 8th of November, who was sat in a greate cheare with a red nose half a yard long with some hundreds of boys throwing squibs at it.

Monsieur Gore and I agree mighty well, and he makes me believe I shall come to something at last, that is if he stays which I don't doubt but what he will because all the faire ladys will petition for him.

We are rid of the workmen now and our howse is ready to entertain you when you please and you will meet with nobody more glad to see you than—Your most obedient and dutiful daughter, D. TEMPLE.

Monsieur Gore was probably her father's secretary, who tutored her as his successor Jonathan Swift later tutored little "Hetty" Johnson. The house which the workmen had just vacated was perhaps the new one Sir William had lately bought and was having done up "against his son came home."

Shortly before Diana's death Jack Temple married a French heiress, the daughter of M. Rambouillet du Plessis, a French Protestant gentleman of the family of Cardinal Richelieu, and brought her to live with his parents at Sheen.

Whether the match was pleasing to them or not we do not know, but that there were difficulties to overcome with the lady's relatives seems evident, as King Charles expressed with his own hand his readiness to use his best offices with the King of France to make things as easy for young Temple as he could.

Like his father and his uncle Henry, Jack was in diplomacy, but though employed in various minor but delicate transactions he never seems to have made his mark, and was morbidly conscientious. His father undoubtedly took life too seriously for his times, but he was strong and determined. He knew his own limitations, and never courted failure by attempting what he knew he could not perform. His natural prudence held him back sometimes from the highest achievements, and he knew when to refuse an impossible task. His son did not—and died of it.

"The best and quietest little boy that ever was" found the world too strong for him.

At that time he was a very "promising young gentleman" with great natural abilities and personal accomplishments, and "Mademoiselle Marie du

Plessis," says the author of a Biographia Britannica published in 1763, "was a young lady very eminent for her rare accomplishments of body and mind, and more since for her charity and piety." Her piety, I imagine, was the growth of later years, and of a very Protestant type. There are long prayers and dreary meditations in both French and English among the few relics she has left behind her; they are written in a tiny hand and with much economy of paper, and conjure up visions of grim Geneva gowns and denunciations and fearsome threats of everlasting doom; and her religion, exaggerated as it may well have been with the effects of recent Huguenot persecution, and loaded with the stern tenets of Calvinism, lacked the happy optimism of her husband's mother, and the easy philosophy of Sir William Temple and Lady Giffard.

Her wealth must have been very considerable, and the pity was that she had no son to inherit it. After Jack's death a document, still in existence, was drawn up between her and her mother, Mme. le Coq du Plessis, and Sir William Temple, termed the "Tripartite," and contains a plan for distribution of her wealth, the *biens* in France being left back to her French relations, the De Rohans, and the rest of her wealth to her two daughters.

Somewhere, hidden among the circumlocutory and cryptic phraseology of the law, are a few facts that are interesting. We learn that Mary Temple had a house in Paris in the Rue de Mailo, and that Sir William Temple made over to her for her life the house in London that he had once bought "entirely for the satisfaction of his wife," and which they, by

mutual consent, made a present of to their son, at whose death it had reverted to Sir William. This house stood close to Marlborough House in Pall Mall. In a memorandum of her property is a note to the effect that the rent had to be lowered as "the value of the house is decreased owing to the Duchess of Marlborough having a house at the bottom of the garden." The reason of the objection is not stated, but the ancient Sarah entertained "a very lively company" in her house in London. Was it the noise of the music or dancing, and quarrelling with cards, that lessened the value of Mary Temple's town-house, I wonder? Or was it merely that it blocked the view of St. James's Park?

It would be interesting to know how the Temple-Rambouillet marriage, that took the two greatest monarchs in the world to accomplish, turned out. King Charles and Louis Quatorze concerned themselves in the affairs of this young couple, who probably thought life was to be all roses, yet one of them at least found it—or thought he did—"a bed of thorns."

The gay doings, and inevitable coming and going to and from London occasioned by the presence of the young married couple in the house, did not suit Sir William's broken health and spirits, and he once more turned his thoughts to buying a property on which to establish his branch of the family, and to which he might retire and leave the house at Sheen to his son; for he was not to be turned from his decision never again to enter into affairs of State, even at the request of King James, who often summoned him to Richmond for private conference.

Many years before, he had much wished to buy

a small property in Northamptonshire, with a house called "Temple Hall" on it, but his father had dissuaded him on account of its smallness and inconvenient distance from London, and now with a curious coincidence of nomenclature he had the opportunity of purchasing Moor Park in Surrey.

It had been at Moor Park in Hertfordshire, the beautiful seat of Sir John Franklyn, Lady Temple's cousin, that he and his wife had passed the first few months of their married life. Of this place Sir William had always retained the most tender and romantic remembrance. He had modelled his garden at Sheen as much as possible on the gardens there; and possessing as he did almost a cat-like attachment to certain houses and places, the very name of Moor Park was probably an inducement towards the purchase.

Events had been passing rapidly since little Nan had died, and a greater person than she had been called to his account. The curtain had dropped for ever on the garish scene, and the giddy crowd had melted away from Whitehall, when the inseparable trio journeyed to their new home on the borders of Surrey and Hampshire, passing through Windsor so that Sir William might pay his homage to the new king. Gay, reckless Charles was dead, and the serious, dignified, tragic figure of his brother James sat in his place.

In after years Temple could never bring himself to serve under William and Mary on account of the affecting interview that day at Windsor, when to King James's gentle reproaches to him for not entering into his service he had promised "always to live as a

good subject, but whatever happened never to return to any public employment," and had begged his Majesty never to give credit to whatever he might hear to the contrary.

In the years that followed, watching the trend of events from his exile, James perhaps appreciated this sacrifice, and recalled his own remark on the ex-ambassador's incorruptible integrity, that "Sir William's character was one always to be believed."

A packet of letters from John (Jack) Temple, written in French to his wife, has lately come to light. They are charmingly written, and abound with pathetic expressions of love and devotion during his enforced absence in Paris, where he was busy compassing the release from the Bastille of her Huguenot relations, and dealing with singular patience with the vagaries of a tiresome old Madame or Mademoiselle du Plessis, who would not accept her freedom when his strenuous efforts had put it within her reach.

It is difficult to determine what Jack Temple's appointment really was; it is certain that he was attached to our embassy in Paris, but exactly in what capacity is uncertain. These letters could not have been written earlier than 1688, and therefore not very long before his death, and were therefore probably the last his wife received from him. They show no sign of the melancholy that must have attacked him so soon afterwards, and testify to the delightful, eventful and varied life he must have led at the French court. It is hard to see what could have made him desire to end it.

He describes himself as hunting with the Duc de Vendôme, wandering in the gardens of the Tuileries,

and dreaming of the days when he strolled with his bride in the Avenue du Conde; attending the christening of the "trois enfants de France"; inspecting the wonderful book Madame de Montespan was sending to the King of Siam, illustrated with the portrait of the "Grand Monarque" and all his battles painted in miniature, with an account of his conquests under each; executing commissions for great ladies in England—a coat for Lady Sunderland (who, he is glad to hear, "caresses" his wife) and a toothpick case for the beautiful Mrs. Middleton; and "drawing the curtains" round the great four-poster, and with a letter from his "*petite*" under his pillow, passing the first hours of the night "dans une rêverie la plus douce du monde."

He coaxes his wife to visit his relations at Sheen and to go to Moor Park and give him news of his people. "Allez y ma chère amie," he says, "you will love it when you walk in the garden by the little stream where I can picture you, and you will gather health when you return 'mouillée comme une petite canne' from a walk in the heather," but judging from the frequency with which the request is made, Madame Marie prefers London to the quiet of the country, and is hard to move from thence.

About this time Lady Giffard received a letter written on an exceedingly unattractive-looking reddish-brown paper from Edward Clinton, fifth Lord Lincoln, and last of that line; a harmless and erratic nobleman whose eccentricities were the constant theme and amusement of Londoners.

This wonderful sheet of paper must have come from one of the India houses, generally kept by Dutch

women and much frequented by the smart people of that date. Lady Vaughan, writing to Lord Russell in 1677, says that she had spent some time "at a Dutchman's at Paternoster Row, and at the three Exchanges."

Queen Mary got severely reprimanded for going to one of these warehouses, where tea, china, and other Indian goods were sold; and they soon became a fashionable hunting-ground for gay young "sparks," where, says Lady Russell's editor, "they met with other motives than to 'cheapen tea or buy a screen.'" Cibber in one of his plays makes "Lady Townley" take a flying jaunt to see an India house, as one of the most dashing incidents of a fine lady's life in London.

from his Lordship's House in London
at ye sign of the fair Lady with
black hair An. Do. 1776 Nov. 42.

MADAM,—Your Ladyship will thinke me mad when I did put my hand to this paper, but indeed it was because I could not write sense enough to manifest my esteem that I have resolved to write downright nonsense, the contents of this epistle will bee to besech the Lady Giffard to bee soe kinde to the sayd Lord Lincolne as to give him now and then the possession of a letter from the sayd Lady Giffard which will contribute mightily to the satisfaction of the sayd L^{d} Lincolne, though indeed it will be a trouble to the sayd Lady Giffard which Lady is entreated to weare her hair à l'egiptione it is the easiest way of dressing may I say abundantly. Pray Madam doe not bee astonished at this style of writting for it is a particular paper from all other paper therefore the style ought to bee different.

I will make an excuse for not writing sooner, and such an excuse as never was made before, because I was

all this while a seeking out a paper to write on and going to see a Dutch woman and she gave mee this paper which is made in the dos finding such as the great Mogul himselfe uses to write to the great Con of Tartary and at length sent some of it to—Your humble servant

LINCOLNE.

Assuredly her ladyship might easily have "thought him mad" had she not probably already known it! but none the less she must have been amused at the effusion—sufficiently so indeed to have preserved it.

Lady Giffard was about eight-and-thirty when she received this letter, and her hair was probably still dark and luxuriant enough to warrant her crack-brained admirer dubbing her the fair lady with black hair, "which locks he begs her to dress à l'Egyptienne," a fashion borrowed perhaps from the stage.

It would be interesting to know if her ladyship ever humoured his whim, and if the mode was becoming. One thing is however certain, that his lordship intended a compliment to her abundant tresses.

In later life Lord Lincoln's eccentricities developed into something rather remarkable, and the queen (Mary) became extremely curious to see him. In a letter to the king she records her first view of him as she was making her way to the chapel at Whitehall.

WHITEHALL, *July* $\frac{8}{18}$, 1690.

Now shall I tell you that I have been satisfied with the sight of my Lord Lincoln, which I have so often wished for in vaine. I met him as I came from prayers with a hundred people at least after him. I can't

represent to you my surprise at so unexpected an object and so strange a one but what he said was as much so if it were possible. He called my Lord President by name, and all in general who are in trust, "Rogues," told me I must go back with him to Council to hear his complaint, which I think was against Lord Torrington. He talked so like a madman that I answered him as calmly as I could, looking on him as such, and so with much ado got from him.

Apparently the queen had reason to wish her desire to make his acquaintance had not been gratified, for a month later she writes that she had the "vappeurs" on the evening of the 27th of July, through having been worried by the mad Lord Lincoln that morning, and again describes the interview to the king.

"Lord Lincoln," she says, "was with me this afternoon no less than an hour and a half, reforming the fleet, correcting abuses, and not shy either of naming persons. He talked so perfectly like a madman as I never heard anything more in my life; he made me the most extravagantest compliments in the world, but was by no means satisfied that I would do nothing he desired me. He had an expression that I have heard often within these few days, which is, 'that I have the power in my hand and they wonder I do not make use of it,' and 'why should I stay for your return?' and 'whether I should lose so much time as to write you word or no, is doubted, that is when they must stay till an answer comes.'"

That Lord Lincoln held opinions shared by men of stronger mental calibre than himself is certain. He was of those who thought King William too much

of an absentee, and too fond of spending his time at Loo, and who would have gladly seen Mary assume the sovereignty independently of her husband. In the interview that produced the "vappeurs" it is obvious there was considerable method in his madness, and it was perhaps fortunate for William that his queen was so open and loyal on the subject of this ominous conversation, which she regarded, or affected to regard, as the effusion of a disordered brain, though she must have been perfectly well aware of a large and very strong faction who desired of all things to see her reign alone.

Two years later Lord Lincoln died at his house in Bloomsbury Square. Marcissue Lutterell chronicles the event thus: "November 26th, 1692. Yesterday died the Earle of Lincolne in his house at Bloomsbury Square. Sir Francis Clinton of Lincolnshire succeeds to his title and estates." "November 29th. Last night the Earle of Lincolne was privately interred in Westminster Abbey. His body was two yards wanting a quarter before he was put into his coffin." Nature proverbially does not wrap her best gifts in large packets; but Lord Lincolne must have been unusually diminutive, and evidently had all the assurance and audacity that is sometimes given as a natural protection to very small men.

PART VII

1685–1694. JAMES II

MOOR PARK

"Since I have your last letter I have made no acknowledgment of it: a retirement is in several respects like the night of our life, in the obscurity and darkness and in the sleepiness and dosedness; which I mention to put you in mind that I am only in my posture of life apt to be failing towards you."—*Philip Sidney* (*Lord Lisle*) *to Sir William Temple.*

IT was in 1685 that Sir William Temple purchased the Moor Park estate, in the wildest and most secluded part of Surrey, three miles from Aldershot and in the parish of Farnham.

A couple of miles to the south the slumberous outline of the Hog's Back lies against the sky. Seven miles to the north the Long Valley stretches westward, and Laffan's Plain unrolls itself like a green carpet between the softly swelling purple hills. The Park is full of beautiful trees, and an unusual character is given to it by the presence of some curious natural caves in the steep incline of Crooksbury Hill, but there is no view from the windows of the "mourhous," at the back of which the ground rises abruptly to a considerable height, shutting out the prospect very effectually, and giving a certain air of melancholy to the place.

Nowadays, close as it is to the greatest military centre in England, Moor Park may be counted very

much in the world, but in Lady Giffard's time it was far away from it. Now when the wind is fair the cheerful sound of réveillé and tattoo may awaken the solitude, and the noises of a field-day must often penetrate there; but in the days we are speaking of Aldershot was one great, almost untrodden moor, and no sounds of martial music or mimic warfare disturbed the quiet of the place.

The old "Moor-Hous" was a red-brick Elizabethan mansion of the moderate dimensions of the average country squire's dwelling of the day. It is dwarfed now by the larger and newer part, built on to it late in the eighteenth century by Basil and John Bacon, the children of Sir William's granddaughter Dorothy, who inherited it, and the walls of the present fine reception-room and handsome entrance-hall never re-echoed to the voices of the people who wrote or received the letters from this place, or even to those of Basil who began to build them and John who practically finished them, for both died before their completion.

So in the older parts of the house were massed the treasures collected by Sir William—pictures and statues, and beautiful cabinets filled with china, and books galore. There were Vandykes, Titians, and Lelys, Van der Moulens, Holbeins, Jansens, Momperts, and Le Bruns. Netscher painted Sir William Temple, Lady Temple, Jack, Sir John (senior), and (on the same canvas) Lady Giffard and Diana. Lely painted both Sir Johns (father and son), also Sir William Temple and Lady Giffard. Lady Temple had been painted by him in her girlhood, and the picture is in her old home at Chicksands.

Lely's portrait of Lady Giffard, curiously enough,

once fell into the hands of Dean Swift, who was willing enough to sell it, or rather to give it to John Temple, fourteen years after her death, on condition that he did something for poor Martha Dingley, who was quite "sunk in years and unwieldiness."

"Your aunt's picture is," he wrote, "in Sir Peter Lely's best manner, and the drapery all in the same hand. I shall think myself very well paid for it if you will be so good as to order some marks of your favour to Mrs. Dingley. I do not mean a pension, but a small sum to put her out of debt."

John Temple, who spent most of his fortune in charity, did not, we may feel sure, neglect this duty; the puzzle is, how did Swift ever become possessed of Lady Giffard's portrait? Surely she never gave it to him! The only supposition possible is that it belonged to Stella, her sometime waiting-maid.

The soil in Sir William's garden is light and of a kind beloved of conifers, which still flourish in great luxuriance on and around the "island" formed by the meanderings of the river Wey (little more than a rivulet at this point), and an artificial canal which waters the lower garden. Specially beautiful is the growth of the somewhat rare Retone Osprian and the Deodara, while, towering grim and gaunt above their neighbours, are some ancient Douglassi, which are reputed to have been planted by him.

Under the south wall of the kitchen garden is the bowling-green, where tradition says King William played at bowls with the master of the house.

The pines shed their fragrant needles on the green sward, and the little river makes eternal water-music as it flows away into the meadows beyond. Smooth-

shaven lawns and a shallow flight of stone steps lead up from the lower garden to the terrace near the house.

The present owner of Moor Park has done much to beautify the garden, and "Carmine Pillars," and "Crimson Ramblers," and "Lady Gay" romp over pergolas and parapets to-day, while on the old walls and in the new glass houses hang such grapes and peaches and pears as would have rejoiced Sir William's heart.

Gardening was the fashion then as now, and much beautiful prose and verse had been written in praise of it, "long before Sir William penned his garden essay." Bacon and Spenser had made that their task. The influence of the Baconic scheme is plainly traceable in the garden of Moor Park, Herts, which is described by Temple, and we may easily believe that all the flowers of the "Shepheards' Calendar" bloomed in turn in the borders of this "Moor-hous pleasaunce"—

> "The Pincke and the purple Cullambine, with Gelliflowres,
> The Coronations, and Sops-in-wine, worne of Paramoures,"

and the low-lying meadows in springtime must have been studded with the cowslips and kingcups and "loved lillies," and "the pretie Pawnce, and the Chevisaunce," and all the rest of the flowery host.

"The flowers are for the ladies," Sir William said, and he occupied himself chiefly with the fruits and vegetables and the planting of shrubs and trees.

There were other plants in Sir William's garden besides fruit and flowers—he was an ardent herbalist, and doctored himself and others with his homeopathic concoctions. Sage, rue, saffron, alehoof (or ground ivy), garlic, and elder, he "esteemed of the greatest

value to health." A draught of spring water with a handful of sage boiled in it he recommended for a consumptive cough, and he opined, if used instead of tea it would be very beneficial, though perhaps not so "entertaining to the taste."

The spirit of saffron was the "noblest and most innocent of medicines," and the greatest cheerer of hearts and spirits. He had known a man brought out of the "very agonies of death by it."

Ground ivy was admirable in "frenzies," "sovereign" for the eyes, and was, he said, the universal drink of the English nation before hops came into the country.

"Garlic or onions made into a soup after a day of debauche" was so efficacious as to be called "Soupe à L'Yvroigne."

Elder, he recommended for the gout or dropsy, and other analogous complaints, but the ashes of broom taken in white wine he thinks was of even more virtue.

One of Sir William's remedies does not appeal strongly to our present-day ideas—it is powdered centipedes made up into little balls with fresh butter. "I never knew it fail of curing any sore throat; it must lie at the root of the tongue and melt down at leisure upon going to bed."

For the ordinary malady of indigestion, "to which the whole family were subject," he prescribed the more appetising dish of common cherries (minus their skins and stones), white figs, soft peaches, or grapes and apples, after meals; this he judged preferable to the "powder of crabs' eyes and claws, and burnt egg-shells generally prescribed," and possibly his patients did too!

He found a leaf of tobacco put into the nostrils for an hour every morning a specific medicine for a cold; the same remedy old Prince Maurice of Nassau recommended him for preserving his eyesight, and was found most efficacious.

Sir William rather grudgingly admits that quinine, which he calls the "Jesuit's powder," may be good in fevers, and remembers "its entrance upon our stage" (when Lady Sunderland's ague was cured by it, perhaps) with some disadvantage, having the repute of "leaving no cures without danger of worse returns."

For the relief of the agonising fits of the gout he was subject to, he went further afield than his own garden, and used the Indian cure of "Moxa," first introduced to him at Nimeguen, where he made his great treaty. He had been taken ill on the journey there, and had the "sullenness" not to try one of the hundred and one remedies which were offered him, until a friend, M. Zulichen, came to see him, and told him of "Moxa." The novelty of the cure, and the fact that the gentleman who proposed it had a reputation for "never coming into company without saying something new," decided him to try it, with so much success that he always flew to it in future bouts of pain.

"Moxa" was a kind of moss that grew in the East Indies, and the remedy was simple and easy to apply if a trifle barbarous.

"You take a small quantity of it," explained M. Zulichen, "and form it into a figure broad at the bottom as a twopence, and pointed at top: to set the bottom exactly on the place where the violence of the pain was fixed, then, with a small perfumed match, to give fire to the top of the moss, which, burning

down by degrees, came at length to the skin and burnt it till the moss was consumed to ashes, and the skin is hard and black."

One little conflagration generally effected a cure, but if not, "it might be repeated several times!" Sir William tried it, and soon "raved upon it," and recommended it strongly to all his fellow-sufferers for the rest of his life, preferring it to another alternative offered him of the whipping of the afflicted part with nettles.

Built against the western wall of the kitchen garden is a greenhouse that was once the far-famed orangery, in the centre of which is a small oblong tank, where probably was once a fountain; across the shallow water of this little tank, two fabulous dogs or talbots, carved in stone, snarl at each other. (There are brass talbots' heads, too, for door handles at Sheen, for the talbot was the Temple crest.)

In this orangery, defaced by weathers and hard usage, two of Sir William's cherished antique heads are still to be found—those of Marcus Antonius and Theocritus; both are mentioned in the list already quoted. They must have been accidentally (or possibly on account of their battered condition purposely) left behind when all the other things were removed. Under the portico at the entrance is a third, less damaged than the others—the head of Socrates.

There is more in this beautiful garden left to speak of the men and women who walked in it long ago than there is in the house, the front of which, with its large and lofty rooms and high wide windows, is very different to the old part, which, however, still remains, most of it being now offices and servants'

quarters. The steward's room, where Swift had his meals during the first year or two of his residence there, is now the servants' hall—a long, low, panelled, pleasant room it is—and the little parlour or study where probably Sir William sat is much the same as it always was; but none of the pictures or furniture ever belonged to him, for the saddest fate that could have befallen a great man was his. Though he had had nine children, he left no one behind him to carry on his name, and keep the treasures he gathered together with so much taste and care.

Two thousand pounds is all he paid for the place to which he was to become so passionately attached, and for which he had left "that little corner of Sheen," his love for which had been a subject for King Charles's raillery.

This little memorandum shows the extra expenses incurred during the first year of his residence at Moor Park, and is interesting as showing the price of land then. The present Park comprises a large acreage, but a good deal of land has probably been enclosed since then.

Extraordinarys layd out in the Yeare 1684 and 85.

	£	s.
To Mr. Wyre for house and lands at Pychley .	1750	0
To Mr. Younger for his remainder and quit rent of house at London	0360	0
To Bridges for his ex^{ess} upon his board . .	0112	0
To Bro. H. to clear Kilmacknan leas . .	0100	0
To the College upon renewing leases . .	0130	0
For Stables and to Cueller	0336	0
Laid out in both houses against my sons coming over	0563	0
Moorhous purchase and charges . . .	2000	0
A quietus upon my Bart^{s} patent . . .	0070	0
	5421	1

For one year the Temples remained at Moor Park, till the "surprising revolution" of 1688 brought William of Orange to England; and the place, lying as it did in the way of both armies, became unsafe, and they returned once more to Sheen. It was at this time that Jack—as we must continue to call him to distinguish him from the numerous Johns of the family—pleaded unavailingly with his father to go and meet the Prince of Orange, but Sir William quixotically maintained that because he himself had promised never to take office under any king but James, his son was equally bound. Jack thought differently, but dutifully obeyed his father to the letter, and refused to accept from King William any post of advantage while his father, "much broken with trouble and uneasiness," withheld his sanction.

There were other causes of irritation, too, which disturbed Sir William not a little, and entailed a law-suit with his neighbour, Lord Brouncker, a contentious and arrogant man, whom we have already seen in conflict even "in the Queen's antechamber." The petition to the court, in Sir William's handwriting, with sundry alterations and erasions, is among his papers, and relating as it does to the one of the walls of Crowne Courte, the fall of which Dorothy Temple witnessed, is not without a certain interest.

PETITION TO YE COURT.

That in 1660 the Ld. Bellasis bought a great parte of Sheen from the Ld. Leycester and Walls were then either left or new ones built by agreement between 'em to make an absolute separation between them which were to be

maintained and repaired at the charge of Ld. Bellasis. That the residue of Sheene remained to Ld. Leycester within the enclosure of the crown courte and the few houses secured by the gate of that Courte.

That upon the convenience and safety of that enclosure Sir Wm. Temple bought two of thees houses from Ld. Leycester in 1670 and 1675 and expended in the purchase and improvement £6000 and in the yeare 1683 he took a third house within the enclosure with two small tenements on each side the gate of the said Crown Courte that in the same year Robt. Rossington by agreement with Sir Wm. Temple took the remainder of Sheen from Ld. Leycester which were two houses which he has since let to his underservants.

That all this time, that is from 1660, the Crown Courte has retained a way or passage common only to the houses within the said enclosure, from which the parte of Sheen purchas'd by Ld. Bellasis has ever remained wholly separated and excluded, from the Crown Courte and the houses. . . .

That he has threatened to make it a common way for coaches and carrs and carriages and drays and that if Sir William Temple should hinder it that he would build a little house in the same place that is one against the Mansion House of Sir William Temple and burn turfe therein and stinke him out of his house and garden.

That about a month since upon a causeless distaste to Sir Wm. Temple, Ld. Broncker entered into a combination with Mr. Rossington to do him what prejudice they could and upon presence of articles between them, to that purpose, the Ld. Br. about the 24th May broke down part of the ancient Wall of the Crown Court, sett up great gates and opened a way out of his grounds into the Crown Court where no way had ever been.

So there was war to the knife between the erstwhile "kinde neighbours," and all sorts of ugly things,

such as spite, malice, fury, and obstinacy, came trooping through that fatal hole in the wall and poisoned the sweet air of Crowne Courte. Worse than any burnings of turf was this war of words and pitting of wills against that unfortunate separation-wall.

The usual platitude that "there are faults on both sides" applies here as in every other case, no doubt; but, starting on the knowledge that the complainant was by nature a man of peace, and the defendant ready to pick a quarrel on the smallest provocation, one has not much doubt as to which party was the aggressor. The facts of the case are, that Lord Brouncker at one time, being on intimate terms with the ex-ambassador and his family, begged permission to make a little door in the wall to enable him to visit them without going round by the palace. The plan did not commend itself to Sir William, whose chief object in settling in the Crowne Courte was the privacy and safety of living within its precincts; but not wishing to be discourteous, and believing in the "good neighbourhood and kindness" of the Lord Brouncker, forbore to oppose it, consented with diplomatic grace. For several years all was serene—till one evening at a dinner at the Duke of Ormond's, Sir William Temple, finding it necessary to object to a speech of Lord Brouncker's, he took offence. A quarrel ensued (which unfortunately for us the complainant considered "too well known to repeat in Court, it being wholly foreign to the matter"), and the little door in the wall became no longer a desirable thing; and Lord Brouncker, anxious to annoy Temple and assert his own importance, conceived the idea of making a thoroughfare of the Crowne Courte. Sir William objected. Brouncker

threw down the wall and set up his gates. Temple threatened the law and Brouncker the turf-burning nuisance. The smell of this imaginary turf was to Sir William like fire in the nostrils of a war-horse. Brouncker in court protested he only said it in joke. Sir William contemptuously "confessed hee has not witte enough to understand the humour of that discourse . . . and thought his Lordship does not seem to be in jest in his answer to this Court when he affirms that he may lawfully do it if he will because turf is a legall fuell."

We do not know who won the case. Brouncker was the richer man, and the scales of justice were largely weighted with gold in those days; but whichever way it went, it soon ceased to be of any consequence to Sir William. The star of his good fortune was setting, and the great wall feud must have shrivelled into nothingness before the sorrow and grief that were stalking his footsteps. The Angel of Death was passing through the Courte; neither walls nor gates were of any avail. First one darling child was carried off, and then the other took his own life. Lady Temple had never been "kinde to Sheen"—it was perhaps become unbearable now. Quiet Moor Park opened its arms to the broken-hearted parents; they passed into its peaceful haven and never returned to the world; and as far as the belligerents were concerned, carts, carriages and drays rolled and lumbered through the deserted Courte unrestrained. Brounckers and Rossingtons could trouble them no longer—the "little corner of Sheen" lay under a pall, and the place knew the stricken family no more.

The great wall of partition was not the only barrier

to a perfect friendship between Lord Brouncker and Sir William Temple; they were both patrons of art and collectors of treasure, and there was not a little jealousy between them. Mr. Courtenay quotes a characteristic anecdote of the rival connoisseurs:—

"Sir William Temple and Lord Brouncker being neighbours in the country, had frequently very sharp contentions. Like other great men, one could not bear an equal, the other would not admit of a superior.

"My lord was a great admirer of curiosities, and had a very good collection, which Sir William used to undervalue on all occasions, disparaging everything of his neighbour's and giving something of his own the preference. This by no means pleased his lordship, who took all opportunities of being revenged.

"One day as they were discoursing together of their several rarities, my lord very seriously and gravely replied to him, 'Say no more of the matter, Sir William; you must at length yield to me. I have lately got something which it is impossible for you to obtain, for my Welsh steward has sent me a flock of geese, and these are what you can never have, since *all your geese are swans!*'"

Students of Sir William Temple's character will not be surprised at his dislike to admit superiority, but that he was in the habit of bragging of his belongings is unbelievable. The "most courteous and finished gentleman of his time" would certainly not descend to this, and the first part of the anecdote must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. Lord Brouncker's raillery was, however, doubtless quite legitimate, and witty into the bargain. Sir William might have retorted that "no one was more fitted to judge the difference between the birds than his lordship," but we may be sure he was much too punctilious to do so.

In 1689, when Mary and William were firmly seated on their throne, young John Temple was permitted by his somewhat autocratic father to accept the office of Secretary of War. Within a week, the cruellest blow his parents had yet received fell on them through this, their only remaining child; for, overpowered with the weight of responsibility entailed by his new office, and cut to the heart, it was said, by the want of good faith shown by his friend Lord Tyrconnel in Irish affairs, he drowned himself in the Thames.

He took a boat at the Whitehall steps, and bidding the boatman row out into the stream, laid a paper on the seat beside him. Just as the boat was shooting one of the arches of London Bridge, he leapt into the running tide, having filled his pockets with stones to ensure his sinking. Doubtless by common consent, no comment or account of this tragedy is to be found among the papers preserved. Lady Giffard makes only a passing allusion to it in her MS.

All that we know is, that on the paper was written this message: "My folly in undertaking what I was not able to perform has done the king and kingdom a great deal of prejudice. I wish him all happiness and abler servants than John Temple"—words written obviously under the strain of great depression of spirits. He was possibly not responsible at the moment for his actions, and had caught the infection of the wave of suicidal mania that for the last few years had spread its fell influence over society. Men at the head of affairs were living at such high pressure at the moment, that flesh and blood was not strong enough to bear the strain, and many overtaxed brains were thrown off their balance by the strenuous thought and

action demanded of them in these days of "the great Revolution." John Temple's name was added to this tragic list.

The act of self-murder, as it was called in those days, was a very deliberate one, and the stoicism with which Sir William Temple bore this, the death of his last child, is accounted for by some authors by his holding the opinion that "a man has a right to take his own life." But Lady Giffard's MS. would lead one rather to suppose that he was a fatalist, and, believing that everything was pre-ordained and "*che sara sara*," held that all was eventually for the best, and that it was useless and wrong to repine. Still, look at it as one will from whatever point of view, it was a mysterious and cruel tragedy, and in all probability lost the king a faithful and useful subject.

So for the last time the gates of Crowne Courte opened, to let the melancholy cavalcade pass out—four women, two children, and one man, the whole course of whose lives were changed at one fell blow—Sir William and Dorothy childless; Mary Temple a widow, her children fatherless; Martha Giffard with a heart breaking for the others' grief and for her own share in it, for she had dearly loved her nephew, of whom she said "the accidents of his life would fill a volume"; Mme. le Coq, the young widow's mother, with all her motherly ambitions and hopes for her daughter crushed out of existence.

In the days of Charles II. it was the custom for the property of a man who took his own life to be forfeited to the Crown, and in many cases the king granted it back to his heirs; but nothing of this was mentioned in the case of John Temple.

The following note, written by Lady Temple in answer to the condolences of her nephew Sir John Osborne on this occasion, shows that she was able to accept the blow with submission. It is preserved at Chicksands.

SHEEN, *May ye 6th.*

DEAR NEPHEW,—I give you many thanks for your kinde letter and the sense you have of my affliction which is truly very great. But since it is laid upon me by the hands of an Almighty and gracious God that always proportions His punishments to the support He gives with them I may hope to bear it as a Christian ought to doe, and more especially one that is conscious to herself of having in many ways deserved it. The strong revolutions we have seen might well have taught mee what this world is, yett it seems it was necessary that I should have a nearer example of the uncertainty of all human blessings that soe having noe tye to the world I may the better prepare myself to leave it, and that this correction may suffice to teach me my duty, is the prayer of—Your most affectionate aunt and humble servant, D. TEMPLE.

Some years before this—in 1683—she had written one of her charming letters to this same nephew, who had just lost his young wife. An extract from it shows the healthy optimism that pervaded her thoughts at all times, even in her saddest and her most sympathetic moments; and the consolations she offered to him she was able to accept herself in her own dark hour.

"It is not by reason, nor resolution, that we can hope to arm ourselves against such a blow as you have had. The oake in the fable had a much stronger root than the reeds that grew near it, but the storm tore what resisted it, and what yielded was safe. It is an admirable saying

that we are as clay in the hands of the potter. We are certainly soe with respect to God's absolute power and our own weaknesse, but we ought to be so too in pleasantnesse to his designes."

Lady Giffard beguiled the monotonous, sad hours at Moor Park by writing a short life of her brother, and bringing it up to date. (It is all here but the special part dedicated to poor Jack, which is not to be found.)

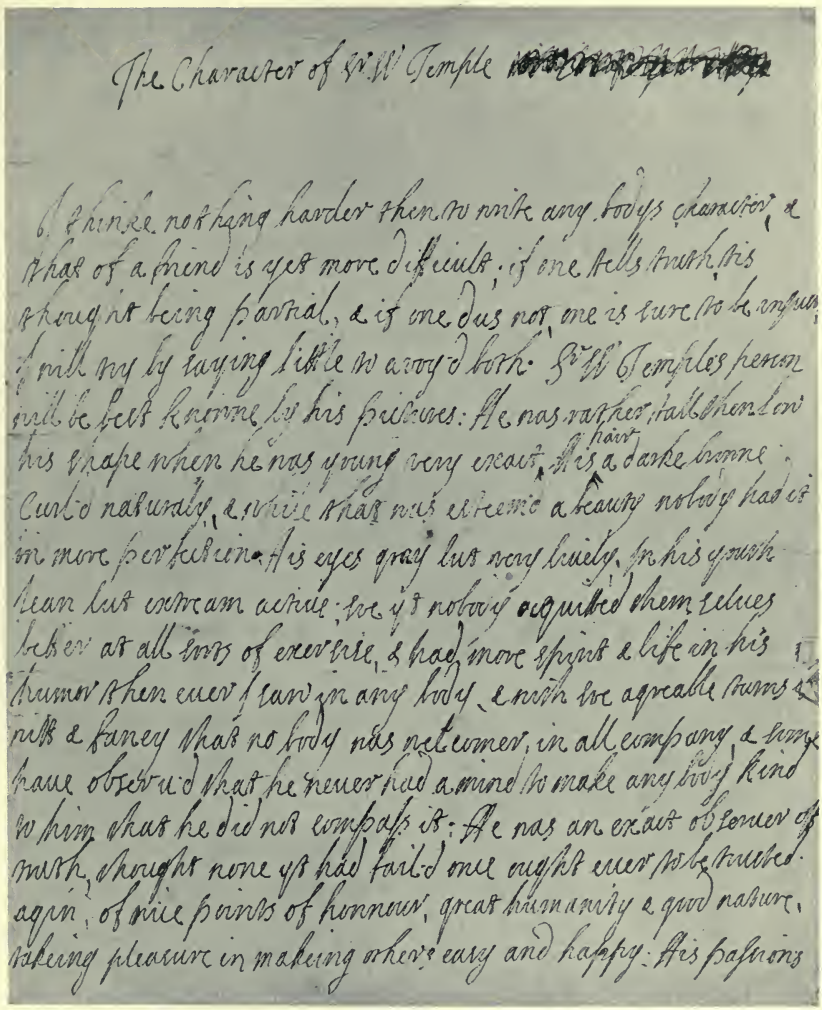
She wrote this memoir not without some idea, I think, of publication at some future time, for she begins her manuscript thus :—

"I know that it is unusual to write the life of any person till the last scene of it be ended, but since such a misfortune would make it impossible to me I thought I could not choose a better time than the retirement I am now in, to recollect some particulars of a life wch is not unlikely by his writings and publick employments for twenty years may give some the curiosity to know, and having lived with him (except some small intervals) from the age of twelve years old till two and fifty, I am sure nobody can give a more exact and faithful account off."

She would have been a little surprised if she could have peeped into futurity and seen how in this twentieth century many lives are written and read, not only before the curtain has fallen on the "last scene," but while the leading comedian is well before the footlights, and playing not infrequently the double part of actor and prompter, or even preparing the libretto himself!

Lady Giffard alludes to her nephew's death in a passage in her MS. giving her brother's refusal to take office himself or allow his son to do so at the first coming of William of Orange. "And though he

UNIV OF CALIFORNIA


The Character of Sr Wm Temple

I thinke nothing harder then to write any body's character, & that of a friend is yet more difficult: if one tells much, his character being partial, & if one dus not, one is sure to be censured with out by saying little to any body. Sr Wm Temples person will be best knowne by his pictures: He was rather tall then low his shape when he was young very exact, his hair a darke browne Curl'd naturally, & white that was extreme a beauty nobody had it in more perfection. His eyes gray but very lively, in his youth bean but extream active: for y't nobody acquitted themselves better at all sorts of exercise, & had more spirit & life in his humour then ever I saw in any body, & with the agreable turns of wit & fancy that no body was ever more, in all company & conversation observ'd that he never had a mind to make any body's kind to him that he did not compass it: He was an exact observer of truth, thought none y't had failed once ought ever to be trusted again, of nice points of honnour, great humanity & good nature, taking pleasure in making others easy and happy: His passions

FACSIMILE OF LADY GIFFARD'S HANDWRITING

(Sir William) continued unshaken in his resolutions and soe firm to what he had promised as not to consent his son should engage in what he had given his word not to doe himself, yet his heart was a great deal broken with the distress and uneasiness the prince and all his friends exprest at it, and quite soe even after the cruelle blow that happened in his family, and wch that I may never again have occasion to remember the sad circumstances of't, I have somewhere, at the desire of his friends, set down on paper and shall leave with this (when I am gon) to make what use of they think fitt with this deplorable accident and in all the good fortunes so long taken notice of in our family, and but too well confirmed the rule that noe man ought to think his life happy till the end o't.

"With this load of his affliction and my owne and all of us with our hearts broken, we returned at the end of that year with him and his desolate family to More Park, of which his daughter in law, her mother and two young children (both daughters) made a parte off. He tooke these firm resolutions of passing the rest of his life there, and I believe such another revolution itselfe could not have altered him. God Almighty only knows how he shall please to dispose of what remains to him who upon all the dismal accidents yt happened in his life, I have often heard repeat these words, 'God's holy name be praised,' and 'His Will be done.'"

Unfortunately for those to whom poor Jack Temple presents an interesting and romantic study, his "friends" thought fit to destroy that paper, and the full story of his life and death will never be known.

It was obviously on this occasion that Swift wrote

the lines in which Lady Temple's name alone appears among his writings. The lines are full of feeling, and do the writer more honour than most of his effusions, for they show us that, when shaken out of his usual selfishness, he was capable of sympathy and even reverence.

> "As parent Earth hath by imprison'd winds,
> Scatters strange agues o'er men's sickly minds,
> And shakes the Atheist's knees; such ghastly fear
> I late beheld on every face appear.
> Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise, and great,
> Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate;
> Mild Dorothea whom we both have long
> Not dared to injure with our lowly song,
> Sprung from a better world, and chosen then
> The best companion for the best of men.
> As some fair pile yet spared by zeal or rage
> Lives pious virtues of a better age,
> So men may see what once was womankind
> In the fair shrine of Dorothea's mind."

The "strange ague" is a figure of the temporary wave of insanity that must have overwhelmed the young man's mind when he took that fatal step. Dorothy was never "mild," as we use the word now—Swift would have said "gentle" if he could have made his line scan with it—and the words seemed to point to an attitude of calm resignation on the mother's part. She was perhaps inured to suffering by this time, and had long ago given up expecting anything else. She had perhaps learned to accept sorrow as she had once accepted joy; but this was the bitterest of all. There was but one thing more that could happen—her "dearest hearte" might die. But she was not to suffer this. One mercy at least was vouchsafed her—she was not called upon to close her husband's eyes.

JONATHAN SWIFT
(*While a student at Trinity College, Dublin*)

Before long, poor Jack's widow and her little daughters returned to London, and the inseparable trio, Sir William and Lady Temple and Lady Giffard, settled down into a quiet routine with new faces about them.

Sir William engaged as steward a certain Mr. Johnson, a cadet of a good old Nottinghamshire family and a distant relation of Lady Temple's, whose wife's name occurs pretty frequently in Lady Giffard's letters, and whose little daughter Hester is better known by the name of "Stella." The Johnsons lived in a cottage outside the Park gates, not far from "Mother Ludlum's" cave. The house is now known as "Stella Lodge." Besides this little dwelling and the cottages of the men employed on the estate, there could have been no neighbours nearer than Farnham, and Lady Temple's old home (Chicksands) must in retrospect have appeared the hub of the universe. Compared with her new abode, Chicksands, with its closeness to the high road and its facilities for a chat with a passing neighbour (Lady Ruthin, to wit!) was in the heart of society!

Soon there came to this retreat a young man with a handsome face, bad manners, and a satirical tongue. Poor, ill-dressed, unpolished, with apparently nothing particular to recommend him except that his mother was a cousin of Lady Temple's, Jonathan Swift, who had lately been sent down from Trinity College, Dublin, for insubordination and other misdemeanours, had come to beg his richer relative to befriend him and find him something to do.

He was received with kindness, if with a certain patronage, and taken into the household—in which

however, to his disgust, he found himself in no way treated as an equal—and with the title of private secretary was given a salary of twenty pounds a year.

Swift must have been a perfect godsend to Sir William; his genius was yet young, and he was willing to sit at the feet of the elder man and listen, learn and appreciate. If he picked the diplomatist's brain, he also expended his own best energies in his service; and—who knows?—in spite of rough manners and biting tongue, his keen wit may have been sometimes allowed to break a lance with Lady Temple's sweeter humour, for Dorothy would have forgiven much for the sake of a clever repartee. In later years Lady Giffard cordially disliked him, and he, not to put too fine a point upon it, literally hated her. There was doubtless some reason for the mutual antipathy. One has reluctantly to confess that Sir William's sister seems not to have had a very great sense of humour; and there is no trait so mistrusted and disliked by those to whom it is denied, as that of the employment of irony or satire by those who possess it. Swift was witty beyond measure, shrewd and clear-sighted, and his tongue was sharpened by adversity—perhaps he did not always bridle it!—but if, as we are obliged to infer, he failed to inspire the ladies of the house with liking, it was not because he neglected to try. It is quite pathetic to read the verses with which he strove to propitiate his sometimes angry patron, and to think how the man who was to rebuke privy councillors, hob-nob with princes, and eclipse all the wits of his day, passed sleepless nights with anxious thoughts because Sir William had "looked cold on him." The days were to come

when the secretary, grown intellectually to a giant's stature, was to see his master as he really was, apart from glamour, environment and prejudice, and to know him to have been an honourable and cultured gentleman, with fine judgment, excellent abilities, and clear brain—a man pure-minded and straightforward where others were coarse and crooked, but a man of talent, not of genius like himself—an honest man, and not a demigod! But that day was hidden in the future, and at Moor Park Swift was a worshipper at the shrine at which Lady Giffard worshipped all her life. Lord Macaulay speaks rather sarcastically of her as "a person of more importance than his wife." This is certainly unfair. She was apparently entirely in her brother's confidence, and, unencumbered and unfettered as she was, was able to lend a sympathetic ear and listen and advise him when his wife, bound by her ties of motherhood and the duties of ambassadress, had more than enough to think of on her own account. Because the brother took counsel so often with the sister, there is no reason to infer that for a moment she ever came between husband and wife. Lady Temple was a brilliant woman, but there may have been times when Lady Giffard's calm judgment and practical common sense was more useful to the diplomatist than his wife's quick wit. Lady Giffard said of Lady Temple that she was a "very remarkable woman," and thought "her letters ought to be published," so well did she write; and perhaps it is to this criticism that we owe their preservation. But Dorothy's estimate of Lady Giffard's character is denied us—the pen-portrait we might have had, is not; and no written word has come

down to us from the hand of the writer of those charming "letters" which have passed into the world of classics, to tell us what she thought and felt about her husband's sister, who from the moment of her marriage must have been such an important quantity in her life.

Mr. Justin M'Carthy, in his "Reign of Queen Anne," devotes a whole chapter to Dean Swift, in which he remarks, only too truly, that Moor Park has become famous in literature rather because of Swift's association with it than because of Sir William Temple's really distinguished services as a diplomatist and success as a writer of essays.

It is an instance of one of the petty ironies of life, that a place, the possession of which was almost a passion with such a man as Temple, should be more remembered for its having for a few years sheltered his once half-despised, barely-suffered secretary, and the little daughter of his sister's "Gentlewoman," than for all the love, and care, and money that he had expended on it; that the spot made lovely by his taste, and the graceful presence of his wife and sister, should be spoken of in literature chiefly as the place in which Swift wrote his "Tale of a Tub"; and that of all the children who laughed and shouted at their play in the garden which he loved, only one should be known to history, and that one neither of his children or grandchildren, but only the little "Hetty" who waited on Lady Giffard!

These letters may throw some additional interest and light upon the lives of the people who paced the gravel paths and loitered by the stream—apart from the secretary whose presence in the family was once

so little desired by some of them, and who had, perhaps, no great cause to care about them himself.

Swift suffered many mortifications at Moor Park, and in his writings he speaks with affection for none but his patron. But then he was bitter and ungrateful by nature, and was possibly always on the lookout for slights. Swift was not Swift without a grievance, and his grievance there was his social status in the household—one that he probably brought on himself by his uncouth and unpleasant manners at table, and his incorrigible and determined habit not only of calling a spade a spade, but of dragging that homely implement into unnecessary prominence, on occasions when a silver spoon would have been far more to the purpose! Dorothy Temple was certainly no prude, and Lady Giffard was a woman of the world; but, all the same, it is probable that they drew the line at some of Swift's vulgarities, and that he had to mind his P's and Q's more than he relished, in their society.

Swift was fond of saying in after years, that Sir William "spoiled a fine gentleman." It would have been more accurate to have put it the other way. Had it not been for the refining influences of Moor Park he would probably have never been as much a "fine gentleman" as he was, and it is certainly wildly improbable that any other man of his acquaintance could, or would, have introduced him into the charmed circle of the court, for which his wit was his only qualification. In reviewing the life of this strange genius, one can but plainly see that his social success was, in the first instance, entirely due to Sir William's introduction, and his failures in life to himself.

Swift dearly loved a practical joke, and constantly

inflicted them on his friends and servants. Sometimes they were kindly enough, and sometimes quite the reverse. Addison tells an amusing and characteristic anecdote of him. Once when the Dean was travelling in Ireland he found himself obliged to stay the night at a wayside inn. In the morning when his servant brought him his boots, he saw that they had not been cleaned; he asked him why.

"I thought, sir, as you were going to ride, that they would soon be dirty again."

"Oh!" said his master, "very well; go and see to the horses." The man obeyed, and in the meantime the Dean ordered the landlord not to give him any breakfast. When the man returned his master told him to bring the horses round.

"But, sir," remonstrated the man, "I have not yet had my breakfast."

"Oh! that is no matter," replied the Dean cheerfully, "we will start on our journey, for it is certain that if you were to have your breakfast you would soon be hungry again," and he took him breakfastless away. We may suppose that he never again neglected to clean his master's boots when on a journey!

The historic quarrel between Sir William and his secretary was a fierce and bitter one. Whichever of them may have been in the right, the victory was to the strong, and Swift left his patron's service abruptly and returned to Ireland, with the intention of entering the Church. But the unreasonable authorities of Trinity College, as well as the Archbishop of Dublin and other dignitaries before whom he presented himself for ordination, had apparently not forgotten the young man who had been expelled a short time previously,

and they refused to admit him to holy orders without a written character from Sir William Temple. The result of this action was a complete surrender on the part of Swift, and the writing of a letter almost abject in its humility—acknowledging past delinquencies, deploring his conduct, and assuring Sir William that, could he by any possibility have avoided troubling him, he would not have ventured to approach him. He implores his good offices at this most critical point of his career, impressing upon him the urgency of a speedy reply, "as it wants only four weeks to the ordination."

The letter, from which every touch of arrogance or bitterness is excluded, was perhaps more sincere than the occasion might lead one to suppose; and after the fulsome and exaggerated expressions of admiration and devotion imposed by the fashion of the day, he begs his humble duty to "my Lady Temple and my Lady Giffard" (not without a hope, perhaps, that they would intercede for him), and ends his letter thus—

> This is all I can beg of your Honour under circumstances not worthy of your regard. What is left of me to wish (next to the health of your Honour and your family), is that Heaven should accord me the opportunity to leave this acknowledgment at your feet for so many favours I have received, which, whatever effect they may have had upon my fortunes, shall never fail to have the greatest upon my mind in approving myself on all occasions—
> Your Honour's humble and obedient servant,
>
> JONATHAN SWIFT.

This letter is a copy. If, in arranging the papers for publication after his patron's death, Swift came

upon the original, he probably destroyed it, and this copy possibly escaped his notice. Either Sir William —who, though at this period of his life somewhat irascible, was always kind-hearted—perjured himself in the service of the penitent, or the standard of qualifications for ordination was not an exalted one; for within the prescribed month Swift was ordained, and appointed to the curacy of Laracor.

Sir William has been accused by some writers of being a sceptic; and Bishop Burnet, whose inaccuracies and partiality make his opinion of little value, accused him of holding irreligious opinions and "corrupting all who came near him."

Lord Macaulay probably explains his position more correctly, except in that he too says that Temple was a "Freethinker." The term is a little ambiguous; but if he meant that Temple was tolerant of all religions, as a man of the world must needs be, he was probably right. "It is certain," writes Macaulay in his essay on Temple, "that a large proportion of gentlemen of rank and fashion, who made their entrance into Society when the Puritan party was at the height of its power, and while the memory of the reign of that party was still recent, conceived a strong disgust of all religion." The imputation was common to Temple and to all the most distinguished courtiers of the age.

But however free from the cant of the Puritans they may have been, the Moor Park household was in no way neglectful of their religious duties. We see by Lady Giffard's letters to Lady Portland that she marshalled her friends to church at Farnham on Sundays, where they were not always edified by the sermon; and Sir

William himself composed a form of daily prayer, carefully worded so as to meet the belief of one party without hurting the prejudices of another—a composition which assuredly never came under the carping Bishop's eye, or in common justice he must have moderated his accusation.

The original prayer still exists, and has been published at length in Courtenay's life of Temple; so only the heading of the worn paper, which tells of much usage, need be quoted.

"A Family prayer made in fanatic times when our servants were of so many different sects, and composed with the design that all might join in it, and so as to contain all what was necessary for any to know, or to do."

"His religion was that of the Church of England," wrote Lady Giffard, "in which he was born and bred, and thought nobody ought to change, since it must require more time and more pains than one's life can furnish to make a true judgment of that which interest and folly were commonly the motives to."

The following lines, which can scarcely be designated by the name of poem, are written in description of the largest of the natural caves that burrow in the dangerously sandy soil of Crooksbury hill. The origin of its name is obscure, but perhaps it may not be too wild a supposition to suggest that it is a corruption of "Mother of the Lord," "Lud" being the fashionable pronunciation of the word, and "Our Lady's Well" being the usual designation of chalybeate or health-giving springs. These verses may well be an early effort of Swift's. The classical comparisons point to the scholar late from college, while the contrast drawn

between the beauties of the court and the beauties of nature, with the unromantic realistic touch of the curling irons and the comb, make the supposition still more plausible. The lines are copied out in a very large, childish round-hand, laboriously neat and characterless (might they not have been written by Stella?); and the finale is so abrupt, and the last line carried down so completely to the bottom of the page, that it looks as if it were not the end of the poem; but if so, the rest is lost—and not a very great loss either!—unless the writer had made mention of the ladies who also "from their Palace came."

"ha Catabrae dulces et si mihi credis amaena."

A Description of Mother Ludwell's Cave.

"Let others with Parnassus swell their theme,
Drink inspiration from the Ægean stream,
Let them draw Phœbus down to patch a line,
Invoke that hackney fry the tuneful nine.
I that of Ludwell sing, to Ludwell run,
Herself my muse, her spring my helicon.
The neighbouring Park its friendly aid allows,
Perfum'd with thyme, o'erspread with shadie boughs.
Its heavy canopies new thoughts instill,
And Crookesbury supplies the cloven hill;
Pomona does Minerva's stores dispense,
And Flora sheds her balmie influence.
All things conspire to press my modest muse:
The morning herbs adorn's with pearly dews,
The meadows interlaced with silver flouds,
The frizled thickets, and the taller woods,
The whispering Zephrs, my more silent tongue
Correct, and Philomela chirps a song.
Is there a bird of all the blooming year
That has not sung his early mattins here?
That has not sipped the Fairy Matron's spring,
Or hover'd o'er her cave with wishful ring.
An awful fabric, built by nature's hand,
Does rise our wonder our respects command.

Three lucky trees to wilder art unknown
Seem on the front a growing triple crown.
At first the arched room is high and wide,
The naked wall with mossie hangings hid,
The ceiling sandy ; as you forward press
The roof is still declining into less.
Despair to reach the end, a little arch,
Narrow and low, forbids your utmost search ;
So to her lover the chaste beauteous lass
Without a blush vouchsafes to show her face,
Her neck of ivory, her snowy breast—
These shown she modestly conceals the rest.
A shallow brook, that restless underground
Struggled with earth, here a moist passage found.
Down through a stoney vein the waters rowl,
O'er flowing the capacious iron bowl.
Oh ! happy bowl that gladness can infuse
And yet was new stained with heavy juice.
Here thirsty souls carouse with innocence,
Nor owe their pleasure to their loss of sense.
Here a smooth floor had many a figure shewn
Had virgin footsteps made impression,
That soft and swift Camilla-like advance
While even movements seem to fly a dance.
No quilted couch the sick man's daily bed,
No seats to lull asleep diseases made
Are seen, but such as healthy persons please
Of wood or stone, such as the wearied ease.
Oh ! might I still enjoy this peaceful gloom !
The truest entrance to Elysium.
Who would to the Crimeen den repair,
A better Sybil, wiser power is here.
Methinks I see him from his Palace come,
And with his presence grace ye baleful room.
Consider Ludwell what to him you owe,
Who does for you the noisey court forego.
Nay he a rich and gaudy silence leaves,
You share ye honour sweet Mooreparke receives.
You with yr wrinkles admiration move
That with its beauty better merite love.
Here's careless nature is her ancient dress,
There she's most modish, and consults ye glass.
Here she's an old and yet a pleasant dame,
There she a fair not painted Virgin seem.
Here the rich mettal has through fire pass'd
There the refin'd by no alloy debas'd.

> Thus nature is preserved in every part,
> Sometimes adorn'd but not debauch'd by art,
> Where scatter'd locks that dangle on the brow
> Into more decent haire circles grow.
> After enquiry made though no man love
> The curling iron, all the comb approve."

Not two hundred yards away is "Stella's Cottage;" and many a time and oft must her childish footsteps have pattered past by Mother Ludwell's cave on their way to and from the big house, where she learnt to read and write from Jonathan Swift.

The cottage, now the abode of a well-known black-and-white artist, is smothered in creepers, and stands in a little garden gay with flowers. If it was only half as charming then as it is now, poor Stella must have often regretted it in the dreary days spent in the Dublin lodgings.

Once more (in 1694) the narrative is abruptly brought to a standstill, and the five last years of Lady Temple's life are a closed book to us; the shadow of Crooksbury hides her from our curious eyes. What records Lady Giffard may have left, undoubtedly have been destroyed; and life at Moor Park, from the day of the family's return thither until Lady Giffard breaks the silence in a letter to Lady Berkeley in 1697, is unknown. We can only tell that in 1694 Lady Temple died. They laid her in the grave of little Nan in the Abbey, and the brother and sister were left alone.

What a host of memories, some sad, some sweet, must have crowded into Sir William's mind as he paced the gravel paths on the sunny side, or wandered by the stream in his beloved garden! How far away the tedious seven years during which he waited for

his wife, yet how close they must have seemed when she was gone! Perhaps he remembered without bitterness the strong opposition of her brothers to his suit—the fight he had with them over the little property that was to come to her from her father, the difficulties they had placed in his way when, with the unlimited pride of the Cavalier squires, they had thought the rising young politician, not yet launched into diplomacy, no mate for their charming sister, who could not count her "servants" on her fingers. How true she had been to him in spite of the coldness and depreciation of her family! and (now that there would never be any more of them) how doubly valuable had become the letters that lay in the cabinet! It is strange that the correspondence of so many years should have been destroyed, and the earliest letters kept, only excepting the seven printed here and one from the Hague. A thousand pities, too; for those written during the years of his diplomatic career, during which they were often separated, must have teemed with historical interest and tit-bits of gossip and news from home.

The last mention that we have of "Dorothy Osborne" (as she will always be to her "servants") is a single sentence in a book written by a foreigner visiting Moor Park, telling how Sir William, wishing him to see the Duke of Somerset's magnificent seat at Petworth, "desired Lady Temple to write to the Duchess on his account."

This writer was a Swiss gentleman named Baral, travelling in England, who, anxious to see and talk with the "celebrated negotiator and philosopher, Le Chevalier Temple," in his own home, called on

him there. He received every sort of attention, and found him "charming and expansive in conversation."

"I spoke with him of his works," says M. Baral, "he asking me whether I had read them in English or French; and on my telling him I had read them in French, he complained of the translation and told me the work had been cruelly disfigured.

"It was in his house that I saw the model of an agreeable retreat: far enough from the Town to relieve it from visits, the air wholesome, the land good, the view confined but pretty; a small rivulet which runs near the house makes the only noise which is heard there. The house is small but convenient, and neatly furnished, the garden proportioned to the house, and cultivated by the master himself, who is without business, without projects, and a few reasonable people to keep him company—one of the greatest pleasures of the country to him who is fortunate enough to possess it. I saw the effect of all this—I saw Sir William Temple, healthy and gay; who although gouty and of an advanced age, tired me with walking, and but for the rain, would, I suspect, have obliged me to ask for quarter. . . .

"This good old man thought that I should not be reconciled to my trouble in seeing me in his small house; though I assured him I was more curious about men than buildings, and it was enough for me to have the honour of seeing him, he insisted on it I must go to Petworth, the country seat of the Duke of Somerset. He furnished me with horses and servants to conduct me thither; and fearing the Duke might have gone to London, he desired Lady Temple to write to the Duchess. The Duke received me politely. He generally lives in the country, if we can designate as retirement a magnificent style of life where there are more than one hundred servants, a Palace fairer than that of the King, and a table well supplied.

"For my own part," reflects Monsieur Baral, "I

Netscher pinxit

Jeour D. Temple

consider a moderate income as essential to retirement as retirement is essential to a happy life, and that a very rich man has a very hard task to perform.

"In this magnificent Palace," he continues, "the quiet house and garden of Sir William Temple continually occurred to my mind and made me dream of the pleasures of a secluded life. I could think of nothing else, and I hastily returned to London to arrange for my departure."

Long after Lady Temple was gone, her memory was still green in Holland, where her charm and sweetness was affectionately remembered. The following extract from a letter written in 1770, seventy-six years after her death, addressed to her grand-nephew, Sir George Osborne, Bart., of Chicksands Priory, testifies to this. Presumably it is in answer to inquiries he must have made about his great-aunt's letters.

"As to Mr. Wray I know him well, and his intelligence of Lady Temple's letters is very true. I believe he had it from the late Duchess of Kent, who knew Lady Temple was so highly regarded in Holland that she one day took a sprig of Rosemary from Chicksands garden to send to one of her correspondents there in a letter; she was in such high esteem that it was usually said she wrote most of Sir William's letters. I suppose you know that her portrait is at Chicksands; it is a sad daub which if I had money I would get copied by a better hand. Duchesse of Somerset gave it me; she is the Dorothy Osborn buried in Westminster Abbey that you must have seen there. I have I am sure often talked of her but you did not mind it. There were many memorable things recorded of her which I was acquainted with from Sir John Osborn and my aunt Digges, but in these days she might be reconed a buisy officious woman when ladies are bred to know nothing but nonsense.

"Mrs. Temple did lend me these letters to read with

injunction not to shew them. I very much doubt if she would send them to London. You must call on her sometime when you go to Stansted, I don't think they would answer to you, the principle were letters from Chicksands before she married. Her father Sir P. O and his family was against the match, for he was only a younger Brother and most of those letters were in the tender stile with sensible sentiments, indeed I believe Mrs. Temple burnt them after I had read them, she said she would, as indeed I think she should, such letters can never be exposed to advantage, there were many wrote after her marriage, they soon grew tame and flat to what was before."

It is fortunate for us that Mrs. Temple (Betty) changed her mind, and did not burn the letters. Perhaps she began to do so (for of the "many" written after marriage, only seven survive), and perhaps her heart failed her, or she died before she had finished her task; and when, after her death in 1772 at the age of eighty-six, they came into the possession of her sister, Mrs. Bacon, she also refrained from committing to the flames those that remained, but left them to be enjoyed by generations to come.

The Duchess of Kent who "spoke of them to Mr. Wray" was Sophia, the ninth daughter of Lady Portland, who had married Henry de Grey, Duke of Kent.

"My Aunt Digges" was Elizabeth, daughter of Dorothy Osborne's eldest brother, Sir John Osborne, and wife of Leonard Digges, Esq., of Chilham Castle, Kent.

Of the two "Stansteds"—one in Essex, the other in Sussex—either may have been the place to which Mrs. Temple retired when the death of her husband obliged her to leave Moor Park. The Essex Stansted

would have been at no great distance from her sister's Suffolk home, but the Sussex place was the nearest to Moor Park.

The lady who wrote this interesting letter was a daughter of the first Lord Torrington, and sister to the unfortunate Admiral Byng who was shot. Her suggestion that Lady Temple might be thought "officious and busy" at the period at which she was writing, shows how lamentably the women of England had deteriorated since her day, under the repressing influence of the Hanoverian sovereigns, and how capable such a person as the admiral's energetic, clever sister was of realising and regretting it. In her own day no one would ever have thought of applying such adjectives to Lady Temple, any more than they would to a woman of her type at the present time. Her criticism of Lady Temple's portrait is unnecessarily severe, for, though not a strikingly excellent picture, it it far better than most family portraits of that date. The oval face and slender figure are those of a graceful and attractive young woman. She wears round her rather drooping shoulders a semi-transparent scarf with vertical stripes. Curiously enough, when, nearly thirty years later, Netscher painted the picture reproduced here, what appears to be that self-same scarf, treated in a more artistic fashion, is loosely folded under the straight low bodice; while in the Broadlands portrait again a small striped scarf is shown—caught, this time, on the shoulder with a brooch.

What is the history of the little piece of gossamer, one wonders? Some sentiment must surely be attached to it, or it would scarcely have claimed the attention of three separate painters.

PART VIII

1697–1698. William III

LADY GIFFARD'S LETTERS TO THE COUNTESS OF PORTLAND WHEN SHE WAS LADY BERKELEY.

"Of all Felicities, the most Charming is that of a fine and Gentle Friendship; it sweetens all our Cares, dispells our Sorrows, and Counsels us in all Extremities; it is a sovereign Antidote against all Calamities."—*Miscellanea Curiosa* (1749).

Among the Egerton MSS. in the British Museum are thirteen letters from Lady Giffard to her favourite niece (Jane) Martha Temple, Countess of Portland. Some of these are addressed "For my Lady Berkeley," she being at that time the widow of Charles, Lord Berkeley of Stratton, late Admiral of the Blue, and first Gentleman of the Bedchamber to George, Prince of Denmark; and some are addressed to "The Countess of Portland," she having married in 1700 William Bentinck, Lord of the Bedchamber to the king. They are endorsed in the handwriting of Elizabeth Bentinck, wife of Dr. Henry Egerton (afterwards Bishop of Hereford) "Aunt Giffard's Letters to my Mother."

All the Berkeley letters are written from Moor Park; all but one, which comes from Petworth. Lady Temple had been dead four years, and the home circle had dwindled to two—Lady Giffard and Sir William

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Sir Peter Lely pinxit

SIR JOHN TEMPLE THE YOUNGER, OF SHEEN

Temple. Jack Temple's widow and her two girls were constantly there, however. Jonathan Swift was reinstalled as secretary, and Bridget Johnson and her daughter Hester (called by Lady Giffard "Hetty," and by Swift "Stella"), with the addition of the servants, completed the household.

In the family mansion at East Sheen, Sir John Temple (Sir William's brother) was living with his wife and family. He had two sons and six daughters. Frances, the youngest, was the reigning Lady Berkeley, she having married the late lord's brother William, who succeeded him in the title. Lucy, another sister several times mentioned in her aunt's letters, was apparently unmarried. Dorothy, the fourth daughter, married Sir Basil Dixwell, a great nephew of Lady Temple's. She was, before her marriage, one of Queen Mary's maids-of-honour, and her husband was made governor of Dover Castle in George I.'s reign. Mary was so fond of the girls of this family, that when Martha married she appointed Frances in her place, saying "she would never be without one of them." Dorothy was the third who had the honour of attending her.

LETTER I

For my Lady BERKELEY,
at Sir John Temple's House,
at East Sheen,
near Mortlake.

July 29.

I did not expect to hear y^r^ Father was in Towne, but am mighty glad you have him with you to helpe to put y^r^ businesse in order before you leave it. I am vext to have forgot in my last to desire the Bill of Betty's plate,

w^ch would be the same to mee to have payed for before you came away, pray send the bill as soon as you have it, & tell mee where the money shall be left. If you bring the plate downe with you will be time enouf for I hope we shall see you before her birtheday & till then all but the comb box it to be a profound secret. My correspondance with my niece begins now to mend I write to her & she only makes use of M^elle Valery to doe it to me. By the account of what keeps her in London I still conclude we shall not see her soone, and by your Brothers not coming before you y^t your Father does not like y^r company well enouff to come along with you.

I am very well content that businesse should be orderd as you may all be best pleased with it, & since I cannot fetche you heither perhaps you may carry me back with you when you goe. Pray tell y^r Father I have so many sorts of tea for him to taste that I doubt he will not stay long enough to try one every day. One came just now from Mr. Henley w^ch I have not yet tasted but sure it must be something extraordinary for I never asked for any nor ever heard him talke of it. I will keep his letter till I see you w^ch is full of the good humour of having so well succeeded in his Election. Mr. Norton's doom will not be pass'd till Monday. I wrote y^r Father soe long a letter last post I dare not answer one I received from him today till y^r next, when y^r sister's Bill for her money shall goe with it. Thank God Papa is not very bad, I hear him just now going down stairs though with a lame knee. I will not brag of our melons till you come to taste them though I fancy nobody has succeeded better this year. Mr. Montague is successful in all things. I heard one say t'other day he had so much power in ye House he could persuade them to vote a man a horse if he had a mind to it. If Mr. Danvers be out I doubt he has shewed some of it there but I hear he went to the office as he said he would doe last Monday. Adieu y^r next I hope will tell us when we are to see you.

The invincible Mr. Montague is Charles, a grandson of the first Earl of Manchester, and first cousin to Ralph the ambassador, one of those happy people who are born to succeed. He was the pride of Westminster School and of Trinity College, Cambridge. King William made him Chancellor of the Exchequer. At the time Lady Giffard wrote this letter, he was carrying all before him. Soon he was made Baron Halifax (George Savile, Earl of Halifax, Sacharissa's son-in-law, having died without an heir). In Queen Anne's reign he went from honour to honour, and she gave him an earl's coronet. He was a poet and a scholar, the friend of Pope, and Garth, and Boyle, who "incensed him in rhymes and fragrant praise." Among not the least of his public services may be mentioned his preservation of the public records.

"Betty" is the elder of John Temple's two little girls. They and their mother spent a good deal of their time at Moor Park, but also were much in London at Sir William's house in Pall Mall, which he lent during his life, and left at his death, to his daughter-in-law. It has been suggested by some writers that Sir William's well-known antipathy to the French did not predispose him towards his son's wife, but this is purely conjecture, though his dislike to that nation was probably not confined to politics, for he was much too cosmopolitan in his sympathies to care very much of what nationality a person was so long as (his wife would have said) their "humours agreed." Contemporary gossip had it that he left his fortune to his grandchildren on condition that they did not marry Frenchmen; but he distributed his possessions and left

Moor Park and its contents to his sister for her life, and his Irish property to his brother John. This was only gossip, and there is no such restriction in his will. Mme. Marie was perhaps a little difficult! Lady Giffard's letter certainly implies that she herself was under the ban of her displeasure, but one does not apprehend that it affected her very seriously. "My correspondence with my niece begins to mend. I write to her, and she only makes use of Melle. Valery to do it for me!" Mlle. Valery was possibly the children's governess; they must have been fifteen and sixteen years of age then. Betty married her cousin John Temple, brother of Lady Portland, later on, and went to live at Moor Park; she left no surviving children. Dorothy married Nicholas Bacon of Shrubland in Suffolk, and inherited many of her great-aunt's things—hence the preservation of the letters.

"Papa," who is heard coming downstairs with a lame knee, is Sir William Temple; his "enemy" evidently had him at that moment in his grip.

Lady Giffard seems to have been rather magnificent in her gifts. Betty has a present of plate on her birthday, and her friends are given packets of tea at three guineas a pound. The quantity is certainly small—a pound is divided between two people!—but there is a promise of more to come.

The Mr. Henley who has sent her a sample is the newly elected member for Andover, an old friend and neighbour living at the Grange, near Alresford, Hants—a beautiful place once used by George IV., when Prince of Wales, as a hunting-box when he hunted with the "old Hampshires" (hence the plume on the Hunt buttons).

The story of Mr. Norton, whose "doom," Lady Giffard writes, is "not to be passed till Monday," is a double tragedy—murder and suicide. The young man, who was a natural son of Sir George Norton, had "either the misfortune or the wickedness" to kill in the street a dancing-master who would not allow his wife to be carried off before his eyes. Mr. Norton was tried for this and found guilty of murder. Much at the same time Sir Alexander Cumming of Aberdeen successfully carried off a lady (Madam Denis) from the ring in Hyde Park, and married her (she being worth £16,000, says Narcissus Luttrell); but young Norton's escapade was fraught with more serious consequences.

His father did all that was possible to save him. He hurried up to town and petitioned the lord justices to grant a reprieve, in order that a messenger might be sent to Holland to learn the king's pleasure regarding him—for William was at Loo. But all was of no avail. Those days of suspense added but fresh torture to the condemned man and his friends, for they brought him no pardon; and though his frantic father offered £5000 for it, the judges, for once, refused a bribe, and he was condemned to be hanged. With the help, however, of a devoted aunt, he managed to evade the hangman's knot, for the night before the execution she brought him poison, which they both took together. The dose killed him, "but," says the diarist, "his Aunt is like to recover."

LETTER II

For my Lady BERKELEY
at Sir John Temple's House,
near Mortlake,
East Sheen.

Oct. ye 10, 1697.

You will wonder less when you find how glad I was to be ridd of you that you have never heard from me since our worthy Postman never called for ye letters a Friday and his excuse today is his horse was up to ye Belly in a Bogge but I believe he was up to the throat with a bottle wch he has promised shall never be agin and you must be content by it for once to have two letters to East Sheen together, and to tell you how my time has past since you went I have had less pain as well as less entertainment, once I ventured abroad last week when I found there nobody to chide me and was mch the better for it, but today I could not helpe wishing you could have bin at Mooreparke with four steps soe you could have walked with me as I did first to another puddle in the gravvel walk and then out of it. Papa wishes you hear to, at a piece of roast beef at dinner wch he eat for the first time with a very good stomach and I must tell you is now a great deal better, whatever comes after it. He has bin mighty weary with his hand since you went but all the old paines begin now to weare off, and he complains yet of no new ones. I will not ask how you liked y^{e} House y^{t} dismal day next time I hope you will choose a better and tell me.

I did not intend you should have thought of anything I desired besides writing to me till you had less to thinke of for y^{r} selfe. But one thing I think is absolutely necessary y^{t} I once spoke to you of when I was here, y^{t} I should some day or other send a compliment to my Lady Essex when she is in Towne.

If ever you have occasion to send Mrs. Kilby to London

I desire she may doe it for me, and y^{t} you will take some of the fault on yourself that it came no sooner. I leave the compliment to you to make for me and desire to know what reception your mantel had. I have not heard from Wickham since you went but had a letter from Petworth yesterday with Herrings wch we all wished you some of. Lady Scarborough was there still but to goe home to-day. Ye Duke of Somersett returns this week but I fancy neither will happen without a better fit of weather then it is likely should come this year. Tell y^{r} Father I will find some way of sending him Virgil as soone as I have read it my selfe. We are well advanced in Ogelbie since you went and you will be too happy when you are here too, to have read Homer before it, but you will want Doll to put you in mind as she does us of everything we have forgot. Papa and I desire my L^{d} Berkeley should know y^{t} we approve of all things of his taking L^{d} Overy's House. I hope his Lady received a letter I wrote her since you went in answer to hers wch I wish you could tell me without asking her for I have had sad luck since I saw you, with some letters which I hope will never befall me with yours. Adieu.

This letter plainly shows the affectionate terms on which the aunt and niece were. The inference is that Lady Giffard had been ill and Lady Berkeley had been mounting guard, and would not have allowed her to paddle out in the wet had she been there to "chide her." When one thinks of the state of the roads as described by Celia Fiennes at that time, one may believe that part, at least, of the defecting postman's excuse was true.

Poor Sir William eating his slice of roast beef at dinner in fearful apprehension of future punishment, is pathetic enough in its prosaic suggestion. His

sufferings must have been very great, and perhaps not much alleviated by his own amateur doctoring!

Ogilby, the writer mentioned in this letter, was the translator of many of the classics. His learning was somewhat superficial, though his versatility and energy were extraordinary. His faulty rendering of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey roused Pope's ire, and he let fall the vials of his wrath on Ogilby's work, among that of other minor poets. But, at the time Lady Giffard and her brother were amusing themselves by reading his translations, Pope had not pronounced his scathing verdict (which effectually quenched poor Ogilby's light) that "his work was beneath criticism"; and in the absence of better translations they doubtless received much pleasure from the translations, imperfect as they were.

Lady Giffard particularly affected Spanish poetry, and some fragments of her translations have been, perhaps accidentally, preserved. A little unbound booklet, tied with green thread, contains her translation into English verse of "The Parting Sireno and Diana." The lines do not, however, run very smoothly, and the rendering is perhaps too conscientiously literal to be graceful in the English tongue.

Younger members of the family followed her example, and John Temple of Sheen (afterwards of Moor Park) translated Scipio's dream from Cicero, and sent it to her neatly written on several pages sewn together with thread, accompanied by a letter saying that as he has always found her "a partial judge of his dreams, he ventures on a translation of others' poetry."

The Lady Essex who is to receive the compliment is Elizabeth Percy, widow of the unfortunate earl who was thrown into the Tower, on suspicion of being concerned in that "Mealtub" plot which sent Lord Russell to the scaffold. On the morning of that nobleman's execution, Lord Essex was found dead in his room.

A short version of the pitiable story is given in Luttrell's "Diary," under the entry of July 13, 1683. "About 8 in ye morning the Earl of Essex in the Tower, upon account of this new plot, did most barbarously cut his own throat from ear to ear with a razor, wch occasion is doubtful, some say the sense of his guilt, others the shame of his accusation of such a crime when his father Lord Capell died for his loyalty to the late King (Charles I.). His Majesty has been pleased to give his goods wch have been forfeited to his son."

Sorrow seems to have marked down Lady Essex for its own, and she was singularly incapable of coping with it. Yet she lived to be an old woman, and only two of her children survived her—her son, who afterwards married a daughter of Lord Portland, and a daughter who married the Earl of Carlisle. The appalling tragedy of her husband's death had followed that of an idolised girl—a grief that threw her into an alarming state of melancholy. Her overmastering love for this child is noticed by John Evelyn. In an interesting passage relating to the Essexes he describes the pair. "He (Lord Essex) is a sober, wise, judicious, and pondering person, not illiterate above the rate of noblemen of his age, very well versed in English history and affairs, industrious,

frugal, and in every way accomplished. His Lady, being sister to the Earl of Northumberland, is a wise yet somewhat melancholy woman, setting her heart too much on the little lady her daughter, of whom she is too fond." Widespread sympathy for the bereaved mother must have poured in upon her from all sides when this beloved child was taken from her, but nothing apparently could rouse her; so out of his great friendship and his full heart—for had he not but lately lost his own little Nan?—Sir William Temple wrote her a letter which has gained already a publicity its writer, we may be certain, neither anticipated nor desired. Only a short extract from it will be welcome here. It might be the letter of a father to a daughter, or an elder brother to a sister, so far-searching and intimate is its tone; and throughout it incites her to bear her sorrow bravely and unselfishly.

"What is past help should be past grief," is the burden of his song, and he puts forth every argument he can suggest to induce her to throw off her melancholy and sting her into action. "If you look about you and consider other lives as well as your own," he says, "and what your lot is compared to those that have been drawn into the circle of yr knowledge; if you think how few are born to honour, how many die without name or children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we hear of, how many diseases and how much poverty there is in ye world, you will fall down upon y^{r} knees, and instead of repining at one affliction will admire so many blessings as you have received." And then, having exhausted the religious and the common-sense points of view, he reminds her that *noblesse oblige;* and after what seems an almost

cruel suggestion that her extreme fondness may have been as displeasing to God as was then her deep affliction, he appeals to her pride of birth and self-respect.

"I was in hope that what was so violent could not be so long, but when I observed it to be stronger with age and increase like a streame the further it ran, when I saw it draw out to such unhappy consequences and threaten no less than your child, your health, and your life, I could no longer forbear this endeavour. Nor to end it without begging of y^{r} La^{sp} for God's sake and for your own, for y^{r} children and your friends, for your country and your family's, that you would no longer abandon yourself to disconsolate passion, but that you would at length awaken y^{r} piety, give way to y^{r} prudence or at least rouse up the invincible spirit of the Percies that never yet shrunk from any disaster. That you would remember the great honours and fortunes of your family and not always the losses; cherish those views of good-humour that are sometimes so natural to you, and seal up those of ill that would make you so unnatural to your children and to yourself; but above all, that you would enter upon the cares for your health and your life, for your friends' sake at least if not for your own."

Temple must have felt when he sent that letter that he was leading a forlorn hope; it must have been such a chance if it did good or harm, if the poor lady was in a mood to be hurt or offended at the sternness of some passages, or if she would catch at the strong hand held out to her, and let it pull her out of the Slough of Despond. But whether or not, his end was gained. She appreciated

the feeling that prompted him ; and when Sir William died twenty years later, she wrote, "The Kingdom has loss in such a man, and my poore self has lost a true friend."

LETTER III

For my Lady BERKELEY,
at her house in Dover Street,
London.

Oct. ye 30, 1697.

You sertinly staid at Moor Park as long as it has to be endured and I am mightily comforted to have lost you since I rose this morning and saw all ye ground covered with snow wch. never happened before in October as many years as my life has lasted and was but in May yt I was ready to cry to see all my cammellias discovered in it. You will be glad to hear in ye midst of it that Papa is soe well as to have dined below every day since you went soe yt I have not wanted something to revive me, while the weather was good I endeavoured to do it with walking as long in the gravel walke as you fancied me the day you left us the Horses came noe more where they went out if the coachman is to (be) found who I suppose you helped to come home better. I had a letter from the Duchesses of Somersett who is very sorry (to tell you her owne words) she shall not have the happinesse to see La Berkeley at Petworth this year, wch she had soe long pleased herselfe with she says she has drunke as good a tea at Almay as she had tasted theese seven years so I have desired yr sister today to buy half a pound and divide it between yr Father and I if we both like it I will send for some more, but pray let me have your opinion too and another request I have yt you pay for it viz. 3 guineas a pound I am sorry you were not heare to read my Lord Sunderland's letter you knew before yt he was to be heare next May but you did not

know that I was to goe back with him and yt against yt time Mr. Henley is to be desired to take his measures better. I had a letter from yr cousin Temple today telling me her affaires is so well advanced yt she hopes to se us again soone, and have heard more since then I wish of the effects of her remedy though I would not have it goe further, yet Mary's servants say they have taken his vomits till they were hardly able to drag their legs after them and indeede Mary does looke as if she would never recover it but the worst is I finde the children have taken them too. I should not have told you this but I feared you or any of yr friends might be drawne in as I was almost one day yt my stomach was very ill and I certainly had eaten a pear yt was offered me but yt I happened to aske if it would not make me vomit wch you know is never my inclinations, she said not unless it met with some humours wch I could not answer it shd not doe, with many ill ones in me. All this I must out with when she comes and try to keep the children out of his hands I wish I may come off well at this rate if I goe on you will know as much of Moore Park as if you sat still in your little corner by my fireside. I wish I may find no more to tell you. I had a letter from L. Berkeley today but mentions nothing of what I write about. Ye reasons for not venturing in this weather yt I will never believe he takes ill or yt anybody can thinke soe desolate as we are here yt such friends would not be welcome. I think ye Duchess of Grafton since she has been able to govern her life no better is very discreet to let somebody else doe it for her. Yr maid shall be remembered and sent with a bundle of all the other things we agreed upon, pray don't spare ye cheese I can furnish you with another when yt is gon but believe you have letter enough to serve you for a greate while. I had a very good one from Jack to-day and hope soone to hear yt yr other Brother has arrived I writ to your Father a Friday. Adieu.

The two most important people mentioned in this letter are Lord Sunderland and the Duchess of Somerset. Both are historical personages. Lord Sunderland was the son of "Sacharissa," and at this time he occupied a high position in the Ministry; and the Duchess was in later years the well-known favourite of Queen Anne. At this time she had not been very long married to the "Proud Duke," who had rebuilt, at enormous cost and with great magnificence, her beautiful Sussex home at Petworth, and spent a great part of the year with her there, alternately between it and Sion House and London. She must have been a considerably younger woman than Lady Giffard, who was now about fifty, but that lady's friends were of all ages and every age. She was, I fancy, one of those charming people to whom youth or age is immaterial; she was so emphatically herself, that what mattered it to those who loved her whether she came into the world twenty years earlier or twenty years later than themselves!

One thing we may deduce from these letters is, that Lady Giffard was not so much in love with Moor Park as her brother, and that it was for his sake alone that she buried herself in "this desolate place." Lady Berkeley had stayed there, she protests, "as long as it could be endured," and her aunt congratulates her on having got away before the unseasonable snow.

She has evidently very little faith in Mrs. John Temple's doctor; and after reading her description of the potency of his remedies, one is apt to believe that, left to his tender mercies, Mistress Doll

and Betty might not have lived to grow up. But their aunt was not wanting in moral courage, and no doubt did all, and more than she threatened in her letter to Lady Berkeley, "to get the children out of his clutches." One is only astonished not to hear that he bled them every morning before breakfast!

The "Jack" here mentioned is yet another John Temple, eldest son of Sir John of Sheen. He managed all Lady Giffard's affairs; and when he and his cousin Betty Temple married some years later, Lady Giffard made over the Moor Park estate to them in her lifetime—not, however, to avoid the heavy death duties imposed upon landowners in the present day, but to let them start their married life in the home that would eventually be theirs at her demise.

John was evidently a very favourite nephew, and deservedly so, for he made the very best use of his wealth, and spent a considerable portion of it in charity.

The "other brother" was Henry—afterwards Lord Palmerston and the owner of Temple Grove, East Sheen, near Mortlake—who became the ancestor of "the great Lord Palmerston," Queen Victoria's Prime Minister.

The Duchess of Grafton, who is thought wise to place her life in another's keeping by marrying *en seconde noces* Sir George Hanmer, a Buckinghamshire baronet, was Lord Arlington's little daughter, whom he called in, to the great annoyance of Sir William Temple, to prevent any private conversation between them when Sir William waited on the Secretary of State, on the occasion of his precipitate recall from the Hague in 1671.

LETTER IV

For My Lady BERKELEY,
at her House in Dover Street,
London.

November 28, 1697/8.

I am sorry my ugly Velvet gives you so much trouble. I will not send this back unless you tell me you have got one much thinner for I am satisfied to have bin out myselfe in thinking it much to deare, those I mentioned being a great deal warmer, if you light on one of the wearthe of this y^t^ you thinke much thinner send it me on Wednesday and this shall be returned next day, else I shall be very well content to make use of it having not only bin very cold at Church to-day but ever since I came home. I thinke 'twas being struck with hearing poor Mr. Kelsey prayed for just at y^e^ point of death who was at Church last Sunday and I doubt got y^e^ illnesse there wch carried him away. You know y^r^ uncle and he had always compared notes about y^e^ gout ever since he came heither, but y^t^ he has lately bin better off and dyed now of a feavour if he be dead as we expected when I came home and is the greatest loss we could have here out of our family, being a very good doctor and a better friend, and has left nobody behind him I should care to send to in any extreme 'tis well I thinke this letter should end wch must all be melancholy and y^t^ I find by yours I received just now you neede not anything to encrease. I would faine for y^t^ reason have you goe abroad, though for my owne part y^t^ am in a desert I doe not thinke I should find less to trouble me in any other sort of life or company and if you could compose y^r^ selfe as not to let y^e^ remembrance of what is past disturb wht you have left I fancy y^r^ life would not be very uneasy. I am sure you have too much sense not to thinke this reasonable and the thoughts that make y^r^ dreams soe you must try to change them if you would be rid of the

others. I would faine advise about y^r^ reading what I practise myself not to read anything very serious before you goe to bed ; that would be a good time to read Virgil in, and let y^r^ Turkish history only goe on a dayes. You don't tell me nor anybodye else whether my L^d^ Berkeley comes or noe, if he does I will be more sure to doe as you desire and for y^r^ maid I will tell you perfectly how y^e^ case stands, I never saw a greater diligence then Nannie, what I writt [about] nor is it possible for anybodye to have a better servant yet y^t^ has not at all changed my thoughts of parting with her and I fancy too would be glad to have a mistress, y^t^ did not keep a better sort of servant to such a one I could recommend her. I hope you will helpe as y^r^ Cousin Temple has promised to enquire for her till she is provided soe I cannot resolve now and have promised to see one here but both those you mention I fancy more fit to be such a servant as I believe Nanny would be where one keeps never a better. You know all I can say now but not parting with her soon we must not hinder them from providing themselves.

Papa continues pretty well I hope to tell you I am better next post in the meantime desire you will excuse me to your Cousin Temple y^t^ I doe not thanke her for her letter by this. Adieu.

Lady Berkeley has evidently been engaged in that most difficult and often thankless task of shopping for other people, and Lady Giffard is torn in pieces with the desire to rid herself of the unsuitable piece of velvet without hurting her niece's feelings by not appearing to like it. We have all been in her position, and have not always got out of it so gracefully.

In Mr. Kelsey, Sir William has lost his doctor and his friend—an incalculable loss to a man suffering as he does. It seems hard he was not permitted to live a little longer; for a few months later Sir William

himself died, after much suffering and without the kindly doctor to relieve his pains, "for there is no one else I should care to send to in extremes."

Lord Berkeley had not long been dead, and his young widow is fretting perhaps. No one ought to know better how to sympathise than Lady Giffard; but to our ideas a course of Virgil before going to bed seems but cold comfort to a bereaved wife. Yet it is evidently light reading compared to the Turkish history she is to study by day! When one sees what these ladies read, and wrote, and thought of, one feels not a little indignant with Lord Macaulay, who accuses the women of that date of so much ignorance and want of culture. Whatever they may have been at a later period, I think the accusation is an unjust one, and that in intellectual powers they compared very favourably with the men. Sir William Temple was not too proud to consult his wife and sister on many important subjects; both ladies were well-read and cultured women, and probably very good representatives of their class.

Dec. 30*th* [? 1697].

I must begin by giving you thanks for my tippet than wch. a better present and a more useful one to me was never chosen, and I hope to be in a little better credit both with my Lady Berkeley and you that the first service Lettice did for me was to take of the black tassells and put on gold ones. I am sorry to say I doubt it will be y^{e} last, but such a mistake between you and I never happened nor I fancy never will agin, it's my wishe to tell you all that has happened in this little time, but the minuit I saw her I concluded my service and she (and I) were never made for one another, I am ready to chide

you for thinking I was, were we ill bred or soe ill-mannered as to employ her in such things as I have noebody else to doe for me. She deserves the little I know of her the best service in England, and desires that she goe lest he fall in love with her, she ownes never to have washed a room in her life, and when she rose next morning asked if she must make her owne bed, complained y^{t} she should not be able to wait and work in a room without a fire and you know I have no other, but the cruel thing of all was dining with common servants and y^{t} she said she had never reckoned upon and doubted she should not be able to bear, indeed I believe nobody had a greater right yet when I spoke to her today how sorry I was to have put her upon what I doubted she y^{t} had lived in much better places must thinke very hard and she could not be more uneasy than I should be every time I did it, but was such a servant I wanted, she said she had rather enter upon any service than live any longer out of it, and in y^{t} I believe told the onne reason but she has lived I find in great places, and bin an absolute gentlewoman and I dare say is one by her name and her friends, for I have had a greate deal of talk with her, her journey shall be pay'd for and Mrs Bradly that came down with her will goe up with her agin a Monday, Nanny Lagger who I had order'd to goe yt day says she is very happy to stay longer and soe I am going in search of pussle agin, 3 gentlewomen had bin a little too much state as I make use of my cousin Dingley whenever I am in want. Hetty's place being the height of her ambition.

To talke of something else what you write me in yr. last abt. the quarrell between Ld (L ?) and Mr. M. was the first words I had heard of it. I must beg of you never to avoyd writing to me anything you can spare time for upon y^{e} fancy y^{t} I hear it from others for though it happen as it seldome does be told from all handes, such different circumstances wch all of them helpe to make me understand is better, and is pleasanter very often than the thing

itselfe, the reply in that though was very extraordinary and one sees by it how people helpe towards making themselves so many enemies. I had an answer today of the question I told you I asked in my last about the secretary's money. He says he has amounts for 2500 but by accounts of other years signed by his brother's hand he thinks he has pretence for several sums for journeys and other things wch when he knows more exactly he will tell me. I have sent him (with) another compliment from Papa to ye King where I fancy he is not displeased with finding occasions of going.

You give me an account today wch much enlightens me on all that has happened I must make yt letter ye compliment of saying yt I find noebody better informed. I do not know from whence yt comes but I desire to be acquainted with some of those yt you say are soe kind to see you still, who will be as much in my favour as you are in there's, more when Christmas is over you may see any yt you would have entertained at other times in a night-goune and then ye great scarfe will serve. I am glad Ld Berkeley writes too us who I have writt part of Lettice's story to, she vows you will tell her and I flatter myself both of you be of my mind yt have to make anybody miserable or indeed when I can helpe it, to be wch I am sure she would have bin every day. I am sorry my paper is done though I am still to write to ye Duchess of Somerset. Adieu.

These two last letters have taken us a little behind the scenes, and we have learnt something not only of her ladyship's wardrobe, but about the interior economy of Moor Park. Lady Berkeley has been as unsuccessful in her choice of servants as she has in velvet. "Nannie Lagger" and Lettice (?) are both too fine-ladyish for the place—both would do "where one keeps never a better." Hester Johnson was in

the place "Cousin Dingley" coveted, and she was in no haste to leave it. It is easy to see that Lady Giffard was a woman who knew what she wanted, and meant to have it or do without it. Nannie didn't do, and Lettice didn't do, and so "their service was concluded." It is provoking to hear so much of Lettice and no more. The poor girl had a history no doubt, and one feels quite annoyed with little "Hetty" for being in the way, as but for her Lettice might perhaps have found a niche in the curiously arranged household and a place in her mistress's heart. Both she and Sir William were prepossessed in her favour; but under the escort of Mrs. Bradley she disappears from these pages, leaving a trace behind her in the gold tassels she sewed on the tippet, which gave more satisfaction than she did, poor girl!

"Cousin Dingley" is the Martha Dingley of Swift's "Journal." The Dingleys were distantly related to the Temples, and were of a good but impoverished Isle of Wight family. She certainly bore Hester Johnson no malice for being in a place that she would have liked, for after Sir William's death the two women lived together in perfect harmony all their after lives. This is sufficiently obvious by the impartial way in which the Dean addressed his "Journal," first to one, then to the other, though Martha was never at any time a rival to his "Stella."

The "secretary" who is sent with a compliment to the king was of course Jonathan Swift; and the errand was invented, no doubt, with the kind intention of bringing again into William's notice the young man in whom he had taken an interest some time previously at Sheen, and had perhaps forgotten. Lady Berkeley

was evidently about to "change her mourning" and go into society again; and the great scarf she was to wear with her evening gown was the sign of fashionable *demi-deuil.*

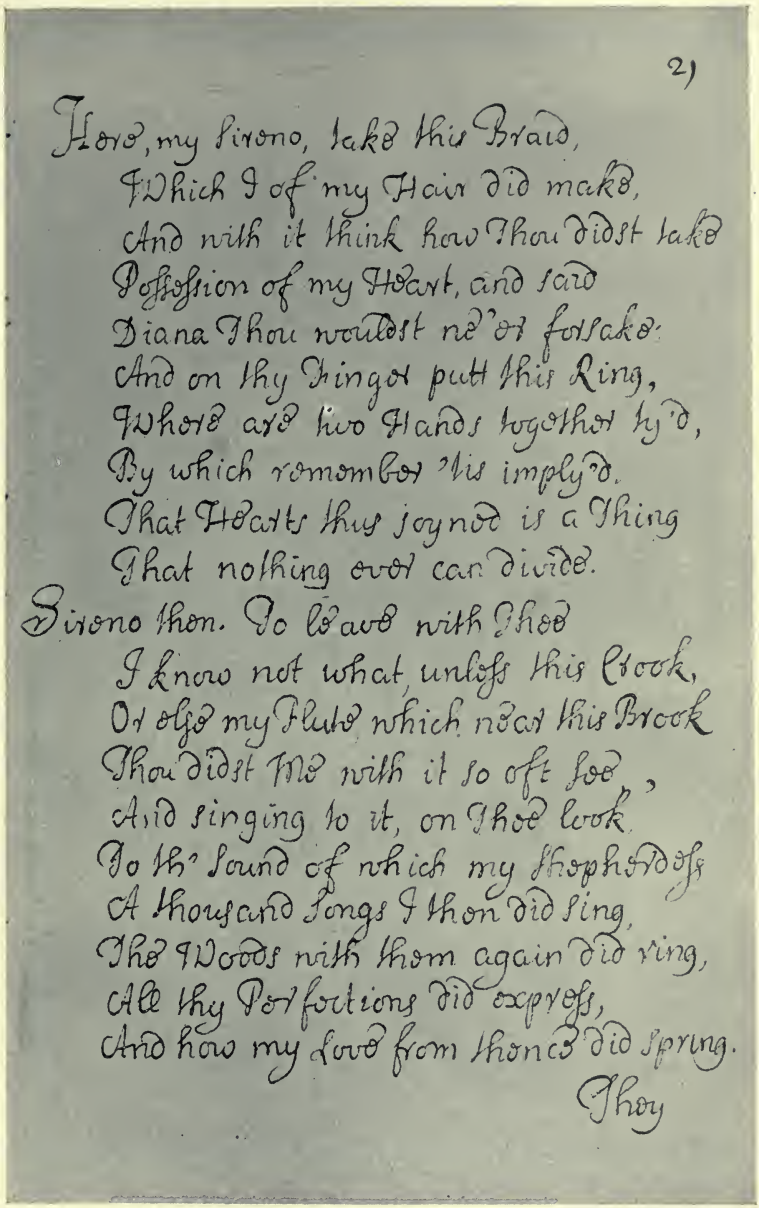
This mention of Mrs. Bradley is not uninteresting, because her name appears again fourteen years later, in a letter from Dean Swift at Kensington to Martha Dingley in Ireland.

"I was to have seen Mrs. Bradley on Sunday night," he says, writing on July 1st, 1712; "her youngest son is to marry someone worth nothing, and her daughter has had to leave Lady Giffard because she was striking up an intrigue with a Footman who plays well upon the flute."

This circumstance suggests that Mrs. Bradley had been in her ladyship's service, ever since we first came across her escorting the fascinating but useless "Lettice" back to Lady Berkeley in London.

The passing allusions we have in the letters to such persons as Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Johnson, Hester, Martha Dingley, and Mrs. Hammond, makes us speculate as to what was their exact position in the household.

Mrs. Johnson, we know, was the widow of Sir William Temple's steward, and a distant connection of the Osborne family. Delaney says it was through Lady Giffard's kind offices that she was brought into the household. Mrs. Bradley may have been housekeeper in the London house. Hester Johnson (Stella) is generally spoken of as "Lady Giffard's maid." She can scarcely have been so in the sense that we understand a maid in these days, for, if so, what use was there for Nannie Lagger or Lettice? It is really


21

Here, my Sirena, take this Braid,
Which I of my Hair did make,
And with it think how Thou didst take
Possession of my Heart, and said
Diana Thou wouldst ne'er forsake:
And on thy Finger put this Ring,
Where are two Hands together ty'd,
By which remember 'tis imply'd,
That Hearts thus joyned is a Thing
That nothing ever can divide.
Sirena then. To leave with Thee
I know not what, unless this Brook,
Or else my Flute which near this Brook
Thou didst Me with it so oft see,
And singing to it, on Thee look.
To th' Sound of which my Shepherdess
A Thousand Songs I then did sing,
The Woods with them again did ring,
All thy Perfections did express,
And how my Love from thence did spring.
Thou

FACSIMILE OF SWIFT'S HANDWRITING

(*Being his copy of Lady Giffard's translation from the Spanish of Montemayer*)

more likely that the girl grew up as a petted child about the house, and was made a "sort of fetch-and-carry" companion by Lady Giffard.

"Three gentlewomen is too much state," wrote she to her niece *à propos* of the return of Lettice. The other two were obviously Hester and her mother.

Did these gentlewomen sit at the family table, or spend their evenings in the "withdrawingroom"? I think not; or why should such an outcry have been made among Lady Giffard's friends, at her being "alone" at Moor Park after Sir William's death?

Jonathan Swift's position was quite sufficiently defined (too much for his liking!). "I was Sir William's secretary and amanuensis"; but he was not at first allowed to dine at Sir William's table lest his manners should give annoyance to the ladies.

He was employed occasionally by Lady Giffard to copy out her translations, and there are several scraps of his beautiful decorative handwriting among her papers.

This is the first mention in the letters of Hester Johnson, who, to quote Sir Walter Scott's words, "Purchased, by a life of prolonged hopes and disappointed affection, an immortality under the name of Stella." Her story is too well known to be repeated here; but some extracts from Swift's memorial of her, written at night during her funeral, may not be unwelcome.

At the time Lady Giffard mentions her she is a young girl of seventeen, who adored her tutor Jonathan, and doubtless brought him comfort when "Sir William looked cold upon him." It was two years after Temple's death that she and Martha

Dingley went over to Ireland to claim the lease of the little property he had left her; and by the Dean's desire she practically never returned, for she was only twice in England after that, during the rest of her life. It was a strange thing for the two young women to do, for Stella was not yet nineteen, and Mrs. Dingley had not reached middle age. Their action provoked, of course, much comment and some censure. Swift was then vicar or rector of Laracor, and the two girls, by a curious arrangement made to satisfy Mrs. Grundy, lived in his vicarage when he was away, and returned to their own lodgings when he was at home. Mrs. Dingley seems to have been a most conscientious duenna, and their decorous behaviour soon silenced gossiping tongues.

Swift himself was, of course, of much maturer age. He had been a man of thirty when he taught the little girl, "who never could learn to spell," to read and write, and captured her childish affections and her girlhood's love — a love that he requited with the callous egoism of his nature. He was too careless to give her what advantage there was to gain from the bearing of his name, too selfish to share his small portion of worldly goods with her, and too jealous to allow her to marry any one else. Yet in his way he admired her enormously, and probably, in spite of his many flirtations, no other woman ever came so near as she did to touching that cold, inanimate machine he called his heart. His "Journal" teems with expressions of affectionate thought of her, his "Stella." On each recurring birthday he sent her verses, many of them containing charming lines which served their purpose—they kept him always before

her, always the first, and weaned her thoughts from any possible aspirant to her hand.

At the time of her going to Ireland Hester Johnson was a beautiful and attractive girl. "Her hair was raven black, her features both beautiful and expressive, her form tall and graceful, of perfect symmetry, though rather inclined to *embonpoint*. To those outward graces," writes Sir Walter Scott, "were added good sense, and uncommon powers both of grave and gay conversation, and a fortune which, if small, was independent." There was at Coddenham a small portrait in oils, of the head of a young girl with coal-black hair and a sprig of white jessamine tucked into its coils behind her left ear, said to have been of Stella. It was sold at the sale there in 1890. The little fortune we know about, the "good sense" we may perhaps doubt. Her power of clever and amusing speech was a gift much appreciated and admired by the Dean, who had no doubt acquired the habit of applauding and greeting her precocious intelligence as a child, till contact with his own sharp wit acted like flint on steel, and taught the girl's talent to shine.

Appended to Hawkesworth's edition of his works is a memoir of Stella, written after her death but from notes that were probably made in her lifetime. In it he records some of her witty speeches. They sound a little too much like pertness to please us at this moment, when in general society it is considered rather "bad form" to say sharp things; but there is plenty of fun and humour in some of her repartees, and we can picture the Dean guffawing admiringly over his pupil's sallies.

In this edition are also to be found a few anecdotes under the heading of "*Bons mots* of Stella." They were written down after her death by Swift, who regrets that he had not begun to record them earlier, and that he can recall so few.

A gentleman, who had been very silly and pert in her company, at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of a child that was lately dead. The Bishop, sitting by, comforted him that he should be easy, because the child was gone to heaven. "No, my lord," says she, "what it is that most grieves him is because he is sure never to see his child again."

When she was extremely ill her physician said: "Madam, we are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again." She answered: "Doctor, I fear I shall be out of breath before I get to the top."

She once called the servants to know what ill smell was in the kitchen; they answered that they were making matches. "Well," she said, "I have heard that matches are made in heaven, but by the brimstone one would imagine they were made in hell."

The following repartee was sharp enough; that the occasion for making it should have offered, shows the style of joking of the day. After she had been eating some sweet thing, a little of it happened to stick on her lips. A gentleman told her of it, and offered to lick it off. "No, sir," she said, "I thank you; I have a tongue of my own."

"We were diverting ourselves," writes Swift, "at a Play called 'What is it like?' One person is to think, and the rest without knowing the thing to say

what it is like. The thing thought of was the Spleen. She said 'it was like an oyster,' and gave the reason immediately, 'because it was removed by taking steel inside.'"

. . . . . .

Swift's little memoir is written with great simplicity, and one feels that he has painted her character really as it was. The whole description of her sweet and engaging personality rings true.

"She never interrupted any person who spoke; she laughed at no mistakes they made, but helped them out with modesty." And he notices a charming trait. "If a good thing were spoken, but neglected, she would not let it fall, but set it in the best light to those who were present. She listened to what was said, and never had the least distraction or absence of thought."

So, as well as a reputation for wit, the charm of a good listener was hers. However, we hear that it was not safe nor prudent in her presence to offend with the least word against modesty (the Dean must have had a hard task to bridle his tongue in her presence!), "for *then* she gave full employment to her wit, her contempt and resentment, under which even stupidity and brutality were forced to sink into confusion, and the guilty person, by her avoiding him in future like a bear or a satyr, was never in a way of transgressing a second time.

"It happened one single coxcomb of the pert kind was in her company among several other ladies, and in his flippant way began to deliver some double meanings. The rest flapped their fans and used other common expedients practised in such cases, of

pretending not to mind or comprehend what was said. Her behaviour was very different, and perhaps may be censured. She said thus to the man: 'Sir, all these ladies and I understand your meaning very well, having in spite of our care too often put up with those of your sex who wanted manners and good sense; but believe me, neither virtuous nor vicious women love such kind of conversation. However, I will leave you and report your behaviour; and whatever visit I make I shall first inquire at the door whether you are in the house, that I may be sure to avoid you.'"

So the gentle Stella had plenty of moral courage, and a dislike to anything vulgar or low which she had probably imbibed from the Ladies Temple and Giffard, whose letters (and consequently their conversation) were, without being the very least prudish, singularly free from the coarseness of their times.

Here is an instance of her physical courage. "With all the softness that became a lady, she had the personal courage of a hero. She and her friend having moved their quarters to a new house, which stood solitary, a parcel of rogues attempted the house, in which there was only one boy. She was then about twenty-four years of age, and having been warned to apprehend such attempt, she learned the use of a pistol; and the other women and servants being half dead with fright, she stole softly to the dining-room window, put on a black hood to avoid being seen, primed the pistols afresh, gently lifted the sash, and taking her aim with the utmost presence of mind, discharged the pistol loaded with the bullets into the body of a villain, who stood her fairest mark.

The fellow fell mortally wounded, and died next day, but his fellows could not be found.

"The Duke of Ormond had often drunk her health to me upon that account, and always had the highest esteem for her." The Duke of Ormond, it will be remembered, was a great friend of the Temple family, and no doubt had often seen the little Hetty with them.

The verses she wrote to the Dean on his sixtieth birthday show her intense affection for him, and either a meek humility of disposition, which the foregoing anecdotes do not point to, or a perfect understanding of the man who seemed to the world to be treating her so badly. Her pathetic allusions to her waning beauty and her youth that has passed in willing obscurity and loneliness for his sake, are the more touching for the absence of any note of reproach or bitterness. "She never mistook the understandings of others, and never said a severe word but where a much severer was deserved."

"Stella to you her Tutor owes
That she ne'er resembled those,
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her course of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of changed or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send forth a smoothness of the skin.
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six.

When men began to call me fair
You interposed your timely care.

You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes,
Showed where my judgment was misplaced,
Refined my fancy and my taste.

Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth.
Late dying may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head,
To bear with dignity my sorrow
One day alone, then die to-morrow."

Poor Stella! Poor victim of an egotist's regard! Long after they had buried her by night, and her friend, lover, husband, whichever he was, had removed to the other side of the house, so that he should not see the light in the church, he lived to be fêted by the greatest in the kingdom, while the same cowardly selfishness that would not let him openly avow the marriage which Orrery believed in, and Hawkesworth declared was solemnised by the Bishop of Clogher in the Deanery garden, prevented his following her to the grave. That he was sick is his excuse, but he was well enough to sit in his room and write, and one feels that had the positions been reversed, Stella would not have excused herself on this account. Yet, after his death, among his treasures was found a paper packet containing a lock of her hair, on which was written in his hand the ironic legend—

"Only a woman's hair."

Did he also sacrifice his own happiness to his ambition? and, after all, did that woman "only" represent the sweetest thing in the world to him?

The enigma remains unsolved.

Lady Giffard's letter to Lady Berkeley.

(From the Egerton papers in British Museum.)

For my LADY BERKELEY,
Dover Street, London.

PETWORTH, *Sept.* 7, 14, 1698.

We are got hither at last, and Papa I thank God very well, and so insufferably pert with winning 12 guineas at Crimp last night. The Duke of Somersett says he never remembers seeing him better. We came a Monday in the evening and just before the Duchess had a letter from La. Scarborough to tell her she went to London today for a fortnight, and intended to se me at Moore Park as she went by, soe your charm is not yet ended wh. hindered us from meeting two summers, but I had a letter yesterday from her to desire that it may be when the Duchess of Somerset comes to stay there a fortnight, wh. is to be as soon as she returns from London and while the Duke goes to Marlborough. When she is there pray enquire a great deal of our East India ships with wh. she is concerned as well as I, and nobodye can inform you better of what I most desire to know is whether I may take part of my share in what I like or must be obliged to have it all in money if tis divided wch wether it be much or little to me would make a great difference. And now I must tell you what misfortunes have, I hear befalled some of your friends and mine. My Ld. Portland and Monsr. Overkerke I hear have had a quarrell at Loo, and the last they say treated him like a dog which I am apt enough to believe, for people are too apt to insult when one is falling and when nobody will helpe to right one. I believe one has seldom the heart to do anything towards itt themselves, this they say has extremely exalted another person, and altogether tis thought more than my Ld. Portland can beare altogether any longer, that he may not want a companion in his

afternoons, I heare that Mrs. Howard came t'other day from . . . where Mrs. Billingsly had order to take ye care the children from her and when she came to my Lord of Essex' lodgings at London, she found a padlock. Upon that she could not get in wch Mr. Billingsly said he had my Lord Essex's order for. You know whether I am rightly informed in all this, and pray send a yd of muslin for pinners and ten yards of crowsfoot to edge it with to Mrs. Hanbury before you leave towne, the Dke. and Dchess. of Richmond dine here to-day and soe my newes and my letter are at an end together.

Adieu I desire you will send word to East Sheene what is become of it, there is now noe doubt of our being home to receive our letters on Friday.

You never told me what became of . . . ?

This last letter is written some months later, and comes from Petworth, where Lady Giffard and Sir William are having a very pleasant visit. Papa's "insufferable pertness" is good news, for it looks as if he were enjoying a temporary relief from his arch-enemy the gout. There is a tone of relief about the letter. Lady Giffard is enjoying herself; she loves society as much as anybody, and Petworth affords her a glimpse of a gay world in which she needed not to "wear blinkers for fear of what she might see," as Lady Russell said she must do if she returned to court in King Charles's time.

Sir William was very fond of cards, and at one time played high and had such losses that he gave up playing for many years, but in his old age he doubtless thought he might allow himself the pleasure of an occasional gamble.

The two ladies—the Duchess and Lady Giffard—have apparently been having a good gossip over the

doings of their mutual friends and acquaintances, part of which the latter passes on to her niece.

It is curious that Lady Giffard should write to her niece about the quarrel between the king's gentleman at Loo, because, before the next packet of letters were written, Lady Berkeley had become Lady Portland.

I find no record of either the cause or the result of the disagreement with M. Auverquerque, but the "other person" who was "extremely exalted by it" is undoubtedly Lord Albemarle. The charming boy, Arnold Joost van Keppel, that William had brought to England as his page, had grown to man's estate, and in the absence of Lord Portland on his embassy to France he had supplanted him, not only in the king's affections but in his place at court. The light-hearted, irresponsible *joie de vivre* of the young man was a tonic to the jaded spirits of his master, who loved to have him always near him, and loaded him with benefits and honours, some people thought, far above his deserts. Portland returned from Paris, where he had lived for four months at the rate of 20,000 livres a month, with a magnificence of equipage and hospitality never before seen even in this city of the "Grand Monarque," to find Albemarle in possession of his lodgings at Kensington, and dispensing the king's favours with thoughtless liberality. Portland, the friend of a lifetime, the disinterested, honourable man, who had often refused rewards William had endeavoured unwisely to press on him, could not see this new, not altogether worthy favourite, usurp his place, unmoved. He resented it, and quarrelled with the king, declaring that though he would "serve him faithfully as a minister, he would do so never more

as a domestic." His presence at Loo at this time was as a negotiator to manage the redistribution of the Spanish provinces in the Netherlands on England's behalf, and the quarrel with Auverquerque may have been a political one.

It is not at first easy to see which of the two gentlemen mentioned is the one with whom "Mrs. Howard passes her afternoons," for the sentence is somewhat involved; but as Lord Portland was certainly abroad, it must have been Lord Albemarle who at that time was much given to *affaires de galanterie*. Whether "Mrs. Howard" was one of the Arundel Howards, or a daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, it is still more difficult to determine. It is probable she belonged to the last-named family, as she went to Lord Essex's house, for his wife was a daughter of Lord Carlisle; but whose children she apparently had the care of, and why they were taken away from her, unless on account of those same "afternoons," it is impossible to discover.

Mr. Billingsly was Lord Essex's steward.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond, who were expected to dinner at Petworth, no doubt drove over from Goodwood, a distance of some miles. His Grace was the son of Louise de Querouaille, who, supplanted some years previously in King Charles's affections, had gone back to France, where Jack Temple had met her in society in Paris, and the Duchess was a daughter of Lord Blundell and the widow of Lord Bellasis.

PART IX

1699. WILLIAM III

THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE AND THE PUBLICATION OF THE THIRD PART OF HIS MEMOIRS.

"Reputation is a great Inheritance; it begetteth Opinion, which ruleth the World; Opinion, Riches; Riches, Honour; it is a Perfume that a Man carrieth about Him, and beareth wherever He goes, and it is the best Heir of a man's Virtue."—*Miscellanea Curiosa* (1749).

THE visit to Petworth mentioned in the foregoing chapter was probably the last the brother and sister were destined to pay together, for it took place on September 1698, and in the following January Sir William Temple died.

Narcissus Luttrell records his death thus briefly in his "Diary":

"Sir William Temple, famous for his negotiations abroad, is dead. He has left his estates to his brother Sir John Temple of Ireland."

How far this is accurate in detail we shall see, but the wording of the paragraph is a pathetic witness to the transitoriness of things terrestrial. Sir William, as we know, had long retired from public life, though he did a little wire-pulling to the end. Not unfrequently the king came to see him and ask his advice, and such men as Lord Romney, Lord Sunderland, and others in the height of their power were glad

to take counsel with him; but, for all that, the once famous diplomatist had long fallen out of the battle, and since he had become the recluse his ill-health and studious tastes had made him, as far as the present generation went he was a man of the past. Had he died twenty years earlier, his name would have been upon everybody's lips, and to have explained who he was would have been more than superfluous.

He had long been out of health, and his friends had watched his failing energies with sad forebodings, but it appears from the context of Lady Berkeley's note of "Friday night" that the end had come with rather unexpected suddenness, and a paragraph in his funeral sermon preached by a Mr. Savage in Farnham Church points to this also.

"Rivers of tears and hecatombs of sighs would I with this my voluntary elegie offer to thee, thou all that was excellent in Man, did it suit with the privacy of thy life, and thy modest desires, to have such pompous obsequies. But indeed *thou hast endeavoured to steal silently out of ye world, as thou did not long since from ye businesse of it, and hast rather to be remembered with imitation of what was praiseworthy in thee than be persued with immoderate grief.*"

"He died at 1 o'clock in the morning, and with him all that was good and excellent in man," wrote Swift.

Probably a severe attack of the gout frightened Lady Giffard, and determined her to send for their brother John, and there had evidently been some question as to whether his daughter, Lady Berkeley, should accompany him.

"I wish I had gone down with my Father," she

Netscher pinxit

my Dearest Sisters
most affectionate brother
W Temple

writes regretfully in the letter she probably sent back by the messenger who came to announce his death; and very soon she followed it in person, and did, we may be sure, her best to comfort her aunt. Every word of her note breathes affection and anxiety lest Lady Giffard should break down. Such letters are not written to exacting and self-seeking people, and it would give us, if we wanted it, one more proof of Lady Giffard's beautiful unselfish nature.

So in the dead of a chill January night Lady Giffard found herself alone. The chief object of her life was over; the man who had been the centre of her existence—practically all her life—was gone. His suffering life was ended, but she had long to live and much to suffer.

With little pomp and much real grief they buried the maker of treaties, the adviser of kings, the upright English gentleman, in the manner he desired. His body was interred in Westminster Abbey, close to the entrance to Henry VII.'s chapel, by the side of those "two dear pledges" who had gone before—his wife and daughter, little Nan (Diana)—and his heart, by his own expressed desire, enclosed in a silver bowl, they laid under the sundial at Moor Park. Some secret sentiment prompted the strange wish, and we have no clue to it even if we wished to pry.

There remained in his own family but one of his generation besides Lady Giffard to mourn him—his brother Sir John—but there were many friends, and they, as friends do in time of trouble, rallied round his sister. They offered her heartfelt sympathy and kind advice; they sought to soothe her grief with words of love and affection for her brother, and in

several cases they opened not only their hearts but their homes to her.

Lord Sunderland was one of the first to write. The news reached him at Althorpe, his seat in Northamptonshire. It is a very real concern that he has for Lady Giffard. Not only does he express this in his letter, but Mr. Henley, writing after the funeral, mentions how troubled his lordship is at the idea of her remaining alone at Moor Park. "I hear from him every post, and 'tis wholly on y^r La^ships account, for his letters are full of nothing else but y^r staying alone at Moore Park."

She must have been comforted and touched by the way in which everybody thought of her. She had a brother left and plenty of nephews and nieces to help her; yet men, busy men in high position, and with full lives themselves, thought of her, and for her, and made plans for her advantage.

Lord Sunderland's Letter.

ALTHORPE, *Jan.* 30.

I am sure you cannot thinke of your Brother and me, and not be assured that I am very senably afflicted, indeed I am, and shall lament him to the last moment of my life. All reasonable people have had a great losse by his death but I think next to you I have had the greatest, the chiefe pleasure I proposed to myselffe was to see him sometimes which no other can make amends for. You will I hope want no comfort you can expect after such a misfortune and I am very insignificant but to the utmost of what I am capable of you may depend upon my service as long as I have a being for his sake and for your owne. SUNDERLAND.

My wife is sensible of our losse and your affliction as you can imagine one to be who is your most humble servant.

Letter from Martha Temple, Lady Berkeley.

Friday Night.

My head and heart is too full to be able to express what I feel for you and my selfe upon this great blow to our family yet I cant let this messenger return without assuring you that you have no friend bears a greater share with you,[1] wch I am doubly concerned in both for your sake and my own. I beg of God Almighty to support you and my Father under it and that you would not neglect yourselves since it cannot at all be of any advantage to those we have lost and will be much the contrary to them that are left behind. If my Father cannot prevail with you to remove from that dismal place I will certainly see you there the beginning of next week in the mean time all you desired shall be speedily done. And I can't end without making it my request that you should for my sake take some care of yourselfe and let not y^r^ trouble overcome you, which I am afraid it will do if you don't strive against it. I beg to have my humble duty presented to my Father whose affliction I am most heartily concerned for. I would myselfe have writt to him but that two such letters are not to be writt, I mightily desire that I may hear how you and your Father do and dear (Ant ?) remember yourselfe in thinking how many kind friends you have left which I am sure deserve your care, and some return for there concern for you. I wish I had gone down now with my Father but next week if it please God somewhere I will see you till when I shall not be easy. Adieu.

Endorsed by Lady Giffard: "Lady Berkeley."

---

[1] I can't let this Messenger return without assuring you that you have no friend bears a greater share with you

Unhappily this is the only letter from this favourite niece of hers that she appears to have preserved, for we should have liked to have become better acquainted with a woman who was the widow of one distinguished man and soon to be the wife of another—William Bentinck, Earl of Portland. What she was to her aunt we can plainly see from the letters she received from her, and from the fact that she treasured them; and one likes to think that in the hour of her deep—perhaps really her deepest—sorrow (for the love of the brother and sister for each other was more than ordinary), some of the earliest words of sympathy that reached Lady Giffard were from the woman she loved best in the world.

Lord Berkeley's Letter.

February ye 2nd.

The others may have been before hand with me in writing upon this sad occasion there is nobody I am sure y^{t} does more truly share with y^{r} La^{p} in your affliction, and if one's grief is to be measured by the favours and kindnesses receiv'd from him few I believe have more reason to mourn. I always reckon'd it one of the chief happinesses of my life y^{t} I came acquainted with him and shall now lament its lasting soe little a time. I was very glad y^{t} my sister Berkely took the resolution of going to Moor Park for all the relief y^{t} people in your circumstances can be capable of must come by the means of such friends as are true and sincere. I give you a great many thanks for the present have pleased to send me the cheese is extraordinary good and I am very happy to be in your thoughts at this time. You can think of none that is more y^{r} La$^{p's}$ most humble servant. W. BERKLEY.

Lord Berkeley, who mingles his praises of the good man who has gone with that of an excellent cheese, is

but a young man still, and his regret for his uncle by marriage had not the poignancy of the writers of the other letters who had known him in his best years. We see by this note that Lady Berkeley had kept her promise of going to her aunt at Moor Park, and it is to be hoped prevailed with her to come away, for a time at least, from "that dismal place," as that fine court lady persisted in calling it. The cheese was doubtless a "Wenslydale," for Blandsly, where Lady Giffard had a small property, is close to this Yorkshire district so celebrated for its excellent cheeses, which she was fond of sending to her friends.

Lord Romney's Letter.

Feb. 15th.

I believe I am the last of all your friends that have condoled with you the losse you have had and I believe without any dispute I am the man in the world that is the most sensible and the most concern'd att it, both for your sake and my owne for I never loved anybody better than I did him, and I can wish nobody better than I doe you and I would be glad to give you other testimonies of it, then onely my saying it. I thinke I never failed in anything that I thought would contribute to your service or your satisfaction and I am sure I never will if it lies in my power. I have done something towards it already and will let you know the perticulars in a short time and onely tell you att present that I will ever be faithfully and sincerely, Your friend and Servant, ROMNEY.

Lord Romney is the fascinating Henry Sidney, Sacharissa's favourite brother, and once Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York. When, with his friend, Henry Savile, he was dismissed the court on account of his attentions to the Duchess, he went to

the Temples at the Hague, and afterwards succeeded Sir William there as ambassador, so he had ample occasion and opportunity to see how deeply the characters of Sir William and his family had impressed the stolid Dutch population.

Sidney's nature was buoyant and volatile, and all through his life he took a mischievous delight in mystifying his duller-brained companions. His numerous flirtations and irrepressible high spirits found more favour among the Princess of Orange's maids-of-honour, whom he said were "a real comfort to him," than they did amongst the well-behaved Dutch vrows; but he was too good-hearted not to join forces with good Bishop Ken, the princess's chaplain, to set his face against anything that could seriously annoy and trouble Mary, and sympathised very sincerely with her regarding the prince's insolent intrigue with Anne Villiers, and consequent neglect and disregard for her feelings. He had been present at the coronation of James II., and the story goes that it was his hand that was raised to balance the crown that sat so unsteadily on the king's head, with the remark, "It is not the first time, sir, that my family has supported the crown."

Miss Strickland has called him severely "a false friend to James." If so, so were many others who saw in the new king's rigid determination to strain every nerve to place their country once more under the yoke of Rome the attributes of an impossible ruler, and in William of Orange, with all his unlovable qualities, the only man able to take his place. They realised, regretfully as may be, that the occupation of the throne by an English princess and a strongly

Protestant prince was the only way of averting further disaster. The man had to be sacrificed to the cause; and if to accept James's abdication, and to join in proclaiming that "Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!" was being false, so were many others who, except for this reason, would have found it far less hard to be loyal to King James than to William the Dutchman.

Mr. Anthony Henley's Letter.

MADAM,—I am affraid I ought not to tell you that the King talked to mee about a quarter of an hour yesterday morning about y^r^ La^p^ and y^r^ losse and exprest the greatest concern for both that ever I saw him doe; But there is this Ill circumstance in Afflictions that one feels 'em but the more for one's friends bearing a part in 'em I wish it could be otherwise in y^r^ La^p's^ case y^t^ you might have the benefitt of soe many people sharing with yours and especially—Y^r^ La^p's^ most Faithfull humble Servt., ANT: HENLEY.

Feb. 2, 98.

My L^d^ Berkeley has show'd me Mr. Savage's sermon w^ch^ I have the same thought of that I am like to have of everything that aims att giving a character that I think nobody should dare to pretend to attempt. At the same time I can't but love the man for his good will and I don't know iff anybody else would have succeeded better; and the best wee have left must have failed upon the same subject. I hear from my L^d^ Sunderland every post and 'tis wholly upon your La^p's^ account for his letters are full of nothing else but y^r^ staying alone att Moore Parke, Y^r^ La^p^ will know from him very shortly upon this subject. And I hope what he will say will have the effect w^ch^ all y^r^ friends wish and none more then—Y^r^ La^p's^ most humble Servt., ANT. HENLEY.

Feb. 16, 98.

Anthony Henley has already been mentioned. He was a pungent wit, and the friend of Congreve, Pope, Addison, and other men of letters; a correspondent of Swift, not a worshipper of the man but of his genius. He was also admitted to some intimacy with the king, and on this occasion they spoke together affectionately of the loss of Temple and the loneliness of his sister.

The Duchess of Somerset's Letter.

The only reason that kept mee from writing to you Deare Madam was the fear I had of troubling you, but I cannot forbeare any longer from telling you how sure a sense I have of your misfortune I shall allways be most heartily sory for any thing that afflicts you but in this I thinke myselfe particularly concerned for both my Lord and I have lost a friend wee had a very reall esteem and kindnesse for and shall ever have soe for his memory I will say noe more on soe sad a subject but end this with begging you to believe that noe body liveing is mor sincerely your faithfull Humble servant,

E. SOMERSET.

Feb. 4th. My Lord presents his humble service to your La^p^ and bids mee tell you he shall thinke it a good fortune if he be capable in any kind to serve you.

For my Lady GIFFARD
at Moore Parke neer
Farnham in
Surrey.

Lady Essex's Letter.

DEARE MADAM,—I wish the many sharers you have in y^r^ greate trouble could hope to cast off the heavie load y^t^ must of necessitie lie upon you for ye loss of ye best of friends ye Kingdome has a loss in such a person and

everyone y^{t} was happie in knowing of him. I am sur my poore selfe has lost a very kind good friend ye best is I am soe neare going ye same way soone, w^{ch} must help to make all things more indifferent to me whilst I am upon earth. I have made all ye inquiries I could after you, and doe heare you have some of your relations gone to you I would most willingly have come myselfe but I feared rather the giving you trouble y^{r} being able to doe you any service, and then, since Providence has this ordered it I might be so happie as y^{t} your La^{p} and I could live and die together, it should be w'ch way you pleased either towne or Country is a like to me and ye small fortune I have you should com'and to keep as w'ch way you like best, but you are a better orderer y^{n} I therefore I should desire to committ it to your hands I very much feare you will not grant my request yett I could not but be so kind to myself as to make ye earliest offer to you.

My Lord Carlisle still persuing his resolutions of going into ye North, whatever becomes of me, I am to ye end of my dayes most affectionately your humble servant.

Jan. ye 31.

Endorsed in Lady Giffard's writing: "Lady Essex."

Lord Berkeley of Stratton's Letter.

I was hinder'd from writing to your La^{p} last post by making my court at Kensington after which it was too late to give you an account how your message was received, but I am very glad to tell you now y^{t} I think it was very well taken and ye King said you might be assured y^{t} nobody could take a greater part in what concern'd you than he did. I am very much pleased with the thoughts of your coming to East Sheen for your own sake for I did intend to have seen you at Moore Parke very soon and my Sister hath so good accomodation for you in her house y^{t} I hope you will very soon make use of them, I really think it would be troubling yourself to noe purpose

to think of any other way of living tho' I owne y^{t} upon any other accounte I should be very sorry to lose the hopes of our living together but this is soe reasonable there is not a word to be said against it and we shall be soe near y^{t} it will be like being in the same house I could not see Mr. Norton, but I gave y^{r} letter to Mr. Henley who promised to take care of it. I read the sermon and liked it extreamly but Mr. Danvers and Mr. Henley are both of opinion it is not well enough for the subject and concluded it was better not to print it. I willingly submit my judgment to theirs it being certainly better to have such a thing suppressed if it is but indifferently done for mediocrity will not be proper in that case. I am y^{r} La^{p} most humble servant. W. BERKELEY.

Feb. ye 16th.

The sermon composed with so much care and such an expenditure of sentiment never found its way into print. Poor Mr. Savage overstepped the mark, and his fulsome panegyric was more than Sir William's most ardent admirer could swallow.

Three friendly houses were waiting, open-doored, to receive Lady Giffard when she was left alone. Moor Park for the time was hers, and she had her own house in Dover Street. Lord Berkeley had offered her a home with him, and "my sister," probably Lady Berkeley, had evidently made a similar proposition; while Lady Essex, now getting old and feeble, pressed her to go and live with her. So much in earnest was she, that she would "live either in town or country" so that she had her for a companion; or, as she puts it, "that they may live and die together." But Lady Giffard found heart to refuse all these kind offers; she had perhaps had enough of living in other people's houses, and wished to try living alone. So she spent

her winters in Dover Street and her summers in her little house at East Sheen, the house that no one can discover now, though Sheen is less overgrown and spoilt than almost any place so near town.

Perhaps, too, it was not all a desire for independence that decided her; there were others to be considered, dependants who would have suffered considerably if she had kept up no household of her own. There were Mrs. Johnson, Martha Dingley, and Hester. These two last soon relieved her of responsibility by going off, as we know, to Ireland, and Jonathan Swift had gone as soon as his patron died; but the older lady was in her service many years later, and it was some time before she definitely gave up Moor Park—indeed not until Betty married her cousin John.

Sir William left behind him a vast amount of MSS. All his state papers were given to the British Museum, and are to be found under the misleading title of "Longe Papers."

The two first parts of his memoirs and several of his essays were published under the editorship of Swift, whom he appointed his literary executor, and there remained for some years the "third part," of which Lady Giffard had an MS. copy and (possibly unknown to her) Swift another. It was still unpublished, and Lady Giffard, conceivably with the idea of some day bringing it out, consulted her friends, Anthony Henley, John Danvers, and others, and sent it to the Duke of Somerset to read and give his opinion as to whether it would be wise or in good taste to publish it as long as old Lady Essex lived. His Grace's opinion coincided with Lady Giffard's, that the time had not yet come when it could be brought before the world

without hurting the feelings of people still alive ; and having come to that conclusion, one can imagine that the advertisement of the forthcoming volume fell like a thunderbolt. Swift had stolen a march upon her, and while she had been weighing the possible consequences, he had edited the MS. and sent it to the press. This was in 1709.

Lady Giffard was furious, and a very warm correspondence passed between them, some of which appears in Scott's "Swift." She said some hard things—and meant them. Swift, always captious and touchy, resented them violently. Lady Giffard denounced him to her friends, and he abused her to his.

The following letters received by Lady Giffard on the subject are sufficiently condemnatory of Swift, whom she regarded as a shameless pirate. Those of John Danvers and the Duchess of Somerset are particularly severe—which is but to be expected, as the duchess had a heavy score against him on her own account, and Mr. Danvers was then, as always, "Lady Giffard's friend."

The reasons for not publishing this "third part" at this time are so obvious, that Swift could have had no hesitation in feeling that to do so must be a source of serious annoyance to Lady Giffard, and of pain to old Lady Essex. The figure cut by her husband being so poor a one, she cannot but have deeply felt the knowledge that there was the whole history for ever in black and white, to run the gauntlet of adverse criticism for generations yet to come, and to belittle him in the eyes of his son.

Temple had written this "Memoir" "for the satisfaction of himself and his friends," and not for the eyes

of the whole world. Swift can have had no delusions on the subject; the tone of his preface shows that. He knew quite well what he was doing when he handed over the MS. to Mr. Tooke, the publisher, who, one is glad to know, only gave him £40 for it.

The fact of its publication put poor Lady Giffard, as the only representative of her brother, in an awkward position with many old friends, even though, as the Duchess of Somerset assured her, nobody who knew her would suppose that it was done with her connivance; yet people are too apt to suspect in these matters that there is more in them than meets the eye, and it was quite enough to make a little rift in the lute, if nothing worse.

Neither Essex, nor Halifax, nor Sunderland came out well; they had played a double game with the king and the Duke of York, and they had tricked and hoodwinked their old friend, whom they dared not take into their counsels, knowing that his uncompromising sincerity would endanger their project, from which they all three hoped to reap some advantage. Temple, in this "Memoir" giving with merciless detail the history of the whole manœuvre, revealed the real secret of his reasons for retiring from public affairs, and laid bare the personal ambitions and desire of place that dominated Lord Essex; and he could never have desired in cold blood to publish the paper as it is. He wrote it while he was smarting under the painful discovery that the men he had accounted friends could put him unceremoniously aside when it suited their purpose; and as he wrote, he warmed to his task. He "had intended to insert some additions," his editor tells us

in his preface, but "whether they were omitted through forgetfulness or neglect, or want of health, he could not determine." It is easy to believe that besides "making additions" he might for old sake's sake have erased some parts; but be that as it may, the Lord Essex of the "Memoir" was the husband of the Lady Essex who wished to "live and die" with Lady Giffard. The Duchess of Somerset was his niece; his son had married Lady Portland's step-daughter. The Sidneys, Montagues, and Spencers were family friends, and bound together with the Temples by the warmest ties of friendship; so that a slur upon the character of any of their kinsmen thrown upon them by Sir William Temple must have been pain and grief to his sister, holding as she did so sacred the bonds of all friendship, and feeling, as she naturally would, that the time had long gone by for recrimination. The actors in the drama were all dead, and charity demanded that bygones should remain bygones. But Swift was selfish and not too scrupulous, and his literary vanity was afire. The publication would bring him honour and interest. They were read of course with avidity by all those who remembered the "split," and who had heretofore never known the rights of the case. Swift no doubt had the thanks of his brothers in letters and politics, and cared little for the censure of the rest. He had climbed up to the position he then occupied in society on the shoulders of these people and their compeers—he owed practically everything to their example and training—and though King William never did anything for him after his patron's death, that was possibly because Sir William Temple was

no more there to push him forward, and Lady Giffard had no longer any excuse for sending him to court with "compliments from Papa." The copy of the MS. of this "third part" that is at Spixworth is in John Temple's writing. Swift probably had the original, and must have published it faithfully, for it is identical with that same part in his "Life of Sir William Temple."

Lord Macaulay alludes to this episode with superficial briefness. It led, he says, "to a coolness with the family ever afterwards." But the feelings of the family can scarcely have been termed cool—it was a white-heat of indignation and contempt on their side, a fire of wounded vanity and impotent rage on Swift's. "I never wish to see any of them again." (The wish was possibly mutual!) "I will never go to her (Lady Giffard's) house unless she begs my pardon," he bragged to Stella. Pardon for what? For giving her opinion on his ungrateful conduct to him as well as to others? It requires a stretch of imagination to believe she ever did that! Yet there was a certain greatness about this man that must have made him despise himself for selling his honour like this for a mess of very meagre pottage.

Letter from the Duchess of Somerset.

LONDON, *June 7th–26th.*

You are very much in the right Deare Madam in believing you have bin in my thoughts for as soone as I saw the tittle of the booke you mention in the advertisement I was afraid it was something put out without your aprobation, and that you would be uneasy to se in print. I have not yet had time to read any of it but I am sorey to find by your letter that 'tis the dame you were

so obliging as to intrust with the Duke of Somerset though you were unwilling anybody else should see it. I remember we both agreed with you that it was not proper to be made publicke during my Aunt Essex's life and I am sure Doctor Swifte has too much witt to think it is, which makes his having don it unpardonable and will confirme me in the opinion I had before of him that he is a man of noe principle either of honour or religion but my Aunt or my Lord Essex I dare say will not think you had any part in it, for those that know you can never believe you guilty of breach of friendship for tho' some have grown cold to you I am sure the failing has bin on on their side not yours.

I have not yet heard anybody speake of this booke but if I doe you may be sure I will doe you justice. If the Queen holds her resolution of going to Windsor a Thursday I shall goe to Syon that day and shall be very glad to se you there a Friday or any other day except Satterday.—I am deare Madam, most faithfully, Yr. servant.

To My Lady GIFFARD at East Sheen.

3 *July*, 1709.

MADAM,—I am sory you have had so much vexation at that which cannot be helped 'tis no serprise to me to find any of mankind in this age sacrificing their deceased friends to their present pecuniary interest. This I p'sume was the motive that induced Dr. Sw— to expose all your brother's papers that would yield him money and if he had exposed no more of them hee would have been lesse blameable. I need not tell you what I have heard said of them since the Dr. has prevented me by his Profield (Preface ?) which mentions all the criticks that are, or can be made on them and very fairely makes excuses for their faults but none for his own for printing any of them without the knowledge of his patrons. Indeed this his behaviour is inexcusable and may be remembered longer than any of his good qualities. I have no papers of my

own to leave behind me nor any confessions but I have long since taken a resolution to leave my administrations to a clergyman. By all I know of Mr. Hanbury he is no changling since you left him he uses his lac'd coat in despight of all his friends advice. I feare for my godson also unless your comunyon makes him wise he send me word he has no inclination to go to a . . .? than to you but rather to go to you than stay at school but I have ordered him now to a mathematical master to learn navigation and hope to put him to see before Xmas. Madam I wish you health and good weather to enjoy the country ayre and hope to see you well. . . .—Your most humble servant, J. DANVERS.

Mr. Danvers writes cynically, yet he declares uncompromisingly that Swift has sacrificed his sense of honour to pecuniary advantages. If so, he was penny wise and pound foolish, for he sacrificed also his ambition for monetary considerations—or rather, perhaps he did not look ahead and see the probable result of his action. He possibly forgot the wheels within wheels of the machinery of courts. Did he think, I wonder, that Lady Giffard, thrown on her own resources, was too "inconsiderable a person" to take into account? Did he forget that she was hand and glove with the Duchess of Somerset? And did it not occur to him that the duchess at that time was in the height of favour with the queen, and that he had insulted her some time previously beyond possibility of forgiveness in the celebrated Windsor prophecy—alluding to her personal appearance in a vulgar and spiteful couplet, and referring to her second marriage in terms of the grossest and most libellous language? He had asked for a prebend in Canterbury

and received a deanery in Ireland. Then he desired a bishopric, but even his friend Mrs. Masham never succeeded in wheedling one out of the malleable queen in the later days when she deposed the Duchess of Marlborough.

Was he so self-deceived as to expect that, even if Anne could be induced to offer him preferment in England, the outraged duchess would not have something to say to it? Or had he so mean an opinion of that lady as to think that she would stoop to the not uncommon artifice of throwing a sop to a hungry dog to stay his bark? If so, he was very far out in his calculations. The Duchess of Somerset, even in conflict with the domineering Duchess of Marlborough, never lost that dignity that was her natural heritage, and in the eyes of all who knew her the vile accusations of the Windsor prophecy only recoiled on the man who wrote them.

At this time Lady Giffard was much at court. We have Swift's word for it in one of his letters to Martha Dingley. If a bad lover, Swift was a good hater, and he hated Lady Giffard and all the Temple family, at that time, with all the impotent irritation of a man who knows he has made an irretrievable false step against the people he has injured thereby.

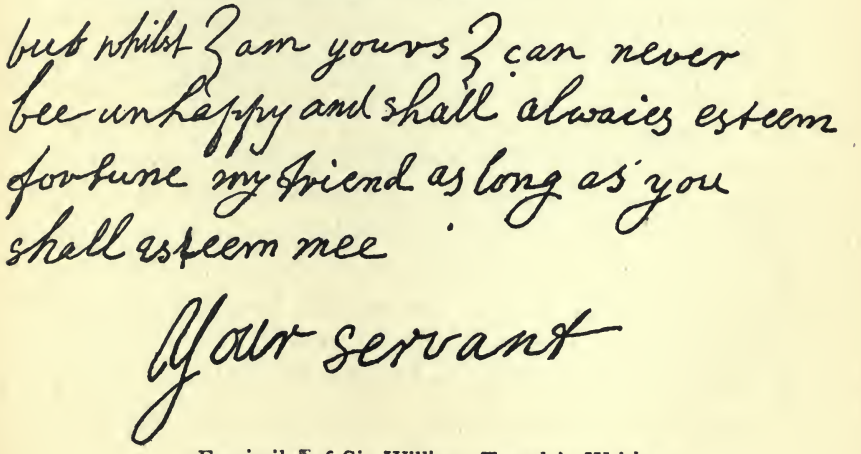
Stella's mother was with Lady Giffard in town when Swift came to London in 1710, and he was anxious to see her, but he had the sense (if not the good taste) not to call there himself; and Mrs. Johnson, longing to hear of her daughter from him, no doubt made several attempts to see him.

Writing on 21st September he said to Mrs. Dingley: "I heard to-day that a gentlewoman from Lady Giffard's

house had been at the Coffee House to inquire for her. It was Stella's mother, I suppose. I shall send her a penny post letter to-morrow, and shall try to see her without hazarding seeing Lady Giffard."

A few days later, however, Jonathan plucked up courage to call, having probably ascertained that her ladyship was out! He writes to Stella and tells her that he has seen her mother and made her give him a bottle of parsley water, "which I brought home in my pocket and sealed and tied up in a paper and gave it to Mr. Smyth, who goes to-morrow for Ireland."

The virtues of "the parsley and his kindes" were much considered at that time. Gerarde, in his "Herbal," gives a long list of its medicinal properties. As an ointment it had "a peculiar virtue against the bites of venomous spiders;" and among other uses, it was good for sore throats, and, mixed with honey of roses and bean flour, it "stayeth the weeping of the cut or hurt sinues in simple members"; and made into a syrup was "a lasting remedie for long, lasting agues, whether they be tertian or quartan."


but whilst I am yours I can never
bee unhappy and shall alwaies esteem
fortune my friend as long as you
shall esteem mee

Your servant

Facsimile of Sir William Temple's Writing.

PART X

1700. William III

LADY GIFFARD'S LETTERS TO LADY PORTLAND

"Letters are the very nerves and arteries of Friendship, the vital elixir of love, which in case of distance and long absence would be in hazard to languish and quite moulder away without them."—*Miscellanea Curiosa.*

We have already perused several letters from Lady Giffard to her niece, but those were addressed to her as Lady Berkeley, while the first of these must have been one of the earliest she received after her marriage to Lord Portland in June 1700.

It is said that "the best women have no histories." It may be so, but it may also be that fate or chance, whichever it may be, has not furnished them with an historian. To be "good" is not always to be uninteresting; and if Lady Portland took no leading part in the life of courts, she must always have been on the stage, so to speak, since her girlhood (when she was one of Queen Mary's maids-of-honour) till her death in 1726, when she was governess to the children of George II. Yet her name is not written in "tablets of gold," nor even in printer's ink, in the world's history, and it is only in private letters that she is mentioned with kindliness and appreciation, but never in connection with any great or exciting event. No letters from her have

Sir Godfrey Kneller pinxit

LADY PORTLAND

come to us from her aunt. It is a pity, for there must have been many. Lady Giffard seems to have been a little careless about her correspondence, and she alludes more than once to having had "misfortunes" with letters, and on one occasion came away from Lord Berkeley's house leaving him with "the *wrong* letters" from her niece! Knowing this dangerous little propensity, possibly Lady Portland extorted a promise that she would destroy her's when read—a very sensible precaution, but one that if generally carried out would often deprive posterity of important knowledge and delight. Imagine even the twentieth century without the Paston correspondence, Mme. de Sévigné's *piquante* reflections, Dorothy Osborne's bitter-sweet love-letters, Lord Chesterfield's pompous advice, and a hundred other delightful volumes, speaking out of the gloom of centuries the thoughts and feelings that are common to us all to-day!

A portrait of Lady Portland hangs over the door in the drawing-room at Petworth. It bears a strong likeness to other members of the Temple family, and really resembles Lady Giffard a good deal, but is scarcely so good-looking. This may be due, however, to the manner of dressing the hair, for the ladies of Queen Anne's day had not the advantages of coiffure that they had in the days of the "Merry Monarch," when curly locks, real or borrowed, clustered round pretty faces in the most becoming fashion. Lady Portland's straight dark hair is raised over a cushion, and it forms no becoming frame to the serious, kindly face with rather commonplace features; a good-humoured pleasant countenance, revealing little of the character behind it which, reading between the lines of her

aunt's letters, we know to have been strong, affectionate, and reliable, a nature that others could lean on. She has only been married about two months to Lord Portland when Lady Giffard addresses the following letter to her in Holland; yet, with so much of interest and importance to occupy her, she has already found time to write several times in a week to her aunt.

Lady Giffard is once again at Moor Park, gone back there perhaps for the first time since Sir William Temple's death. Lady Portland, who never liked the place, dreaded the effect of it on her, and tried hard to dissuade her from returning, but the week she has spent there has passed better than she expected, and she writes reassuringly. Her friends, too, do not intend to leave her long alone.

The occasion that called forth the sarcastic remarks of his friends about the Stadtholdership was that of Lord Portland's somewhat unexpected acceptance of a difficult piece of diplomacy abroad, at the earnest request of the king, who had never ceased to protest his undying love and deep affection for the man whose not unnatural jealousy he had aroused, and whose sensibilities he had so severely wounded. William, it will be remembered, was Stadtholder (or Governor of the States) himself, and it was obviously impossible for him to resign this great office even for so true a Dutchman as Bentinck.

LETTER I

Lady Giffard's Letters to Lady Portland.

To the Countess of PORTLAND
at the Hague.

July 14, 1700.

You have made the best amends you can for the want I find of your company here by this and others kinde letters received from you last week which will always contribute as much as anythinge can do towardes making me happy and easy. I have not been alone here for a whole week since I came and yet you not be in pain whenever it happens to me againe, I will assure you it pass'd much better in this place itself than I expected and made me reflect often upon what I learnt early in my life that custom will make everything easy. I am not likely I believe to make the tryal any more till towards winter. Ld. Berkeley came down last Wednesday and yr. Mother and sister have soon promis'd me a visit you know our life if you remember how it used to pass last summer, only yt. I am alwayes alone when they are not with me wch did not use to happen then, but since you tell me you are so well I will complain of nothing while I have hopes of seeing you again so soon as my Ld. Portland promis'd but if you should serve me so basely (as they would make me believe) and not come next winter is what I am not at all prepared for, and therefore am inclined not to thinke 'tis so much believed here yt I was asked what the *Deputy Statholders* place is worth to my Lord Portland that it obliged him to leave England, I have asked him myself last Post what I am to believe of it and therefore will leave it for another thing I am to know of you, if there be any trouble in yt I was told yt before my Lord Portland left Windsor he sent to ye Princesse to know how many Bucks he shd have orders to kill for her use this year and yt she was angry to be asked and said she would order as many

as she had a mind too herselfe, this put me in mind of what you told me of your taking leave there and my Ld of the Prince and made me resolve to write you what I heard of it. I did long to have a letter from you after the King was landed and now I am writing this it is come and mighty glad I am of the news it brings me of His Majesty's Health which I hope ye air of Loo will quite recover him for I assure you he was not at all well when he went over. You know I would have all my friends make their court there and therefore am very well pleased with what you tell me of one of them but most of all with the hopes you give me of seeing you att Windsor Parke before winter. I finde my Lord Berkeley thinks of staying but till Michaelmas and being so well at London I have a great deal of reason to take it kindly they should do it soe long, I intend not to move till you fetch me away and if yt is not to be all the winter you don't know what you may have to answer for.

Ye Duchess of Somerset and ye Duke is going to Sion for a fortnight yt my Ld Northumberland may breathe the aire of ye country which ye Doctors have advised. I had noe time her being ill . . . writ for my company both intended must be delay'd for some time but we thinke to go to ye Grange some day this week and then you shall have an account of both Master and Mistress of whom I have heard nothing lately but kindly condole with my Ld. Portland for the loss of his friend my Ld. Privy Seal who by the character I have heard of him think it ye greatest loss could happen to ye King and ye Nation. I find you have ye account of my disappointment from (Hening ?) which I must owne to what I never expected could happen to me but with luck and misfortune, risk it—as would quite have made me insensible to it which I will not pretend to so much phylosophy as to say I am now but to beare it and everything as well as I can ; shall be ye endeavour of my whole life. I give you and another friend a great many thanks for your offer and concerne,

but nothing can be done till ye King comes over and before yt I hope you will both be here to advise me.

Did you hear Lord Hertford advised ye King to cutt of general pensions, and that just before his journey my Ld. (Steven ?) was struck out, and all his relations. I shall envy you the journey to Rotterdam upon ye East India ships coming in if you carry ye pockett full of money but I try to think ye greatest fortune yt could befall anybody but I believe it is all to be disposed of in commission and I fancy you have quite spoyl'd ye design of getting yr money for ye first by offering to pay for this note. I have a greate minde to chide you for I am mighty entertained with all you tell me from Holland wch will make me troublesome with enquiring after some things I have quite forgot, one is who this Princess of (Join ?) is, her husband and mother-in-law, I knew very well, but must owne to remember nothing of Mme. Hibrandst ? I fancy by what she said to you she has as much forget me. 'Tis melancholy to think of in the 22 years there should hardly be any body besides Mme. Portrocks who you say never very . . . left of all so many as I knew att ye Hague. I believe you find the visitts differ in many things from England where the men seldom appear and as I remember we are sure to see them oftener then the women. This puts me in remind of my Visitor my Lord Sunderland and who has bin very ill with the gout first in his toe and then in his stomach, they now fancy ye cholick but another of ye dear friends of mine is well and more easy than ever she was in her life, is to spend part of her summer as she says herself with ye Bishop of Salisbury and y^e^ best is L. E. denys ever to have said anything to Mrs. B. yt was to ye disadvantage of Ld. P. she is to dine tomorrow with a friend of yours in St. James Place where she has invited herselfe, and be assured yt perhaps I may tell you more off her if you do not spoyle my intelligence by taking notice of this.

Yr Brother Jack left us last Friday and I am soon

promess'd a visitt from yr mother and sister Lucy. L. and La. Anglesea have both come into ye country and if as we ought to do I may believe in truth his Ldsp. is ye worst husband in the world, I have asked friends of't though they are not of that mind think it only his fondness and jealousy together yt makes him so ill to her which you know is not ye reason was given us of it. I know I shall not often have her to invite and therefore have as you remember of my time. Ld. and La. B. now look forward to their being here I may send a Billet in one of their paquets to my Ld. Portland to give him thanks for ye kind one I received in yrs as good friends as you reckon upon here the first thing he said coming from Church to-day was how happy we all were yt you were not with us. We had a Parson who was as bad as reading Homer. Ld. Berkeley sat in the corner where nobody saw him and was as bad as he used to be in my chamber and yr sister did nothing but jog me to look upon him and if you had bin there we had certainly all sham'd ourselves, I doubt I have done it already with this long letter wh. has hardly left me room to bid dear La. Portland Adieu.

The Anglesea domestic affairs were exercising the minds of society very much at this time. Lord Anglesea was a middle-aged sailor with a not altogether untarnished reputation. He had married a much younger wife, who repented very bitterly of her bargain. As Lady Giffard remarks, fondness and jealousy are very "ill" to live with, and it was not long before his lady freed herself from her tiresome lord. In February 1701 he was bound over to good behaviour by the House of Lords, and on April 3rd a bill was read the second time, for separating the incompatible couple and obliging him to give her a separate maintenance.

Her niece's visit to Holland must have been a great pleasure to Lady Giffard, who through her heard all that was to be told about her old acquaintances. Twenty-two years had, however, done their work, and few were left even at the Hague that she remembered.

My Lord Northumberland, who is ordered into the country, is the eldest son of the Duchess of Somerset. He has been granted his grandfather's title.

The master and mistress of the Grange are the Anthony Henleys already mentioned.

My Lord Privy Seal, who had just died, was Ralph Montague, Lord Halifax.

The incoming of the East India ships at Rotterdam always created the greatest excitement among the Dutch traders and (as Lady Giffard says) "any one else who had a pocketful of money." Lady Portland was a rich woman, so probably many of the beautiful cabinets and some of the rare china that adorns the richly furnished rooms at Bulstrode were purchased by her on this occasion; for these great ships came laden with all the wonders of the East—such silks and embroideries, and inlaid furniture, and Oriental china as Europe had never known before, which were a revelation to lovers of the beautiful, as these ladies were.

Lord Sunderland's illness was more serious than Lady Giffard appeared to think, for he died on the 29th September of that year.

The "dear" mutual friend who was "more easy than she ever was in her life" (Mrs. B.) was Mrs. Berkeley, about to be married to the Bishop of Salisbury. The formal announcement is apparently not yet made, and Lady Giffard, longing to give the

news to her niece, has to content herself with a very broad hint and a promise of further information after the dinner in St. James's Place. Lord E. is probably Lord Essex, and Lord P. of course Portland.

Mrs. Berkeley was the widow of Robert Berkeley of Spetchley, a lady of "most exemplary life and conversation," and an ideal wife for a bishop of Burnet's type; and he, good man, was, we are told, "so sensible of her virtues that, having lately lost his wife of smallpox, he committed his young children entirely to her care, and left her absolute mistress of her own fortune." Considering that it was principally on the children's account, his biographer says, that he married her, this first proof of his regard is not astonishing, but his allowing her full control of her money is a more remarkable piece of generosity on his part!

The little description of the service in church is amusing. One can picture the party sitting round in one of those high square pews we some of us remember, all facing each other, most of them trying not to smile as the illiterate parson stumbles over his book; while Lord Berkeley, safe in his corner, does his best to disturb their piety, and the mischievous girl nudges Lady Giffard to make her look at him. Lady Portland, too, was evidently not an adept at keeping her countenance when anything comical occurred.

"If you had been there we should all have disgraced ourselves."

A few remarks *à propos* of these same high pews are not out of place here, for Lady Giffard has introduced the chief promoter of them. It was when

Bishop Burnet was preceptor to the young Duke of Gloucester, son of the Princess Anne, and her almoner at St. James's, that he made himself responsible for these "loose-boxes." He complained that when he preached in the chapel her ladies did not give him their undivided attention, but allowed their eyes to rove in other directions; so he prevailed on the princess to have the pews raised so high that the fair occupants could see no one but himself over the top, while he thundered at them from the pulpit. Such a line of action was not likely to make the bishop very popular, nor to promote peace and goodwill among his flock; and one can believe without much stretch of imagination that the faces compulsorily raised to his did not express that rapt attention and admiration for his discourses he was possibly fatuous enough to expect.

SATIRICAL VERSES IMPUTED TO LORD MORDAUNT.

When Burnet perceived that the beautiful Dames
Who flocked to the Chapel of holy St. James
On their lovers alone their kind looks did bestowe
And smiled not at him while he bellowed below,
To the Princess he went
With pious intent
This dangerous ill in the church to prevent.
"Oh! Madam," he said, "our religion is lost
If the Ladies thus ogle the Knights of the toast.

"Your Highness observes how I labour and sweat
Their affections to raise, their attention to get;
And sure when I preach all the world will agree
That their eyes and their ears should be pointed at me
But now I can find
No beauty so kind
My parts to regard or my person to mind.
Nay, I scarce have the sight of one feminine face
But those of old Oxford or ugly Arglass.

"Those sorrowful matrons, with hearts full of ruth
Repent for the manifold sins of their youth;
The rest with their tattle my harmony spoyle,
And Burlington, Anglesea, Kingston and Boyle
Their minds entertain
With fancies profane,
That not even in church their tongues they restrain
E'en Hemingham's shape their glances entice,
And, rather than me, will ogle the Vice![1]

"These practices, Madam, my preaching disgrace.
Shall laymen enjoy the just rights of my place?
Then all may lament my condition so hard
Who thrash in the pulpit without a reward.
Then pray condescend
Such disorders to end,
And to the ripe vineyard the labourers send
To build up the seats, that the beauties may see
The face of no brawling Pretender but me."

The Princess, by the man's importunity pest,
Though she laughed at his reasons, allowed his bequest;
And now Briton's Nymphs in a Protestant reign
Are locked up at prayers like the Virgins in Spain.

But to return to the letters. Seven years have elapsed since the writing of the last one, in 1700, which alludes to the king's precarious state of health at Loo. Portland remained his faithful friend until the king died in 1702, and made way for the sister-in-law he disliked so much. These next two letters were written at a time of some interest: the Portlands were revisiting Holland for the last time. True to his determination, after his treatment by the English Government, the earl had retired from public life and had lain *perdu* at Bulstrode, but being asked by the States-General to receive the King of Prussia, on the occasion of his visit to Hounds-stearyk in 1707-8, he and Lady Portland went over to

[1] The Queen's Vice-Chamberlain.

the Hague. The trip must have been spoilt for them by the sad news of the illness and death of Lady Berkeley, Lady Portland's youngest sister.

Lady Giffard writes from her house in Dover Street, though she is evidently keeping up her establishment at Moor Park, which, however, contains but few of those who were its inmates in the time of the Temples. Jonathan Swift is now Dean of St. Patrick's, and poor pretty Hester Johnston and Martha Dingley have gone off together to Ireland, where, it may be remembered, Sir William left "Hetty" a little property near Dublin; they are living decorously apart from their erstwhile companion and teacher, but more or less under his wing. Hester's mother appears to be the only member of the household known to us at this time.

Elizabeth Hammond has apparently taken Stella's place with Lady Giffard, but is not likely to occupy it long, for "Cousin Dingley" has come over the seas again, for the fifth time, and persuaded her to marry him. Lady Giffard would be certain to admire his constancy, and in a subsequent letter she tells how she has lent her house in town for the wedding, which, however, she does not think necessary to grace with her presence, owing perhaps to the recent death in the family.

This marriage reminds us that it was while staying with the Dingleys that Temple first met Dorothy Osborne, and that the Parliamentary Colonel on that occasion was a Hammond.

The following letter contains little but matters concerning the Berkeley family, in which Lord and Lady Portland take the deepest interest.

On the 8th July Lady Giffard mentions that the young Lady Berkeley does not "haste to get well" as quickly as her friends wish, and on the 18th she writes of her death as if it were no news to her sister. It must have come sooner than they expected; for, but ten days earlier, Lady Giffard had spoken of making up the number at Ombre at her house, which did not look as if Lady Berkeley herself, or any one else, had thought her really dying. The letters are naturally full of allusions to their mutual sorrow, one of the many they have shared together; what story there is to tell, is best read in them. We know all the sad details too well; they have been repeated, and will be repeated as long as the world lasts. Lucy Temple seems to be looking after the children for the time, and perhaps was with her sister when she died, for Lady Giffard said, "My niece L. will have told you all you want to know." So it was Lucy who sent the sad tidings on to the Hague, whence the Portlands were already thinking of returning.

Narcissus Lutterell chronicles their return on the 30th August, so it was not long before Lady Giffard was relieved of her responsibility.

LETTER III

For the Countess of PORTLAND
at ye Hague.

DOVER ST., *July* 18, 1707.

I wish I knew whether you care to hear from me, I am very sure I never sat downe more unwillingly to write to you, or anybody who knew so little where to begin.

I am sure you knowe the share I have always had in all y^r^ sufferings and my owne in this will enough expresse

Dahl pinxit

LADY BERKELEY OF STRATTON (FRANCES TEMPLE)

how surely I mourne with you. I fancy my niece L. has told you all you care to know and I should be wrong to repeat anything y^t^ could only serve to renew y^r^ trouble. I know y^r^ thoughts and mine have agreed so well upon all the cruel accidents of this kind we have gone through that you will endeavour to turn them as I am trying to do wholly to the care of the desolate family y^t^ is left and such is ye kindest way of remembering what we have lost.

My Ld. Berkeley is now with me and I am going to them tonight with my Nephew and niece to leave him my house very sorry that I cannot be in it with him but he seems to like it much better than anything else y^t^ was proposed to him till he can return to his owne. Y^t^ I was glad it came into my head to make him ye offer.

I have bin little from him since I came to towne and he seems never better pleased than in seeing any of her friends. He wishes often for you as ye greatest support and comfort he has to reckon upon, so I am sure you will ever be to him and indeed nobody ever wanted it more. He desired me to present his service to you but says 'tis impossible for him to write. I need say nothing to expresse how much he feels his loss to you, the thought of y^t^ if anything could, would make us forget our owne, but he is truth, extreame reasonable and disposed intirely to what I have begged of him, to turne his thoughts to ye businesse and care of his family, and while you are away to find he has a little helpe and y^t^ I am fast growing so useless a creature y^t^ should thinke nothing too much y^t^ is in my power to serve him the difficulty is now to resolve whether he shall remove his family into ye country whither he is resolved to go and pass some days himself. In y^t^ time I hope he may have my Ld. Portland's advice and yrs. which when you have thought all over as I have done I wish you may not find so much on both sides as to make it as difficult to resolve. It wld. be a great deal to be out of this melancholy scene in good air and to have the children out of the Towne y^t^ begins to grow very sickly ye greate want

is somebody in ye house to have some care of ye children and be sometimes with him. If I were younger and had better health I would offer myselfe and Bridget for the little time he will be there this summer, however I will goe to Moore Park at ye same time and be with them as often as I can. I had great hopes of Mrs Garraway but y^{t} cannot be and Mrs Ann Berkley is in the country, can you think of anybody else. I believe you will not dislike what your sister has done with La^{y} Harriett who my Ld. Berkeley expresst a great deal of concerne to leave and would not have done upon any other sense but the thoughts of her (going) to the Watters, will I believe hinder y^{r} sister's thoughts of the country this summer unless you should advise it; it is what we all want y^{r} advice and I hope I shall have it in my power to be of any service till you come over. Mrs How is come and I have ye . . . and 19 bottles of Spaw (?watter) a great many thanks and one word I beg of your owne health to make use yourselfe of what you can say so much of to others and to remember as we pray every day y^{t} God's will may be done the reasonable answer is to submit to it I never writ with worse penne and paper nor had less time to amend it. Adieu.

Mrs. Howe is probably the wife of John Grubham Howe, the late Queen Mary's chamberlain, and the lady mentioned in Lady Chesterfield's letter under her maiden name of "Scrope."

The Lady "Henriette" or "Harriette"—as she is indiscriminately called in Lady Giffard's letters as well as at the extraordinary trial of Lord Grey of Werke, in which she played the part of the "leading lady"—was a daughter of George, Earl of Berkeley; her mother being Elizabeth Massingberd, daughter and co-heiress of the treasurer of the East India Company.

The suit of Lord Berkeley to regain possession of his daughter from the "power and restraint" of Lord Grey was a nine days' wonder in 1683. The story was somewhat lacking in romance, but rich in comedy. It reflected unusual discredit on the pair of wrong-doers, and leaves one with the impression that Lord Grey was weak and vain, and that Lady Harriette was a minx.

Lord Grey, who was married to the Lady Mary Berkeley, had the "misfortune" to fall in love with her sister, a precocious girl of eighteen.

The intrigue, which had been going on for some time, was discovered by her sister Arabella, when Harriette was found writing what she protested was "her accounts" but on examination was seen to be a compromising letter to Lord Grey.

A harrowing interview took place between her mother and her lover, and Lord Grey behaved in a way that convinced Lady Berkeley of his contrition. He declared his passion for Harriette had completely mastered his discretion, acknowledged his unpardonable conduct, begged that his wife might be spared the recital, and represented that if his mother-in-law should forbid him the house it would cause people to gossip; but that as he was going into Sussex with the Duke of Monmouth in a few days, he would make a point of "remaining in the country for six months without attempting to see the Lady."

Lady Berkeley, anxious to hush up the matter, allowed him to dine with the family on the eve of his departure for Guildford.

The Sussex journey was, however, put off, and Lord Grey announced it in a manly letter which

was perhaps honest, and which was produced at the trial.

Lord Grey's Letter to Lady Berkeley.

MADAM,—After I had waited on your ladyship last night Sir Thomas Armstrong came from the D. of M. (Monmouth) to acquaint me that he could not possibly go into Sussex, so that journey is at an end but yr. La^sp^ apprehensions of me I fear will continue therefore I send this to assure you that my short stay in Town shall no way disturb yr. La^sp^ if I can contribute to your quiet by avoiding all places where I may possibly see the Lady. I hope yr. La^sp^ will remember the promise you made to divert her and pardon me for minding you of it since it is to no other end that I do so but that she may not suffer on my account. I am sure if she doth not ill your opinion she never shall any other way. I wish your La^sp^ all the ease that you can desire and more quiet thought than I ever expect to have.—I am with great devotion, G.

At last, however, he really departed, and Lady Berkeley going to her daughter's room to comfort her found her in a state of meekness and melancholy. She protested that her sister Mary would never forgive her, and begged hard that her "sister Dursley" (her brother Lord Dursley's wife), to whom she was to be sent on a visit, should not be told of her misdoings. Such becoming humility touched poor Lady Berkeley's too tender heart. She promised to keep the secret, persuaded her that her sister would certainly forgive her, and assured her of her own motherly affection and friendship. But Lady Harriette was a past mistress of deceit. That night she left her father's house—"left it, my wretched, unkind daughter," said her poor mother, "while I was in my sleep."

For weeks nothing could be heard of her. Lord Grey vowed she was not with him, that she was gone "beyond the seas," that he knew where she was, but he would not betray her. Lord Berkeley offered to give £6000 with her if a third party could be found to marry her.

The trial, which was so distinctly a family inquiry that one wonders it was not conducted in a more private manner, was full of surprises. The case was tried by Lord Chief Justice Sir Ed. Pemberton. Mr. Justice Jeffries challenged Lord Grey for the Crown, and Lord Justice Dolbin was on the other side.

The jury was composed of Surrey gentlemen—

Sir Marmaduke Gresham.	Robert Gavel.
Sir Edward Bromfield.	Edward Grey.
Sir Robert Knightley.	Thomas Newton.
Sigismond Stiddness.	John Halfrey.
Thomas Vincent.	Tho. Burroughes.
Philip Rawleigh.	John Pettyward.

—and the whole of the Berkeley family appeared as witnesses, with the exception of Lord Dursley and the Lady Grey.

Lady Berkeley gave her evidence with much emotion, Lady Arabella with unconcerned disgust and a loyal partisanship with the Lady Mary. Lady Lucy showed a kindly desire to save her sister, having followed Lord Grey to Guildford to implore him unavailably to disclose the runaway's whereabouts. Accusations of "cruelty and imprisonment" were brought against Lady Berkeley—stoutly defended by Lady Arabella, who maintained that her mother had "more kindness for Lady Harriette than any of them."

Lord Grey pleaded that he had no share in her

flight, though several witnesses were brought to swear that she was seen next morning in company with his coachman and his wife in London; and a clergyman was witness of his having received an important letter shortly after his arrival on the fateful evening at Up Park, and that he had "read it many times walking up and down the hall in perturbation," and afterwards going into the steward's room, he called his coachman and gave him long and detailed orders.

Mr. Craven, a friend of Lord Grey's, drew, with unconscious humour, a picture of his lordship's state of mind on discovering Harriette's ill-placed affections and his own weakness, expatiating on the preventing of his passion which caused him to stay once for two days locked up in her cupboard, with nothing to eat but sweetmeats, and telling of his heroic efforts to cure himself of his infatuation by "making love to two other ladies," but all to no purpose, the perfidious Harriette remaining first favourite.

"Madam," he said to Lady Berkeley, when she told him that if he remained in town he should see her daughter no more, "it is rude of me to say it to you, but I must say it—give me my choice to be drown'd or hang'd."

Whether she gave him the choice or not he availed himself of neither, but lived to fight battles of a sterner nature, and (I fear) to run away.

Evidence was then taken of various lodging-house-keepers to which the young lady had been taken by Lord Grey's coachman's wife. In order to prove her identity, they had carried her first to one house, where, being tired, she rested for a few hours, thence to a second, where she remained. Then she was spirited

off to a third, after which the clue was lost. One lady, anxious to excuse herself for harbouring the runaway, said she had no idea she was a lady of quality, because "the sleeves of her shift were coarser than the skirt." A good deal of interest centred round other of her garments, and several people swore to a many-coloured striped nightgown, and a quilted petticoat in which she went away—when a sensation was caused by the appearance of the young lady herself in court. She denied that she had seen Lord Grey "but once in a hackney coach at a coffee-house" since she left her father's house, though several people bore witness to his having been at her lodgings "without a perruque"—a negative disguise which the witnesses thought themselves very clever to have pierced.

If it were not for subsequent events she would appear to have perjured herself systematically from a generous desire to screen her lover and spare the sister she had wronged; for she persisted in her denial that her elopement was with Lord Grey, and was censured by the court for her conduct. After a good deal of cross-examination, the jury began to withdraw, and Lord Berkeley broke in with: "My Lord Chief Justice, I desire that I may have my daughter delivered to me again."

The Lord Chief Justice gave the order.

"But," cried Lady Harriette, "I will not go to my father again."

Here was a surprise.

"My lord," said Mr. Justice Dolbin, "she being now in court we must now examine her. Are you under any custody or restraint, madam?"

"No, my lord, I am not."

"Then we cannot deny my Lord Berkeley the custody of his daughter."

"But, my lord, I am married."

Here was another bombshell.

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Turner."

Enter Mr. Turner—they all stare at him; who in the world is Mr. Turner? They ask him where he lives. He answers vaguely: "Sometimes in town, sometimes in the country."

Mr. Justice Dolbin makes a guess at his identity. "He is, I believe, a son of Sir William Turner, the advocate; he is a little like him."

Sergeant Jeffries discharges another shell.

"But we shall prove that he was married before, to a person who is now alive."

Turner denies it. "This is my wife whom I do acknowledge. Here are witnesses, ready to prove it, that were by."

But Lord Berkeley's patience is at an end. "Truly," he says, "as to that, I conceive this court, though it be a great court, has not cognisance of marriage, and though there be a pretence of marriage, yet I know you will not determine it, how ready soever he be to make it out with witnesses; but I desire she may be deliver'd up to me, her father; and let him take his remedy."

"I see no reason," says the Lord Chief Justice tentatively, "but my lord may take his daughter."

"My lord," says Mr. Justice Dolbin, "we cannot dispose of another man's wife. They say they are married. We have nothing to do with it."

"I will go with my husband," cries Lady Harriette, true to her rôle in the comedy.

"Hussy!" cries her father, "you shall go with me."

"Now that the lady is here," says Lord Grey's counsel politely, "I conclude my Lord Grey may be discharged from his imprisonment." (He had already spent fourteen days in close confinement.)

Here was a terrible poser for the judges! Nobody felt quite certain what to say, and no doubt there was a great shaking of wigs over it. Up popped Jeffries, always ready to bully: "No, my lord, we pray he may continue in custody."

The Lord Chief Justice and the Attorney-General argued the point.

Mr. Justice Dolbin was not sure but that they had gone "further than ordinary" in committing him at all, he being a peer.

The Lord Chief Justice thought they were bound to bail him, which they accordingly did. The matter ended, Lord Berkeley returned to his monotone.

"My lord, I desire I may have my daughter."

Lord Chief Justice: "My lord, we do not hinder you."

Lady Harriette: "I will go with my husband."

"Then all who are my friends, seize her, I charge you!"

Then there was a great shuffling and scuffling; words were high and swords were drawn, and the comedy might have ended in tragedy but for the Lord Chief Justice's wisdom. He ordered the tipstaff to carry the lady over to the King's Bench. Mr. Turner requested to go too. They

left the court together, and passed the night in the Marshalsea.

The morning after the trial, the jury (who had given a private verdict overnight) found that all the defendants were guilty, except the lodging-house keeper; which verdict being recorded, was commended by the court and King's Counsel, but in the next vacation (it being the last day of the term) "the matter was confirmed, and so no judgment was ever prayed or entered upon record." But Mr. Attorney-General, before the next Hilary term, entered a *nolle prosequi* as to all defendants.

So ended this ridiculous trial, which reads like a libretto of Gilbert's, for at the end of it nobody seemed to be much the wiser. There was a great deal of fuss about a worthless little wretch of a girl, and after all this trouble and turmoil the father did not get his daughter; Turner turned out a fraud, and probably did not get a penny of the £6000 her father told Lord Grey he would give with her if a third party could be found to marry her; and the lady herself did not even get a husband! The one who scored highest was the principal offender, "the prisoner at the bar," who came off a great deal better than he deserved, in spite of his fortnight's imprisonment, which doubtless completely cured him of his infatuation.

Lady Harriette, whose doings caused a nine days' talk in the town, is known no more to fame. I can find no mention of her in any memoirs of the time that I have read. She only reappears, twenty years later, in Lady Giffard's letter to Lady Portland. Her father has been dead some years, and probably her mother too, for she is apparently under the care or wardship

of Lord Berkeley of Stratton, the death of whose wife has thrown the whole family into a state of bewilderment, and hurried arrangements are being made for everybody.

Lady Giffard goes to Sheen and leaves her London house to him. "Mrs. Garraway" is beseeched to take the children into the country, Lord Berkeley himself half promising to go down to them soon; and everything else being arranged, "Lady Harriette" presents a difficulty—first one thing is arranged for her and then another. Lady Giffard hopes Lady Portland will not mind the change they have made, "that her sister Lucy (Temple) should take charge of her;" and a few days later she writes to say that she is "glad to find my Lady Harriette is to go to Lady Biron, for it is the best place for her in all the town." (Lady Byron was one of Lord Portland's daughters.) The difficulty in disposing of Lady Harriette at the move was because she was very ill, and a fortnight later she died at Tunbridge Wells. That she is called by her maiden name of Berkeley is proof positive that the pretended marriage with Mr. Turner was part of the plot, and he was probably employed by the defendant for his part in the comedy.

The Lady Harriette Berkeley, who a week later is mentioned by Luttrell as "being married to Lord Germaine," was a daughter of the present earl, who was Lord Dursley at the time of the trial, and the two ladies were aunt and niece.

LETTER III

For the Countess of PORTLAND
at the Hague.

MOORE PARK, *August ye 3rd.*

I could not be so good as my word on Friday have been hurried hither by my nephew's journey into Yorkshire sooner than I cared to come or to leave my friends att London. I hope nothing will change the resolution I left my Lord Berkeley in of coming to Henley Park next Friday and bringing my niece Harriett with him or I shd. have had noe comfort in the thoughts of him coming down I fancy will be the last time he will see Henley Park wch. he seems to thinke so desolate a place to live in with so lonely a family in wch. I cannot but agree with him though I do not know what change it would make if it were possible for him to keep the company he brings down with him wch he seems to like better than every other. My niece before that was proposed had thoughts of taking Miss Anne and her nurse while my Ld. was in the Country wch would have been very well liked but don't mention anything write but to myselfe where your letter will be safe. You need have no reserve, I found my Lord Berkeley had a good company last time I was there considering the emptiness of the Town and Mrs Garaway is seldom from him all I could perceive him at all revived was with Mr. Berkeley's coming; who you know is the best child in the world and I was very sorry that he and Mr. William were to leave him soe soon. I found Moore Parke what I am always pleased to see and the care they have to keep it in order looks as if they grew kind to it, I find ye boy what I like very well, so of ye other I can say nothing but y^{t} she grows without improving any other way wh. will make it every day more melancholy. I have now a letter from Ld. Berkeley that tells me La. Harriette

Sir Godfrey Kneller pinxit

LUCY TEMPLE

is now with La. Biron wh. is the best place she can be in att London. I hope that nothing will alter my niece Lucy's coming with my Ld. Berkeley. I don't doubt but there are duch letters before this, but I have 3 days to expect whatever comes with them yt everybody is now soe impatient off, pray God send me y^{t} of y^{r} being well I am soe much more myselfe of late it makes me in pain for you y^{t} must often now afford me two or three lines since I am less in the way of hearing of you from anybody else. My nephew and niece have been with Mrs How at ye Holt who I fancy I shall se soon they say Mrs How has grown very fat I wish you may not thinke more of your friends soe when we meet, I hope ye newes is true from ye Hague the Yacht is to go for you the middle of this month you were never so much wished for nor wanted by yrs.

John and Betty have now got two children. The boy, William, went to Eton, and was living when Lady Giffard died, but he died in his parents' life-time. The girl, who was named Henriette, only lived to be thirteen or fourteen years of age, and was a sad sufferer from her babyhood with heart disease of the most painful kind.

Lady Giffard is evidently growing stout in her advancing years, and it is perhaps comforting to find that Mrs. Howe is keeping her in countenance.

The names of the seven children that were left motherless by the death of Lady Berkeley, as given by Burke in his "Extinct Peerages of Great Britain and Ireland," are:—John, William, Charles, Jane, Frances-Sophia, Barbara, Anne.

John, who is called "Mr. Berkeley," and is "as good a child as can be," succeeded his father in 1740 as fifth baron. He became Captain of the Yeomen

of the Guard to George II., a Privy Councillor, and Captain of a band of Gentlemen Pensioners; he was subsequently Constable of the Tower of London, and Lord-Lieuteuant of the Tower Hamlets. When these letters were written he and his little brother William were at Eton. The latter followed the naval traditions of the family; he died on board his ship the *Tiger*, on his voyage to Barbadoes, in 1733. The title became extinct on the death of John in 1773, he being without children, and the other brother, Charles—who had married Frances, daughter of Colonel West—having died in 1765, leaving only two daughters.

Jane (named, no doubt, after Lady Portland, whose first name was Jane), died unmarried, and Frances married first Lord Byron, and then Sir Thomas Hay of Alderston, N.B.

Barbara married Sir John Trevanian, a Cornish squire, and little "Miss Anne" married, in 1726, James Cocks, Esq., of Reigate, and died less than two years later, leaving a baby son.

PART XI

1715. GEORGE I

FAMILY NEWS

"Of all the pretty arts in which our writers excel, there is not any that is more to be recommended than the skill of transition from one subject to another."—*Satirical Essay in "The Tatler,"* No. 67.

ANOTHER silence of seven years is broken for us by a letter to Mrs. John Temple of Moor Park, written by Lady Giffard from Sheen. Many family events have taken place in the interval. The last letter was to Lady Portland in 1707; this one is dated July 23, 1715. "Betty," and John Temple, and "Doll," and Nicholas Bacon, have been several years married; Henry Temple has made a success of his profession of the law, and is on the eve of the peerage his grandfather and uncle ought to have received; Lord Berkeley has become a Privy Councillor to Queen Anne, and Jonathan Swift, the ex-secretary, one of the best-known men in England. He was convulsing his friends, disgusting his acquaintances, and insulting his enemies with his coarse and witty lampoons; he was clamouring for preferment at one moment, and attacking in daring and virulent tirades people who barred his way at another. He had risen for ever out of his obscurity, and now carried himself with all the insolence of a vulgar mind towards his superiors, into whose society his first patron had introduced him —maintaining, by his extraordinary versatility and

the unscrupulous exercise of his unrivalled wit, a position of considerable importance among them.

His "Last Years of Queen Anne" and "Gulliver's Travels" were yet unwritten, but the "Tale of a Tub" and "The Battle of the Books" had already won him deathless fame. The historic quarrel about the "third part" of Temple's "Memoirs" had not been made up, if indeed it ever was, and Lady Giffard must have looked on with amazement at his rapid rise.

Nearly all the writers of the foregoing letters were dead. Lord Sunderland had succumbed to the gout; his mother, Lady Sunderland (Sacharissa), was sleeping her last sleep beside her young husband, Robert Spencer, who had been laid to rest forty years before in Brington Church; Martha Dingley and Hetty Johnson had practically passed out of Lady Giffard's life; but Lady Portland was always there, and a second generation had arisen to interest her. John and Betty occupied a very warm corner in her heart.

Lady Giffard's Letter to Mrs. Temple.

July ye 23 [1715].

I am very glad More Parke has been revived with so good company but one must expect no sattisfaction in this world without some alloy yours I doubt has had a sensible one with yr news of yr sister's being come to Towne with so ill health which I shall thinke without a miracle, in a close lodging & this season one could not hope yr Doctor's skill great enough to relieve her, I cannot tell you I have seen her & am in doubt whether you may not have bin tempted to make another journey tho' you found soe little reason to like yr last which I am ashamed of myselfe at this distance she thought of soe ineasy & have

Moor Park

had other hindrances this week, but have sent today to know when she goes out of Towne since she would not accept my invitation to change ye scene a little and of passing some time here with me wh. is her natural air, before she returned to a place in wh. she has thought herself dyeing almost ever since she came into it. You hear how Dr. Mead has declared against Dr. Ratliff's (?) advice of her goeing to ye Bath soe yt I don't know from what we are left in hope of any releif which I finde you agree with me in having expected from that.

I think all diseases look desperate at this time and wish there may not be one in yr sister as hopeless as any other wish yt may be passing too much of my time, only with ye entertainment of my own thoughts, but feare tis, and conclude as I think very reasonably from all ye disorders one heares of that I shall never bee quiet agin, and if I may be allowed to say what so many conclude tis ye pursuit of so many to ye scaffold yt has brought it upon us.

The Duke of Ormond has at last thought fit to disappear, which his friends wish had bin sooner. He went from ye Lodge where he had bin all ye summer last Wednesday alone in a hackney coach not followed by any of his servants nor knewe that he was gone till two days after the writts against him were to be sent up next day but the House will now find other imployment of wh. ye papers and His Maj^esties^ speech will give you an account and we here of ye Pretender in one day in England and another in Scotland and talked of they say as familiarly at London as King William was before he came.

This subject is not very entertaining we shall leave it to tell you Mrs. More (?) has prevailed with her husband to let her passe so many days here once in three yeares shee could tell me no news from Moreparke which would have made her more welcome. I wish I had better to send you yt I hope to hear from tomorrow. I made my niece Temple your reproaches who said yt she had writ yt day and is always full of company. I have not yt complaint

nor thank God any other yt is not much lesse then I have reason to expect, but being at soe much greater distance than usual from all my friends and particularly those at More Parke to whom I am ever a most affectionate faithful servant.

For Mrs. TEMPLE,
at More Parke,
near Farnham,
Surrey.

Lady Giffard's idea of an "entertaining" subject to write about is not quite ours. Mrs. More's movements do not thrill us with the same excitement as do those of the unfortunate "Chevalier"; and, however welcome the interruption may have been to Mrs. Temple, the abrupt transition from history to domesticity is to us a little disappointing.

It is to "Betty Temple" of Moor Park that this letter is addressed, and it is therefore Dorothy Bacon (the "little Doll who sets us all to rights" of old days) who is so ill that her friends hardly dare hope that the doctors can do much good. However, the miracle which Lady Giffard so little expected was successfully worked, for Mrs. Bacon lived many years after, long enough to see her son Basil succeed her sister Betty at Moor Park, and inherit many of the Temple treasures—among them the cabinet containing these papers—not omitting this very letter, which speaks of her as one who has little chance of recovery! One wonders which of the two great doctors' advice was followed, and if she went to "ye Bath," or if she got well without it.

The two doctors, Mead and Ratcliffe, who disagreed in their advice to Mrs. Nicholas Bacon, were accounted the greatest physicians of the day. Doctor

Ratcliffe's reputation was not altogether an enviable one. He had attended the death-beds of all the royalties since the Revolution, and only a few months previously he had for the second time in his life been the subject of unpleasant demonstrations from the populace. Owing to being indisposed himself, he had been unable to attend the death-bed of the late queen; and so great was the grief of people that Ratcliffe dared not put his head outside his door for fear of being lynched, for the popular belief was that he "could have saved good Queen Anne," but would not. Ratcliffe was one of those unpleasant people who never shrink from uttering brutal truths, and scorn to soften any blow they may have to inflict—hence the secret alike of his unpopularity and his strength. When William of Orange, who had been more or less infirm from his childhood, asked the doctor anxiously what he thought of his case, Ratcliffe, with cruel bluntness, replied, "That I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms!" For this unfeeling speech Ratcliffe received his *congé*—a punishment which was little or none to him, for he was a Jacobite.

When the little Duke of Gloucester was dying, he diagnosed the poor child's malady as scarlet fever, and the ignorant household physician had been bleeding him. "Who bled him?" asked Ratcliffe in his rough way. The wretched man was obliged to confess his error. "Then you have destroyed him; you may now finish him, I'll not prescribe," was the great doctor's entirely selfish and thoroughly characteristic reply. He would not risk his own reputation on a forlorn hope, which might have done good and

could have done no harm. For this he was heartily abused by the people, who clung to the only scion of the reigning house, and they were not very far wrong perhaps in believing that, though no doubt he knew the child was past human aid before he saw him, this ardent Jacobite was not altogether grieved to see him go.

When Queen Anne was requested to appoint him her private physician, inspired with a lively remembrance, no doubt, of past amenities she answered short and decidedly, "No! Ratcliffe shall never send me word again when I am ill that my ailments are only vappers!"

One can easily believe that poor Mrs. Nicholas Bacon did not get much encouragement when she consulted him, and was very glad to see another doctor.

The "elegant Doctor Mead," as Samuel Garth called him, was an equally keen politician on the opposite side. He it was who, when the queen was *in extremis*, suggested that no time should be lost to secure the throne to the House of Hanover, and urged that a diagnosis of her symptoms should be sent to the court physician there, that the Elector might be prepared to come over to England as soon as the news of her death should reach him. Soon after this the queen rallied, and it is said that Mead could not keep his disappointment out of his face.

He also attended the Duke of Marlborough in his last illness, and report said it required a brave man to do that, for the fierce Sarah was like a tigress defending her cubs. The story went that Mead having said or done something that displeased her,

she flew after him down the grand staircase, not only threatening loudly to pull off his wig, but having every intention of doing so if he had not been too nimble for her.

We may certainly credit Mrs. Bacon's friends with a very honest desire to get at the bottom of her trouble, and give her every chance of recovery. When they consulted two such rivals as Ratcliffe and Mead, it was probably almost a point of conscience on the part of one to take a diametrically opposite view from the other, and the poor lady must have found herself in a quandary as to whose advice to go by. One said, "Go to the Bath," and the other said, "Don't." Perhaps after all she solved the question by changing her mind and accepting Lady Giffard's invitation to go to Sheen, and see what her native or "natural" air would do for her.

Dorothy Temple, it will be remembered, was the younger of the two little daughters of poor Jack Temple. She married Nicholas Bacon of Shrubland, in the county of Suffolk, a grandson of the Lord Keeper, Nicholas Bacon. His mother was Lady Catherine Montague, youngest daughter of the first Lord Sandwich, who died an heroic death on his burning ship after the battle of Southwold Bay in 1672. Lady Catherine, after her husband's death in 1657, had married Mr. Bacon's private chaplain, Rev. Baltashazza Guardemau, a French Protestant refugee from Poitiers. A portrait of Mr. Guardemau still hangs in the library of the vicarage of Coddenham, of which village he was vicar, and where he and Lady Catherine, and practically all the numerous Bacons of Shrubland, lie buried. Shrubland had

been Lyttell property, and had come into the Bacon family through the marriage of the grandfather of "Doll's" husband (to distinguish him from the other Nicholases) with the heiress of the Lyttells. It is situated in one of the prettiest parts of Suffolk, and is some five or six miles from Ipswich.

The fine white house, the Italian tower of which rises out of the trees above its beautiful terraced gardens, can be seen from the Great Eastern Railway on the right hand side of the down-line from Ipswich to Norwich, half-way between the stations of Claydon and Needham Market; but this is not the house "Doll" lived in, but the "new" Hall, which was built by her third son, John, when he came into the property, and was sold at his death in 1788 by his brother Nicholas to G. Middleton, Esq. From the Middletons it came to the Brokes, one of the oldest Suffolk families, and it is now the property of Lady de Saumarez, one of the heiresses of that family.

The old Hall was as unlike the present one as it is possible to imagine. Not nearly so imposing, it must have been infinitely more picturesque, but its long, low rooms were possibly dark and not very cheerful; and it is sad to think poor Doll "thought herself dying" ever since she had been there, but comforting to remember she had passed only three or four years at most at the time alluded to. She had often been ill and delicate, and had lately lost her first boy.

Perhaps, too, she had not yet got acclimatised, and missed the change and movement of the life at Sheen, and pined for the gay days in the house in Pall Mall, and so found Shrubland dull and out of the world. But if that was so, Betty was perhaps feeling much

Repton pinxit

SHRUBLAND OLD HALL

the same at Moor Park. Both sisters must have had a varied experience in childhood in their frequent flittings from London to Moor Park, from Moor Park to Sheen; and both had married men whose happiness lay in a quiet country life. Doll had many children but the same cloud lay over both families; one of Betty's daughters was most cruelly afflicted, and several of Doll's children were crooked and deranged at some period of their lives.

That Dorothy's husband was good to her is seen by the context of her will made in 1758 (forty-one years after her illness mentioned in Lady Giffard's letter). "As I cannot do enough for Mr. Bacon," she writes in a great sprawling, untidy, but not uninteresting hand, "I desire that he should keep all these things for his life if he likes, and after, he would leave them according to my directions."

Besides the chapel there still exist some few remains of the original Hall, enough to mark the place where it once stood, and the date (1637) is still visible on the ruined gable-end of that part of it to the extreme left of the picture reproduced here.

The east window of Coddenham Church was once filled with stained glass, bearing many "coats," that was taken from the long corridor of the "old Hall" when it was pulled down—partly, tradition says, to save the window-tax, and partly because Repton pronounced red-brick houses to be "blots on the landscape."

In the year 1715 Dorothy had been four years married and had had three children. John, who seems to have been her special favourite, was then three months old. She had lost her first baby, who was

christened Nicholas. The second child was named Temple; he lived to man's estate, but died in his parents' lifetime. Five more sons and three daughters were born after this. William, born in 1716, died as an infant; so also did Lionel, born in 1725. Basil, born in 1722, was chosen by the Temples of Moor Park, whose own children had died in their lifetime, as their heir, and he therefore became possessed of much of the Temple property in Co. Cork, Dublin and Wicklow, as well as the Moor Park estate. It was he who set about rebuilding the house there, but he died before it was finished in 1776, and his brother John completed it. Phyllis, born 1729, lived to be nine years old. The eldest girl, Dorothy, died rather early in life, and her mother in her will left to her "dear son John" a ring with "his excellent sister Dorothy's hair" in it. Catherine and Mary lived together in London to a considerable age, and when over sixty years old Mary contracted a marriage with a certain Captain Johnston, who received with her an ample fortune, and with other things all the Dutch Embassy plate, and the Temple jewels, as well as some pictures and fine suits of armour that used to stand in the old Hall at Shrubland.

Nicholas, born 1732, outlived all his brothers and sisters except Mary. He was left with neither parents, nor uncles, nor aunts, nor first cousins; few people were more alone in the world than Dorothy Bacon's youngest son Nicholas. At the death of his brother John in 1788, he inherited the whole of the Shrubland estates, and all the lands in Coddenham and Barham. He had married in 1780 Anna Maria Browne, daughter of John Browne, Esquire, of Tunstall and Ipswich.

After five years of happiness she died and left no child. Nicholas never married again. He sold the Shrubland estate, and built the present vicarage at Coddenham—a large red-brick house with one wing, the main part being three storeys, and a basement as well. He brought most of the pictures and valuables from Shrubland, and lived there for the rest of his life. His kinsman, John Longe, had married his wife's sister, and Nicholas was deeply attached to them both. Had they had any children at the time of John Bacon's death, Nicholas would not have sold Shrubland; but they, like him, had been married several years, and there seemed no prospect of a family. No sooner, however, was the deed done, than the first of five children arrived on the scene. Nicholas promptly made his will in favour of John Longe (who was the son of the rector of Spixworth in Norfolk, and first cousin of the squire there), and left him the livings of Coddenham, Crowfield, and Barham, and all his lands in those two parishes, with the house and all his personalty. John Longe found himself so over-housed that he lowered the vicarage by one storey, and made it a more convenient size.

Only a few lines of the letter changes the scene from the Bacons' country life at Shrubland to the storm-tossed existence of the courtiers.

The Duke of Ormond who has "thought fit to disappear," was the son of the gallant Lord Ossory, who died in his father's lifetime, and on the subject of whose education his grandfather, the "Great Duke," wrote to Sir William Temple for advice. His career was a chequered one, and he lived to an immense age, dying at Madrid in 1745 at the age of ninety-two.

He was one of the first of the English noblemen to attach himself to William of Orange, who gave him the Garter when he was elevated to the throne. He was constituted Lord High Constable of England for the coronation day of William and Mary, and attended William at the battle of the Boyne. Three years later at Loudon he had his horse killed under him, and received several wounds, when he was taken prisoner by the French and carried to Namur.

The name of Ormond was one to conjure with, and when Anne became queen she made him commander-in-chief of the land forces sent against France and Spain, an expedition which covered him with honour. He destroyed the Spanish galleons and the French fleet in Vigo harbour, and received the thanks of Parliament. In 1712 he reached the summit of his success. He was appointed to the Duke of Marlborough's post as captain-general and commander-in-chief of her Majesty's land forces in Great Britain.

Then, with the new dynasty, came the inevitable change. He had been one of the Privy Council who signed the proclamation declaiming George I. as King of England. The king, however, received him graciously enough on his arrival, but a few days later Ormond found himself removed from his great offices, and within a very short time impeached in Parliament for "high crimes and misdemeanours," on account of which he retired into France. This happened in the summer of 1715, and thus gives us the date of Lady Giffard's letter. He evidently did not cross the water any too soon! For "the writts," she tells us, "were to be sent up next day." No sooner had he reached France than he was

attainted, his estates forfeited, and all his honours extinguished. In 1721 an Act was passed enabling his brother, Lord Arran, to purchase the escheated property, which he did, but the dukedom was not revived. Ormond was only fifty-five when he left England, so he lived out a long exile of thirty-five years. His first wife was Anna Hyde, a daughter of Lord Rochester; she died less than a year after her marriage, with her infant child. His second wife was Mary, Lady Somerset, the Duke of Beaufort's daughter; their only child, Mary, married Lord Ashburnham.

We have now come to the first year of the reign of George I. Lady Giffard had lived to see the last of the Stuarts. As a child of eleven she must have been thrilled with horror at the murder of King Charles; she had rejoiced at the Restoration; mourned with her brother, no doubt, over Charles II.'s delinquencies; sympathised with the sorrows of King James, who had shown such friendship for the family; shared perhaps Lady Temple's affection for Queen Mary; and, under the wing of the Duchess of Somerset, had been frequently at the court of Anne.

All this was over now. Lady Giffard's visits to Richmond and Kensington were a thing of the past. "Though you are such a near neighbour to the Court," wrote the Duchess of Somerset to her in that same year, "I do not think you see much of it." One may perhaps read between the lines here. "And neither do I," the duchess might have added, for her daughter's husband, Sir William Wyndham, was then in the Tower on suspicion of favouring the

invasion of the "Pretender." The Duke of Somerset had been deprived of the Mastership of the Horse on account of his passionate resentment of the treatment of his son-in-law, and the duchess must have felt considerably more than she said. Besides all this, there were circumstances connected with the House of Hanover that did not recommend her to the new king. It will be remembered that the brother of the man whom his queen loved had been the lover of the Lady Elizabeth Percy. The Königsmarks had been too intimately associated with the duchess for her to be cordially received at the court of King George; she possibly knew far too much! The disgraced Lord Oxford had been escorted to the Tower by a great concourse of people, who openly expressed their disapproval of the act, and those who had kept the king's first English birthday in the customary way had been insulted by the populace; and the next day happening to be the anniversary of the Restoration, all London had been ablaze with bonfires and illuminations, and the streets re-echoed with tumultuous mirth. Discontent was gaining ground every day, and, as Lady Giffard says, there seemed little chance of things ever being quiet again; while the Duchess of Somerset says it was dangerous to be abroad after dark, and the "disorders" alluded to were serious riots resulting from the variety of parties at that time existing, with whom the Hanoverian king was by no means popular. Had the details of his private life been better known he had assuredly been less so, for John Bull's sense of justice would have revolted at the thought of the sad and lonely prisoner of Zell, the "uncrowned queen,"

who, for supposed infidelity to a man who was never faithful to her, languished for thirty years in rigid confinement in her lonely castle of Ahlden, tortured with a cruel uncertainty as to the fate of her lover. That lover had long lain murdered under the stones at the foot of a staircase leading to her private apartments at Herrenhausen, down which she had unwittingly passed many times before her final removal from the court.

Puritan England might—and would—have condemned the unhappy girl, for she was little more. But it would also have execrated the refinement of cruelty, and the long-drawn-out system of revenge conceived and carried out, by a man whose paltry intelligence and sordid mind could make no concessions to the thoughtless youth of his giddy young wife. She had fallen a victim to the dangerous fascinations of the gallant and handsome Count Königsmark, whose fatal passion for her cost him his life and her liberty.

But fortunately the English public knew little or nothing of all this, or the "disorders" might have been attended with more serious consequences. As it was, things were bad enough at the moment when Lady Giffard wrote her letter. She is very wary in what she says, and makes no criticism beyond gently suggesting that the "pursuing of so many to the scaffold is the cause of the riots." The executions she alludes to were those of the Jacobite Earls of Derwentwater, Carnworth, and Wintoune, the Lords Widdrington, Kenmuir, and Nairne. Every effort was made to obtain mercy for them; but George showed the brutish stubbornness which he had

exhibited towards his wife, and would listen neither to petitions presented in Parliament nor to the frantic appeals of their wives, and Derwentwater and Kenmuir went to their death on Tower Hill, as many brave men had done before them. Derwentwater was an amiable youth, brave, open, generous, hospitable, and humane. His fate drew tears from the spectators, and was the cause of great grief and misery in his own country. "He gave bread to multitudes of people he employed on his estate; the poor, the widow, and the orphan rejoiced in his bounty." Kenmuir was a calm, sensible, resolute man resigned to his fate.

"My niece Temple" (Betty's mother), "who is always full of company," had perhaps the taste of her ancestors for society; and though she never certainly held a salon in London in any way comparable with the réunions of the Hôtel Rambouillet at Paris, yet she possibly attracted to her house many interesting people. This is the last mention we have of her in any of the letters, through which she has passed as a mere shadow, with nothing real about her but her relationship to the Temple family.

The name of Mrs. More, whose "niggardly husband" will only spare her to Lady Giffard for a paltry three days' visit in three years, only occurs twice in the course of this memoir—once in this letter and once in Lady Giffard's will.

DR. YOUNG'S LETTERS

A GENTLEMAN OF "BIRTH, BREEDING, AND LEARNING," QUALIFICATIONS FOR A FELLOWSHIP AT ALL SOULS.

1719–20. GEORGE I

The writer of the following three letters was Dr. Edward Young, "an ingenious poet and divine." He was the son of the good and learned Dean of Salisbury, once chaplain to Lord Ossory and then to Queen Mary, who in either of these appointments would have been certain to have made acquaintance with the Temples, and in writing to Lady Giffard his son was probably addressing an old family friend.

Edward the younger was born in 1684, educated at Winchester and Oxford, going first to New College, then to Christchurch as a gentleman-commoner, till in 1708 Archbishop Tennison put him into a law fellowship at All Souls; but though bred to the law he never practised it, the "turn of his mind leading him to divinity." Later in life he took holy orders, and was appointed chaplain to George II. in 1728. Two years later he left his college to marry Lady Betty Lee, a sister of Lord Lichfield, and a "lady of excellent endowment and great sweetness of temper."

Lady Betty had been married before to her cousin Colonel Lee, a descendant of brave old Sir Henry Lee, the champion of beauty to Queen Elizabeth, whose portrait, with his faithful mastiff, hung, and doubtless still hangs, in Lady Betty's old home at Ditchley in Oxfordshire. The mastiff is the hero of one of the perennial dog stories that never pall. A plot was afoot in Sir Henry's household to rob and assassinate

the master. On the night fixed for the crime, for no apparent reason the mastiff insisted on accompanying Sir Henry upstairs, a thing he had never done before, as he was no favourite and his owner seldom noticed him. He crept under the bed and refused to be driven away by the valet, so his master let him stay. In the dead of night the would-be assassin came in, and was instantly seized by the amateur detective and held with a powerful grip till he confessed his intention. In the corner of the picture are inscribed some lines, beginning "More faithful than favoured," and ending with this couplet:

> "But in my dog whereof I made no store
> I find more love than where I trusted more."

Dr. Young's name is familiar to many of us as the writer of a ponderous volume of verse entitled "Night Thoughts." Few of us have read it, and still fewer would desire to participate in his nocturnal musings.

On their marriage he and his wife, with her daughter, whom Young learned to love as if she were his own, retired to the college living of Welwyn in Hertfordshire. It was not till after her death in 1741 that Dr. Young began writing in the melancholy and morbid strain of his principal work. He had the grief, which he took very deeply to heart, of losing his wife, his son-in-law, and his stepdaughter in the short space of a year. This triple bereavement suggested the "Night Thoughts," which were the result of ten years' mourning. It is dedicated to "Lorenzo, a man of pleasure," in whom contemporaries thought they recognised his scapegrace son Frederick, who was dismissed from Baliol College for misdemeanours. This so displeased his father, that though he left

him his whole fortune at his death, he would never again see him in his lifetime.

The full meaning of this poem, as of most of the others, is lost to us in the present day through the regrettable absence of a key. Close students of contemporary history might possibly discover the identity of many well-known people hidden under classical names, but this is beyond the province and powers of the editor of this book. The story of Lady Jane Grey is told in "The Force of Religion." His satires hit hard on all sides, and show some traces of humour, in which his writings (unlike most of those of his time) are generally lacking. He lashes the idlers and sycophants of the age without mercy. The following quotation shows us his object in writing them. Apostrophising his muse in the conventional fashion of the day, he says:

"Though bold these truths, thou Muse, with truths like these
Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please.
Let others flatter to be flatter'd; thou,
Like just *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common-sense
To write a *Satire* which gave none *offence!*
And, since from *life* I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure *me?*
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And God-like an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honest men* pay all."

But to return to "Night Thoughts." In Night III., all through the wearisome verbosity which sometimes obscures the sense, runs the pathetic history of his stepdaughter's death. The pulse of the poet's heart throbs painfully, and under the name of Narcissa he tells us the incredible story of her burial.

Soon after Lady Betty died and was laid to rest in Welwyn Church, this only daughter, who had lately lost her husband almost immediately after her marriage, fell sick of an illness which was probably consumption. Her distressed stepfather carried her off to Montpelier, where he hoped the softer climate would cure her; but an unusually cold season did her more harm than good, and she died in spite of all his care.

> ". . . With haste, parental haste,
> I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid North,
> Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
> And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun
> (As if the sun could envy) checkt his beam,
> Deny'd his wonted succour, or with more
> Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
> Of lilies; fairest lilies not so fair."

With an inhumanity and cruelty incredible to us in these more enlightened days, the Church of Rome denied this dead girl, the child of a gallant British officer and stepdaughter of an eminent English churchman, Christian burial on the plea of her being a heretic. The case was a desperate one, and the doctor could not bear to lay his darling in unconsecrated ground. He conceived the extraordinary idea, which, with the assistance of his servant under cover of night he successfully carried out, of circumventing his persecutors and burying her in hallowed ground.

> "With pious sacrilege a grave I stole;
> With impious piety that grave I wrong'd;
> Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
> More like her murderer than friend, I crept,
> With soft suspended step; and, muffled deep
> In midnight darkness, *whisper'd* my last sigh.
> I whisper'd what should echo through their realms;

Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.
Presumptuous fear! How durst I dread her foes,
While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
Pardon necessity, blest shade! Of grief
And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my pray'r,
Kindled at man, whilst I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust;
Stampt the curst soil; and with humanity
(Deny'd Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave."

In spite of their bigotry Narcissa's death raised a storm of sympathy and regret in the French watering-place, that had meted out such hard measure to the fair young Englishwoman. Over her sad fate even strangers wept—

". . . their eyes let fall
In human tears, strange tears that trickled down;
While nature melted, superstition reigned,
That mourned the dead and yet denied a grave—
Denied the charity of dust to spread o'er dust,
A charity their dogs enjoy."

What wonder that in this last culminating horror the poor man's spirit broke down, and caused him to give way to the morbid melancholy that pervades his greatest work! Yet with surprising energy, after he was eighty years of age, he wrote his "Conjectures on Original Composition," of which his critics said, "We are not surprised so much that it had faults as how it should come to have so many beauties." The work, they thought, was his "brightening before death"—his swan song we should call it—and they lament that he did not stop there and hesitate to expose his "taper burning in its socket" by a poem called "Resignation," published shortly before his death. This took place in his parsonage house, where for some years he had lived in great retirement, with only a housekeeper

to look after him. He "passed as silent to the grave as piety or modesty could wish," at a time when religious observances had declined almost to the point of being discontinued altogether; and he who ventured so much to give his step-daughter decent burial, was himself carried to the grave with less respect and consideration than he would have accorded to the meanest of his parishioners.

He had been "so long remembered that he was forgotten at the end." His reputation as a poet had waned, his writings were out of date, and before he died he ordered all his manuscripts to be burned. Perhaps in this holocaust the "Cabola" may have perished too. (See page 304.)

His wit was "poignant, but too restrained"; and Swift said of him "that as a satirist he should have been more merry or more severe."

The parson of Welwyn had a care for the amusements of his parishioners as well as the cure of their souls, and he instituted an assembly in the place and a bowling green, where he would sometimes have a game with the villagers in the summer evenings.

He loved his garden too, but even there the curious detachment of his mind is seen. He had, for instance, made an alcove with a picture of a bench so painted that at a distance it seemed a real one, but upon a nearer approach the deception was perceived and this motto appeared: "Invisibilia non decipiunt" —"the things unseen do not deceive us."

His epigram, spoken extemporarily upon Voltaire, was this:

> "Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
> Thou seem'st a Milton with his death and sin."

At that period Voltaire's teaching was rampant, and atheism spreading far and wide. Young specially resented his attack on Milton, whose works he greatly admired.

On April 12, 1765, his lonely old age came to an end. So careless had the ungrateful people grown in his parish, that the church bell did not toll for their rector till his coffin was brought out of the house; and though he was both founder and endower of a charity school there, neither the master nor the children were present at his funeral, though he was followed, at his own express wish, by some of the poorest of his flock.

They laid him where one feels he would have wished to have been laid—beside his wife, under the Holy Table, which is one of the most curious in the kingdom, and for which Lady Betty with her own hand had embroidered the beautiful altar-cloth.

But all these tragedies happened long after he wrote to Lady Giffard, and the letters we have before us were written from All Souls, presumably in 1719 and 1720, when he was still leading a comfortable bachelor life in his college rooms. He was tutoring the young Lord Burghley, referred to in one of his letters, whose susceptible disposition caused his tutor some anxious moments. The letters are dated with the days of the month only, but the allusion to the youthful nobleman's love affair dates them approximately. John, Lord Burghley, was the eldest son of the sixth Earl of Exeter, whom he succeeded in 1721, and grandson of the Lord Burghley of whom Lady Sunderland wrote in 1668 that "he would as soon marry Lady Rich as any one else, but would rather marry no one." He died unmarried in 1722; so it is certain

that if Dr. Young did not succeed in curing his infatuation for an undesirable young lady, he at least tided him successfully over his calf-love without his pupil committing himself to matrimony. One can only hope that the "palpitation" did not terminate his existence, for sightseeing does not always cure the heartache, any more than a course of Virgil, as recommended by Lady Giffard to her bereaved niece; and one cannot but think that a little judicious mixing in the society of ladies "of his own quality" would have been more efficacious in effacing the too tender an impression of the other. (See page 304.)

A later Lord of Burghley brought a humble bride to "Burleigh House by Stamford Town"—a beautiful village girl, who died of too much grandeur, oppressed

> "With the burden of an honour
> Unto which she was not born."

Her pathetic history is the subject of one of the loveliest of Tennyson's English idylls. She found a palace where she looked for a cottage. Burghley House, in all its magnificence, may well have crushed the village maid, with its Grinling Gibbons doors and overmantels, its gorgeous painted ceilings, its services of gold and silver, its glorious pictures and priceless china, its tapestry-hung chambers and silken damask curtains, and sofas; its spacious rooms and long corridors, peopled with nude goddesses and cupids, and all its bewildering medley of pagan and Christian art. To all this splendour Dr. Young's charge was heir. Assuredly it behoved Dr. Young to see that no unworthy mistress was brought to reign there through any lack of vigilance on his part; and he was probably right in his judgment that the possession of

the underbred fair lady would eventually cause a wretchedness more eternal than the loss of her.

ALL SOULS,
Jan. 17.

MADAM,—I had long since answered y^e^ Favour of y^r^ last had I not proposed waiting on y^r^ Lyship when I received it in a few days which Design Accidents drove of till last Week at which time I endeavoured to pay my Respects to y^r^ Ladyship but not so fortunate as to find you at Home nor to have time enough in Town to make a second Visit leaving it early the next morning. I endeavoured likewise to wait on Mr. Temple in St. James Square but He was out of town on an occasion which I am sorry for.

Rutland w^h^ your Ladyship is pleased to enquire after is I believe a perfect creature of Mr. Banks and I followed him implicitly in it, but if the case is as you represent it if the Earl married y^e^ Widow of S^r^ P. Sidney & she had that mark of distinction from y^e^ Queen which you mention it will do infinitely better for my purpose. I wish Madam you would refer me to any authority in Print or Manuscipt to confirm it.

I have Madam been so hurried of late as men often are with doing of nothing that I have not found time to transcribe the second act; but as soon as it is Fair it shall wait upon you for after y^r^ Present of a first Act all the others are a debt. Essex's mistress being S^r^ P^ps^ Widdow Walsinghams Daughter abd being termed by y^e^ Queen her Egyptian are all potentialities of beautiful consequence to my Design. I thank y^r^ La^ysp^ for the Information and am with ye greatest and truest respect—Madame y^r^ Ladyships Most faithfull Humble Servt. E. YOUNG.

ALL SOULS, OXON.,
Feb. y^e^ 6th.

MADAM,—It is ye peculiar happiness of some Persons that whatever they do is most Agreeable; of w^h^ y

Ladyship gave me a very extraordinary Instance in y^r^ last, where you make even the shortening of y^r^ letter to me an obliging action by the kind motive You assign for y^r^ doing it and if y^r^ Ladyship can make a thing of that nature Agreeable I know nothing that you cannot make to me.

I am now Madam thoroughly satisfied of y^e^ truth of y^r^ Ladyships information with relation to y^e^ Egyptian, and I hope in some measure to deserve the favour you have done me in acquainting me with it by making some tolerable use of it, w^h^ without ye least shadow of a compliment is the most direct way I know of to shew my gratitude for such a favour to such a nature as yours.

I have lately Madam been a little alarmed L^d^ B——y having seen a Lady in this place who has given him the palpitations of the Heart. I design therefore soon to leave this Place and if possible the thoughts of y^e^ fair Lady behind us Though his Lordship is at present so true a Lover as to vow wretchedness for Life, the wretchedness either of Despair or Possession for she is not of his quality, but this is a secret. To amuse his L^d^ship for y^e^ last ten days I have had Him about y^e^ neighbouring country to see sights, but I was not able to find any Prospect or Building sufficiently beautiful to Rival Mrs. —— in his thoughts.—I am Honoured Madam, with y^e^ greatest truth and Respect y^r^ L^y^ships most obedient & Humb. Ser^vt^. E. Y.

ALL SOULS,
Nov. 22.

MADAM,—This letter is not to acknowledge the Receipt of y^e^ Cabola I have not yet had time to look into it, being very warmly engaged in a Pursuit which probably Mr. Cary has or will mention to y^r^ Ladyship. I give you joy of y^r^ winter quarters, I hope the Town will pay for the loss of sweet air and quiet you left behind at Sheen. I will now dress my Heroe by that assistance you have been pleased to send me, so that I shall look on Him (if he deserves

that honour) as partly yours. This I assure your Ladyship without a compliment I am much better pleased with him than I was before since I find I have you for a rival in my esteem of him. I think him the truest Englishman I ever knew, for he is bold, generous, and indiscreet. I beg my humble respects to all your Ladyships Relations w^{h} I have the Honour of knowing in Town. I have allmost finished the Second Act which shall wait on you.—I am Madam with All Respect Y^{r} Ladyships much obliged & ever Dutiful Humble Sert. E. YOUNG.

To the Honble.
Lady Giffard,
at her house in Dover Street,
London.

The three letters addressed by Dr. Young to Lady Giffard have reference to a play he was writing. Unfortunately they are evidently not the first of the correspondence, but are in answer to some information she has already given him relating to the marriage of Lord Essex (Queen Elizabeth's favourite) with Frances Walsingham, Sir Philip Sidney's widow.

To learn that Lady Giffard "gave him his first act," and was of so much help to him in the second—so much so that he considered the play was "partly her's"—and yet to be unable to trace that second act in his published works, is most tantalising. It was possibly never finished, or else burnt with the MSS. he destroyed at Welwyn before he died.

The Earl of Rutland is one of the principal characters in Banks' play "The Maid's Tragedy," and is shown by him to be a very noble gentleman. He married Sir Philip Sidney's only daughter—not his widow; and the context of the letter leads one to suppose that Young must have confused the mother and

daughter and their relations with the two earls, for Essex certainly married Sir Philip's widow. He and Sir John Temple had been with Sidney when he died after Zutphen. Four years later, finding "no one could console the widow but himself," he was "disinterested" enough to marry her—though secretly, for he had not the courage to avow his marriage to Queen Elizabeth. A more dangerous proceeding could not have been conceived, for he as well as all the court knew that the queen was in love with him, and to have married without her knowledge was to insult the woman as well as the queen. Young calls him "indiscreet" in this matter. He was certainly culpably indiscreet, particularly as Lady Walsingham, with due respect for her daughter's reputation, insisted on her remaining under her roof and being called by the servants "my Lady Essex."

The jealous fury of the injured queen when the marriage was discovered, with Essex's subsequent disgrace and execution, made one of the darkest stains on the history of her reign. It is always hard to forgive deceit in those we love—so hard that Elizabeth found it impossible until it was too late. The treachery of the Countess of Salisbury, who withheld the ring that would have saved his life, was a blow from which she never recovered. It is pitiable to reflect that thirteen years later, while the now broken and remorseful Elizabeth, grown old and failing, was sitting in the dark shedding impotent tears for her dead favourite, his widow was ready to console herself for a third time with the handsome young Lord Clanricarde. His resemblance to Essex had made Elizabeth's anxious councillors bring him prominently into

her notice, with the hope of giving her another favourite who might coax her back to something like cheerfulness. But their kind intentions failed, and they only succeeded in finding a third husband for Lady Essex, whom everybody pitied, while her lord's real mourner, old and inconsolable, sank slowly into her grave.

It was a version of this tale that Dr. Young was apparently engaged on at this time. The third letter, which is written many months later, shows that Lady Giffard had been proved correct in all her assertions. Her corrections had possibly upset all Young had previously written, and perhaps prevented his play ever seeing the light.

She has perhaps sent him the "Cabala" with the idea of provoking a criticism, or at least an opinion on it; for, though not unreasonably superstitious, the Temples were interested in the mystic sciences. Sir William once made an exhaustive inquiry on witches, and had some respect for the science of astrology. "Cabala" was a mysterious kind of science believed by the Jews to have been given to them by Divine revelation, and "cabalists," by a curious system of cipher, pretended to discover hidden meanings in the scriptures, and, by the use of occult knowledge thus obtained, to foretell the future. It is scarcely likely, at the age Lady Giffard was now, that she intended pursuing the study on her own account; but she possibly wished for the opinion of a man of recognised ability, like the learned Fellow of All Souls, on the value and genuineness of its theories, which the poor man possibly had neither time nor inclination to investigate.

PART XII

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET AND HER LETTERS

1719–1722

"A faithful friend is a strong defence, and he that hath found such an one hath found a treasure.

"Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to the old. A new friend is like wine—when it is old you shall drink it with pleasure."—*Miscellanea.*

THE history of this pleasant-looking, fair-haired duchess, to whom some of her contemporaries deny the grace of beauty, is one of the most romantic of the many romantic histories of her time. Before she was sixteen she had been twice married and widowed. Murder, and intrigue, and plotting was from first to last to hang round this gentle, kindly, home-loving woman, who, as a child, was the greatest and most sought-after heiress in the kingdom, and who eventually married handsome Charles Seymour, "the proud Duke" of Somerset, and became the friend and favourite of Queen Anne, and her Mistress of the Robes and Groom of the Stole, to the bitter chagrin of the Duchess of Marlborough, whom she succeeded.

Her history is so well known that one feels one must almost apologise for repeating it here. The Lady Elizabeth Joceline was the heiress of all the wealth of the Percys. Her father, the eleventh Duke of Northumberland, died, leaving his little girl to represent this great and noble family. She was

Sir Peter Lely pinxit

Deare Mädam

y^r^ most affectionat
humble seruant

E Somerset

first married as a child of ten or eleven years to Henry, Lord Ogle, son of the Duke of Newcastle, but she never left her grandmother's house for him. She was barely fourteen when her young husband died, and the child-widow was brought to Whitehall in her weeds. A melancholy little figure this slim, half-grown girl must have looked in that gay court with its beautiful, wanton, and fascinating women in all their blaze of jewels and lace! The little black-robed figure moving amongst them must have struck an inharmonious note, and one that did not escape the king's notice. He called her "*la triste héritière*." One may easily guess there were not wanting suitors, who were only waiting till she took off her weeds to ask for her hand; and the matter was duly considered by her guardians. This time Mr. Thomas Thynne of Longleate, in Northamptonshire ("Tom of ten thousand," as he was called), was chosen for her husband. "Lady Ogle, 'tis said," wrote the Countess of Manchester to Lord Hatton on August 2, 1681, "will certainly marrie Mr. Thynne, if it be not already done."

The re-marriage of so great an heiress naturally made some noise in the world. Sir Charles Lyttleton, writing to the same Lord Hatton on October 11th, says (alluding to another matter), "Thom. Thinne told me, who by ye ways lyes there" (at Richmond), "to be within sent of Lady Ogle, for he does not visit her yet nor is like to do till she comes hither" (probably to Sion House), "which will be the last of this month when her mourning is out. Ye next day sheele open her doors to all pretenders, though I think 'tis scarce to be doubted but that she has entertained

Mr. Thin's addresses by 3rd. hands, and is too farr engaged to him to receive any others."

The marriage must have taken place very soon after this, for a month later there is a fiasco and a *dénouement*. Tom Thynne is threatened with a prosecution by Lady Trevor, the widow of Sir John Trevor, an ex-Secretary of State, who declares he is already married to her daughter. The king, roused to an honest indignation on Lady Ogle's behalf, protests that she has been meanly and basely betrayed by her friends, who had deceived her (why, one cannot imagine) about his age and his fortune, and Lady Ogle suddenly vanishes from the scene.

"My Lady Ogle went up yesterday with her grandmother" (the Countess of Northumberland), wrote Sir Charles again on November 10th, "and there slipt from her, and 'tis not yet known who is gone with her." It was to Brussels that the little lady first went, and there she spent a great deal of time with the Temples. Lady Temple, whose position as wife of the English ambassador enabled her to do so, took the unfortunate girl under her protection; and if they had not already met before, it was perhaps then that her lifelong friendship began with Lady Giffard.

At the Hanoverian court she made a less desirable acquaintance in the person of Count Charles Königsmark, a younger brother of Count Philip, whose fatal passion for the unhappy Princess Sophia Dorothea of Zell has been told in all its tragic details by Mr. Wilkins, in his "Love of an Uncrowned Queen." The story of Count Charles is less romantic, for it lacks the glamour of love; it is but the history of a

clumsy plot and a dastardly murder. It is impossible to believe that any suspicion of his wicked scheme ever entered the mind of the innocent girl to gain whom it was concocted, though evil tongues were not wanting who pretended that it was done with her sanction. Swift's scurrilous pen was employed thirty years after in raking up the tale, with the hope that some of the pitch might stick. But the life of the Duchess of Somerset, lived in the full glare of the light that beat on her almost royal state, and her unbroken friendship with the Thynne family, gave the lie to his base insinuations better than any words could do; and he found himself hoist with his own petard, for it was said that it was this insolent lampoon that lost him Winchester.

The insulting lines in which he attacked the duchess occur in the widely known "Windsor Prophecy," in which he sought to smirch the reputations of the Tory ladies of the court in a string of ill-conditioned verses, in the form of an address to the lately widowed queen. The attack on the duchess runs thus—

"England, dear England! if I understand,
Beware of carrots from Northumberland;
Carrots sown Thinne a deeper root may get
If so be they are in summer set.
Their Cummings mark thou, for I have been told
They Assassine when young and prison when old.
Root out those carrots, Oh Thou whose name
Spelled backwards and forwards is always the same.

And keep close to thee always that name
That spelled backwards and forwards is nearly the same.
And England, wouldst thou be happy still,
Bury those carrots under a Hill."

The play of words in the first eight lines of this

witty doggerel is so plain that he who runs may read, but the last two are not quite so clear. They refer to Mrs. Masham, the queen's favourite Woman of the Bedchamber, whose maiden name was Hill, and she was a particular friend of Swift's, who would gladly have seen her in the Duchess of Somerset's place.

Briefly, the story of the Königsmark episode is this. Count Charles, enamoured either of the lady herself or of the *beaux yeux de sa cassette*, conceived the idea of marrying her, and came to England disguised under the assumed name of Carlo Cuski, with the object of getting rid of the man who stood in the way of his desire. He arrived in London in the following February, accompanied by a certain Captain Vratz, concealed himself in a lodging in the Haymarket while Vratz looked about him and gained information respecting the habits and hours of "Esquire Thynne" and engaged the services of a man named Stern. Finding the place "too public," he removed to Rupert Street, where he assumed a further disguise, and was known "by no name but that of the stranger." Stern having discovered among the aliens (who, even then, took refuge in the slums of London) a needy Pole who was willing to play the assassin for a consideration, the count made another move to St. Martin's Lane, where, under the plea of illness, he remained indoors, visited only by his brother's tutor and a doctor, who "physicked him." It was to this lodging that Vratz brought the news that the deed was done. When all London was ringing next morning with the tale of the murder, and Vratz, Stern, and Borowski had been taken prisoners, Königsmark, disguised as a merchant, was hiding at

Rotherhithe in the house of a Swede named Raynes, waiting for an opportunity of getting out of England. This, however, he did not succeed in doing, and was brought back to London and put on his trial, at which the murdered man's footman gave a graphic description of the attack. "My master, Mr. Thynne," he said, "was coming up St. James' Street from my Lady Northumberland's, and I had a flambeau in my hand, and was going before the coach (it was about eight o'clock on a Sunday evening, the 11th or 12th of February), when, at the lower end of St. Alban's Street, I heard a blunderbuss go off, and turning my face saw a great smoke, and heard my master cry out he was murdered, and I saw three horsemen riding away on the right side of the coach. I pursued them and cried out 'Murder!' I ran to the upper end of the Haymarket, and turning back again, my master was got into the house, and I understood he was wounded, which is all I know."

A ridiculously transparent story was trumped up for the defence, to the effect that Vratz was seeking an honourable encounter with Mr. Thynne, on account of some objectionable remarks he had made about the count's (Königsmark) person and his horse in his hearing some eight months before, and that Vratz would have challenged him to a duel, but that he feared that the "Squire" would not think him a gentleman of sufficiently high degree to cross swords with, and that therefore he had recourse to stratagem. He had intended to accost him on his descent from his coach at his own door, and to force a quarrel on him and kill him "fairly," but Borowski rushed the situation by firing into the coach.

Hanson, the aforementioned tutor, in his evidence said that the count had told him in "familiar discourse" that Thynne had spoken abusive language of him, and that he fain would know what would be the consequence if he called Thynne to account; and in case he decided to "meddle" with the gentleman, would the laws of England be "contrary to him" in the hopes or pretensions he might have to my Lady Ogle? At his request Hanson consulted on the subject the Swedish envoy, who replied that the count would have but ill living in England if he meddled with Mr. Thynne, but what the law was he could not answer.

The whole of the evidence of this trial, given for the most part by people whose purpose was to get the guilty man off, was of the most damning character, and could have left no shadow of doubt on the minds of every one present that Königsmark was the instigator, and that the wretched men who were in his pay did but carry out his directions. Yet, by the grossest miscarriage of justice (flagrant even for the corrupt days of Judge Jeffreys), he was acquitted, while his accomplices, as well as the actual murderer, were condemned to death.

Königsmark's own account of the reason of his presence in England was, that he had come over with a design to raise a regiment here to serve the King of England against the French, and that the Pole was taken into his service in order that he might "dress the horses" in the German way, and that he had previously sent over a thousand pistoles to buy horses.

Either the thousand pistoles were not sufficient, or

horses were very difficult to procure, for apparently the only one he had bought was the little bay horse on which the coachman of the murdered man noticed him riding away.

Owing to the various nationalities of the accused, this travesty of a trial was carried on alternately in French, English, and Dutch, interpreters translating evidence for the benefit of those who did not understand, and doing so doubtless with a freedom that was not conducive to a clear understanding of the progress of the case. At one period some very disquieting questions were put to the count. He evaded them by a speech of the most unblushing flattery. Appealing to the Puritanical vanity of his judges, he said that he thought it a "great happiness to appear before a Protestant judicature, being himself a Protestant." "He says," proceeded his interpreter, Sir Nathaniel Johnson, "that his forefathers were soldiers under Gustav Adolphus, and that it has been the honour of himself and his family that they had always been ready to venture their lives for the Protestant religion; and that if any of his former actions can give the least suspicion of his being guilty of this or any foul act, he is very willing to lay down his life and be cut off immediately; that he had been very willing to serve the King of England, and that he loves the English nation, and that he brought his brother into England against the will of his relations that he might be brought up in the Protestant religion, and to show his inclinations to the English nation."

All this was greedily swallowed by the jury, who were half Dutch and half English; and on their return within half-an-hour they brought in the "three

principals guilty" and the count not guilty. But the court ordered to take a recognisance of the count, with three sureties, to appear the next sessions and answer any appeal if brought.

The loyalty of these ruffians to Königsmark is very remarkable. Not one of the three appears to have attempted in any way to shield himself by inculpating the count.

Sir Charles Lyttleton, who went to see Vratz executed, wrote: "I saw the execution yesterday of the German captain," &c. "The captain died very boldly and unconcerned; neither did he, as I hear, before nor then, own that ye Count was privy to ye murder. The other two shewed very penitent, and 'tis thought could discover nothing of ye Count's practices."

There is something very fine in this, the devotion of these men to the unworthy scion of a great house, and their care for his honour, even in the hour of their own death occasioned by his wicked plot.

The nobility of Vratz's behaviour was not lost on the lookers-on. "He went to death like an undaunted hero," wrote Evelyn in his "Diary," "and he told a friend of mine that he did not value dying a rush, and hoped and believed God would deal with him like a gentleman." Sir John Reresby says that Vratz led a forlorn hope at Mons. What possible object he can have had to engage in this business one cannot imagine.

The triple execution took place on March 10th, and "my Lady Ogle" was once more a widow, at the cost of four men's lives and the darkly stained honour of a noble house. Three months later she married the Duke of Somerset.

In after years, when the shadows of her girlhood were lifted and she found herself safely married to a good husband, how she must have thanked Heaven for her deliverance from both these men, the murdered and the murderer!

Besides princely Petworth, this great heiress brought Northumberland House in London and Sion House at Isleworth into the Seymour family. The traditions of both these are interesting.

Northumberland House

At the corner of Trafalgar Square, above Charing Cross, stood Northumberland House, the town residence of the Percys.

It was built early in the reign of James I. by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, and during his lifetime it was called Northampton House. At his death it became the property of the Earl of Suffolk, and was known as Suffolk House. Miles Glover was said to have been the architect who built it.

At first it consisted of only three sides of a square, one facing the street at Charing Cross, two wings extending towards the river. The entrance was through a fine arched gateway in the middle of the street front, and, what is very remarkable, the principal apartments were on the third and highest storey.

In the reign of Charles I., Algernon Earl of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral of England, married, about the year 1642, Lord Suffolk's daughter; and once more the great mansion changed names, and was henceforth known as Northumberland House. The old Northumberland House, so often mentioned

in history before this period, stood in Aldersgate Street in the city, and was the original seat of the earls of that name.

When London became more populous and the buildings about Charing Cross daily increased, "it was found inconvenient to live" in the apartments facing that way, owing to the "noise and hurry of the coaches and passengers in the street." To remedy this, the aforesaid earl employed Inigo Jones to complete the square by building a fourth side, "which, being parallel and opposite to that next the street, is placed at sufficient distance from the aforesaid disturbances, and almost enjoys all the advantages of retirement at a country seat.

"The gardens lay between the house and the Thames. Its fine lawn was surrounded with a neat gravel walk, bounded by a border of curious flowers, shrubs, and evergreens.

"The rooms were hung with beautiful tapestries, and rich damask, with large glasses and frames of exquisite workmanship and richly guilt. There were also some fine pictures—landscapes, portraits, and history pieces by Titian and other masters. In some of the rooms may be seen large chests embellished with old genuine Japan, which being great rareties are almost invaluable."

The writer of this description of the house further describes the additions and improvements made by the reigning earl and countess, the grand-daughter of Elizabeth Percy and her husband, who was granted before 1761 the title of Northumberland by virtue of his wife. These "made the house double the size, and one of the largest and noblest houses in London."

But the sumptuous magnificence of its later days, with its carved and gilded ceilings, its figures and festoons, and its marble chimney-pieces and gorgeous draperies, scarcely concerns the present memoir. We care most to picture Northumberland House as it was when Lady Giffard visited the Duchess of Somerset in London.

It has all disappeared now; its glories have passed away for ever. The Embankment has swallowed up the garden, and the Grand Hotel stands on the site of the old house. But the great lion that kept "watch and ward" over the grand entrance now presides over the family mansion at Sion House.

Sion House

Sion House can be seen to-day as it could be seen then, across the water from the king's garden at Richmond. It stands on the banks of the Thames between Brentford and Isleworth—a massive battlemented white house built on the very spot on which stood the church of the old monastery which Henry VIII. had destroyed. Edward VI. gave it to his uncle the Protector Somerset, who, it is supposed, built the shell of the present house in 1547, and, dying, left it to future generations to complete.

It was of white stone built in the form of a hollow square; the flat roof was covered with lead, and at each corner of the house rose a square turret with embattlements like the rest.

The house was three storeys high, and the east front, facing the river, was supported by an arcade. The gardens were enclosed in high walls at the east

and west, and were laid out in a very grand manner; but being made at a time when extensive views were judged inconsistent with that solemn reserve and stately privacy affected by the great, they were so situated as to deprive the house of every beautiful prospect the neighbourhood afforded, at least from the lower apartments. To remedy this the Protector built a high triangular terrace between the walls of the two gardens, "and this it was," says the old chronicler, "that his enemies afterwards did not scruple to call a fortification, and to insinuate that it was one proof amongst many others that he had formed a design very dangerous to the king and people."

After Somerset's attainder and execution, Sion was forfeited to the Crown, and given to the Duke of Northumberland, whose son, Lord Guildford Dudley, with his wife, Lady Jane Grey, lived there for a few brief months, till the duke in his turn being beheaded on 22nd August 1553, Sion House once more reverted to the Crown. Three years after this Queen Mary restored it to the Bridgettines; and it remained in their possession till Elizabeth expelled the nuns again, and some years later granted it on a long lease to Henry, Earl of Northumberland, who, in consideration of his service to the Government, paid a very small rent for it, "and even that when offered was generally remitted."

James I. considered his lordship no longer as a tenant, but gave it to him and his heirs for ever. This earl set himself to improving the place, and it appears from a letter from him to the king in 1613 that he laid out £9000 on the house and gardens.

His son Algernon, Lord High Admiral of England, succeeded to the estate in 1632, and he employed Inigo Jones to new face the inner court, to finish the grand hall, and alter some of the apartments.

It was to Sion House that the children of Charles I. were sent by order of the Parliament in the August of 1646, and were (as one would suppose they would be) treated by Lord and Lady Northumberland "in all respects as was suitable to their birth." The unhappy king frequently visited them there, "and thought it a great alleviation to his misfortunes to find them so happy."

When, on 30th May 1682, the Lady Elizabeth Percy (Lady Ogle), the only daughter and heiress of the Earl Joceline, married the Duke of Somerset, Sion House once more returned to the Seymours, to the great-grandson of the man who built it.

In later years, at the time of the misunderstandings which arose between Queen Mary and her sister Anne, the Somersets lent Sion to the princess and her husband. Here it was that the little prince, who nearly cost his mother her life, and only survived his birth long enough to be christened George after his father, was born. In her pain and grief Anne's heart turned to the sister she had quarrelled with, and hoping to heal the breach, sent her Dutch maid-of-honour, Charlotte Bevervaart, to announce to Queen Mary the death of her newly born son; and it was at Sion, on this occasion, that the sisters met for the last time.

Accompanied by the Ladies Derby and Scarborough the queen went to Sion that afternoon, and saw her sister "sad and weary" in bed. Miss Strickland

says that "she never asked her how she did, she never took her hand or sympathised with her sufferings and her loss," but plunged at once into the subject of the dispute between them. "I have made the first step," she said, "in coming to you, and I now expect that you will make the second by dismissing Lady Marlborough."

Anne's answer was one that, judging from her insincerity in dealing with her unhappy father, one would scarcely have expected of her. It was prompted by a courageous loyalty to her friend that did her honour. With trembling lips, and her face pale with agitation, she said with dignity: "I have never in my life disobeyed your Majesty but in one particular, and I hope at some time or other it will appear as unreasonable to your Majesty as it does now to me." At which the queen arose abruptly, and left the room with her ladies and husband (who was also present at the interview), only Lady Scarborough lingering to say a few kind words to the sufferer.

On her return to Kensington, Mary expressed her regret at having spoken as harshly as she did. Her compunction was but natural, and it probably never occurred to her that she, not Anne, was to be the one to die before a reconciliation was made.

This interview, at which Lady Scarborough assisted, is but one of the many strange scenes, sad, dull, or gay, now matters of history, that have been enacted under the hospitable roof of Sion House.

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET'S LETTERS

It is a common cause of regret and complaint among us, when the sad duty of looking over and destroying the letters of our dear ones who have passed away is thrust upon us, that "they tear up all the interesting ones in their lifetime, and leave us only the stupid ones."

This is a little too sweeping, but it is true in the main; those letters that concern the most thrilling, the most deeply interesting portions of our lives, we frequently destroy, holding them either too intimate or too sacred for other eyes. So, too, in the case of family feuds or the skeletons that lurk in so many cupboards; correspondence which could often explain matters that perplex and harass our descendants is carefully burnt to spare the feelings of those into whose hands they might otherwise immediately fall. It is possibly for one or other of these reasons that Lady Giffard has left us no letters that draw away the veil shrouding her life after her early womanhood until she reached old age. The letters of the Duchess of Somerset are the very last of the budget; two of them were written as late as June 1722, the year in which both she and Lady Giffard died. They are charming letters in their way. The Duchess was an excellent correspondent. William Longueville thought "her writing few people could exceed." They breathe kindness and pleasantness all through, and must have been a pleasure to write, and to receive; but at this distance of time we could have appreciated a few more outside comments and news, and a little less assurance of affection. In all

the long years of their friendship, Lady Giffard must have received many more important letters from the duchess than these, but either she or her executors evidently thought fit to destroy them. These which we have, in their unpretentious simplicity, strike one as being distinctly characteristic and spontaneous.

At the time these letters were written the storms of the Duchess of Somerset's life were over. Her children were all gone—some married and some dead; her royal mistress too was dead. She had no place (nor desire for it, we may be certain!) in the court of the reigning king. She was retiring after a somewhat strenuous life—the life of a great lady and a good one—spent sometimes at Petworth, sometimes at Sion; and when at the latter place, we may believe that the scarlet liveries of the duke were often to be seen standing at the door of Lady Giffard's more modest dwelling. The friendship of the two ladies, between whom there was so much difference in age and importance, was lifelong—at least, on the duchess's side; and it remained unbroken to the end.

Young John Temple of Sheen was living at Moor Park with his cousin Betty, to whom he had been married some years, who had not therefore changed her name. John always managed his aunt's estates in Yorkshire and elsewhere, and when she died she left them to him. The Temples were unfortunately childless at their death, and Moor Park passed to the Bacons.

John's elder brother, Henry, who became Lord Palmerston the very year Lady Giffard died, was living in his father's house at Sheen. The generation we know had passed away; and the Johns, and Williams, and Henrys, and Dorothys were the sons

and daughters, and nephews and nieces, of those of the same names who figured in earlier letters.

Temple Grove, the house in which many of this generation of Temples spent their childhood (if they were not actually born there), still stands, but is doomed to destruction. As I write this, the walls of its garden and the surrounding buildings are defaced with great placards announcing the sale of the "Temple Grove estate for building purposes." The original house has been added to from time to time, and would be unrecognisable to any one who had known it then. The old house apparently still stands *inside* the more modern and most unlovely excrescences that bar it from our sight. For over a hundred years it was a preparatory school for Eton and other public schools —at one time it was practically a Dotheboys' Hall.

But to return to Lady Giffard. It is very lamentable that nothing is apparently left of her house at Sheen. The furniture and hangings were bequeathed to various people; "the curtains, bed, and chairs of my own work in my room at Sheene" went to Mrs. More. There still exists some very magnificent needlework, the trappings of a four-post bed, called by tradition "Queen Anne's bed," but under the canopy of which that royal lady never slept, for it has never been made up (nor, indeed, has it ever been completed, until thirty years ago the late Mrs. Longe of Spixworth filled in the design on the unfinished curtain with the exquisite floss silks that had been left with it). How it came to be called "Queen Anne's bed" nobody knows; but it is suggestive of a greater intimacy with the queen on the part of Lady Giffard than we have any record of, and was perhaps given to her as a

souvenir. The design is Chinese, and the materials may have been imported by one of the great East India Company's ships already referred to.

LETTER I

For the Lady GIFFARD,
at her house at Sheene.

PETWORTH, *August 18th.*

I have soe sensible a feeling of everything that tutsches you that I am trully sory for the loss you have of my Lady Dixwell and that there has bin an aggravation of the unfortunate accident which you say was the occasion of her death, for tho' 'tis very terrible to lose a friend any way yet when 'tis by a natural disease one is better able to soport it because 'tis what we know must happen to us all if wee are not carried ofe some other way. I did not heare Lady Carlisle had any thoughts of leaving Kensington till she went to settle in London 'tis soe pretty a place I wonder she should leave it for Richmond I believe you will see her often when she is there. I find it soe much the fashion to goe to France this summur but I thought your neighbours had bin too old to make journeys of pleasure into another Kingdome, and I thinke they chuse a very ill time now there is soe raging a distemper in some parts between Callis and Paris that few people are willing to travell that way. I hope the sea will keep us from any infection from thence. I have not seen the Dutchese of Richmond this month, but when I did she was in the best humour I ever saw and I heare from some of my neighbors that have seen her lately that she seemes soe well pleased with the report of her sons being to marrie my Lord Cadogen's daughter that I dare say 'tis true. I find you have not bin less uneasy with the hot weather than my selfe, I have felt nothing like it this twenty yeare and what was the most surprising was that the nights were as hot as the days and the storms of thunder and lightning very

terrible and the sad effects one heares of it from severall places will make mee more afrayd of it than ever. I thanke God there has bin noe hurt dun neer us. I did not heare anything of the Dutchesse of Montague, but from you, if she was strucke downe 'tis being happy ever to recover for few people doe when lightning has soe greate an effect as to make them swound except it proceeded from being mightily frighted. There was a bucke killed which you were to have had parte of but it not proving so good as some we have had the Duke of Somerset would not let it bee sent but you shall be sure to have some in a few days from—Deare Madam, Yr most affecttionate humble servant, E. SOMERSET.

The Lady Carlisle alluded to in this letter is the daughter of Lady Essex. There is one letter from her in this packet thanking Lady Giffard for some grapes she had sent them (cut, no doubt, from Sir William Temple's vines at Sheen), which she and her boy have enjoyed together.

There is also a picture of her at Petworth—a fair, ethereal creature, in a flame-coloured gown. The extreme delicacy of her health was almost too apparent; and the fragility of her appearance, so different to the accepted standard of beauty at that time, makes her portrait seem almost like an anachronism as it hangs among the more voluptuous beauties of the Petworth portraits. Yet she was one of the toasts of the Kit-Cat Club, and Doctor Samuel Garth wrote the following verses in her honour for the "toasting glasses":—

> "Carlisle's name can every muse inspire,
> To Carlisle fill the glass and tune the lyre;
> With his loved bays the god of day shall crown
> A wit and lustre equal to his own.

> At once the sun and Carlisle took their way
> To warm the frozen north and kindle day;
> The flowers to both their glad creation owed—
> Their virtues he, their beauties she bestowed."

The meaning of the second verse is somewhat obscure. One can realise the first—Apollo crowning her golden curls with the immortal bay—but one can't follow the conceit any further. It is hard to imagine poor Lady Carlisle warming any "frozen north." She looks as if she needed all the sunshine of Cathay to keep her warm, and one can't help profanely thinking that perhaps the flowers could manage very well with the sun alone! But like so many of these complimentary verses, they probably had a hidden meaning which is lost on us.

Lady Dixwell, whose sufferings are over, was Lady Temple's pretty niece, Dorothy Peyton.

This summer of 1719 seems to have been an exceptionally hot one; it is mentioned in several letters of the time. It is uncertain if the Duchess of Montague who was struck by lightning was the widow of Ralph Montague, the ex-ambassador in Paris, or the wife of his son, who had married the only surviving daughter of the Duke of Marlborough.

The Duchess of Richmond, who is in such high good humour at the talk about her son's marriage with the daughter of Lord Cadogan, is the lady who went as a bride to dine at Petworth twenty years before, on the occasion of Sir William Temple's last visit there.

She was not disappointed of her daughter-in-law. The marriage took place in that same year, 1719. The father of the bride, Lord Cadogan, was one of Queen

Anne's generals, a companion-in-arms of the Duke of Marlborough, and a successor of his in command of the army. He had been lately elevated to the peerage as "Baron Cadogan of Reading, in the county of Berks." It was his eldest daughter Sarah who married the Duke of Richmond.

The "distemper" raging in the north of France was a variety of the plague. No amount of surmises can satisfactorily light on Lady Giffard's probable neighbours who were accounted too venturesome for their years.

LETTER II

To Lady GIFFARD
att Shene.

PETWORTH, *July 23rd.*

I have often heard you say that writing is an entertainment to you and now you have soe few neighbours of your side of the watter you have more time then you use to have and if deare Lady Giffard could be sensible how wellcome your letters are to mee you would let mee heare much oftener from you for I am too old to follow the raining custom of the age we live in of leaving friends I have had long acquaintance with for new ones and you shall always find me the same to you I have bin for soe many yeares.

I have not heard from Lady Carlisle since I writt to her, but I am glad to know from you that she is well and likes her habitation at Twickenham. I doe entirely agree with you that being quite alone is too melencoly a way of living but of the two I thinke that is more tolerable then soe much company as there is now about here and particularly when 'tis dangerous to be abroad in an evening, which is not to be avoyded now that everybody keep soe late howers in the country as well as in London. When

I came hither there was such an appearance of fruit on all the trees that I was afraid when it was ripe I should have bin tempted to have eat too much of it but the continuall raine and high windes has made such a distructtion that I don't believe we shall have any good this yeare for that little which is now ripe has noe tast and the rest is so spoyled that if we should have warm weather I don't thinke it could recover the blites there has bin. I never felt such a summur as this month that use to be the hottest has bin soe cold that I could some days have sat by a fier, and have seldome had a window open tho' you know my rooms lye to the south and are warme when any place is soe. Venison is the only thing that has not suffered by this unnaturall weather and I hope you will find this good which I now send you. There is two pigs kept at Syon for you and whenever there is anything you would have that I can supplye you with pray let me know it.

The Duke of Portland having deferred his journey so long I did not believe he intended to goe and I am sory to find he dus, for I can't see any prospect of advantage he can expect from it. I thinke 'tis against the opinione of all his friends and his being so set upon having this government looks as if there were an unlucky fate atended him to doe every thing to compleate his undoing which I really believe this will for if there were much to be got there he is not of a temper to take the right way for he is the vainest man living and will spend whatever he gets and since he could not keep out of debt with soe plentifull a fortune as his Father left him 'tis not very likely he will bee soe good a manager as to repaire it by his own industry, the near relation I have to him and his wife makes me heartily sory for them I believe his being ill gave a great alarme to the Princesse for he dus not appear to be a stronge man and I thinke was often out of order last winter and the walking so late in the wood as they doe in such a cold weather season as this has bin must

certainly be very unwholesome tho' nobody likes better to be abroad in a fine evening than I doe. There has bin so few this summur that I have walked seldomer than ever I did, tho' I have bin well and not had a cold since I came into the country.

The Duke of Somerset sends his humble service to you, and I am, deare Madam, yr most faithfull and affectionate servant, E. S.

The passage in this letter relating to the going of the Duke of Portland "to his government," dates this letter beyond a doubt. The government was that of Jamaica, and he went there in 1720.

This Henry Bentinck, the first duke, was the son of Lord Portland and his first wife, Anne Villiers. He was not, therefore, Lady Giffard's nephew, or one may be certain the courteous duchess would not have criticised him so severely in writing to that lady! She was no false prophet in her fear that his unlucky fate would undo him, for he never returned, but died out there during his command in 1726.

The duchess's antipathy to him must have been a personal one, and if he was the "vainest man living" (which it is quite likely he was), he also had some charming qualities which perhaps counterbalanced the vanity; that is, after all, one of the faults we most of us smile at not unkindly, rather than condemn too severely. Jacobs' "Complete English Peerage," published in 1769, describes him as possessing "as much native sweetness and as generous sentiments as any person of the time"; and he was particularly happy in gaining the affection of all parties—so much so, that in November 1708 he found himself in the proud (but possibly somewhat embarrassing) position

of being returned for both the town and county of Southampton in Parliament! His manners were kindly and courteous, and his hospitality princely—too princely, the duchess thought, for his fortune, which was a large one. It was perhaps this lavish expenditure that made it expedient to accept the governorship of Jamaica against the wishes of his friends; for one cannot imagine that a man living in England on his own property which he loved (for he was no absentee landlord), would willingly exchange the beautiful English country for the tropical heat and banishment of the West Indies. He himself was perhaps just as reluctant to start as his friends were to see him go; for though he was appointed on the 9th September 1721, he did not arrive at Spanish Town till the 26th December 1722, after the writer of this letter was dead. He was accompanied by his duchess, and they were received with the utmost demonstrations of joy. His reign was, as the Duchess of Somerset predicted, but a short one, and less than four years later his widow brought his body home and buried it at Titchfield. He was only forty-four, and, but for his unlucky star which lured him west, might perhaps have lived many years among the people who appreciated him so much. I cannot discover what near relationship existed between the Duchess of Somerset and the Portland family, but the Duchess of Portland was Lady Elizabeth Noel, daughter of the second Earl of Gainsborough, and therefore first cousin to the Duchess of Somerset, whose mother had been of that family.

The dangers of being abroad in the evening were very real in those days. True, the fiendish members of the Mohawk club no longer raided the streets at

midnight, frightening and insulting women, and attacking and ill-treating unarmed men, hanging innocent pedestrians to lamp-posts, nor stopping short of actual murder where they met with resistance. This scandalous nuisance had been put down by Act of Parliament. But it was the constant quarrels between Orangemen and Jacobites, and hostile demonstrations ill under control, that made night hideous in these early days of the reign of the first Hanoverian king. Fashionable ladies proceeding to card-parties and "routs" ran all sorts of unpleasant risks in their transit from street to street, while in the country travellers were stopped and robbed by highwaymen, whose masks concealed faces sometimes not altogether unknown to their victims.

The prince who was "not strong" was Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was then living at Richmond in the palace rebuilt by the exiled Duke of Ormond.

LETTER III

PETWORTH, *Sept. 7th*, 20.

You have reason to belive I have not bin well because tis soe long since you heard from mee, but I must owne that was not the reason, nor I cannot give any good, therefore must depend intierly on Deare Lady Giffard's inclination to forgive the faylings of your friends for I can say nothing for myselfe, as I have had noe pain in my face since I came heather and have bin very well in my health. I have made use of the fine weather and walked more than I have don all the rest of the summer after soe much cold as we had in July and August tis surprising at the end of September to feele the sun soe hot as not to be able to walk but in the shade, it has had the same effect heare as in your garden for the grapes

begin to be ripe which I had despaired of this yeare, and wee have still the finest figs I ever eat!

I don't wonder Lady Carlisle is gon to London for if she is still lame that take away a great deale of the pleasure of being in the country, for I thinke being confined to sit in a chaire makes company very necessary, and I believe there will soon be very little left either in Twitenham or Richmond, when the Court removes from thence you will lose the opportunity of seeing Lady Portland at Sheene, therefore as soone as ill weather comes you must thinke of taking up your winter's habitation in Dover Street, for the meeting of Parliament will bring everyone early to Towne. Lady Carmarthen will be there next week and my daughter Wyndham the week after, but I have set noe time for my leaving this place, but it will be not before the Duke of Somerset returns from Newmarket where he is going in ten days, he presents his humble service to you. I was surprised to heare Mr. Norton had prepared so fine an entertainment for the King, for he might safely imagine that a journey made in soe much haste would not admitt of staying to dine and a place where he did not intend to have lighted out of his coach, but I am glad he did for I thinke it soe pretty a place as to be very well worth seeing; and the Prince was certainly very much in the right in what he said of Mr. Norton, for I don't knowe anybody who knows better how to behave themselves on all occasions then he does which makes some actions of his life the more unpardonable. I am sory to heare Mrs. Talbot is so ill. I wish the Bath watters may doe her good I thinke she has bin there once before and was better after it, the troble she has lately had for the loss of two such friends I belive has had a great effect on her health. I hope my having bin soe long without answering your first letter will not make you be soe to mee for I assure you Deare Madam the hearing from you is at all times a pleasure too—Your most affectionate humble servant, E. SOMERSET.

There is a good deal of "weather" in the duchess's letter, as there often is in letters from the country; necessarily so, for so much depends upon it. Lady Giffard, who was growing grapes and possibly figs herself, was no doubt very much interested in the Petworth fruit.

The Duke of Somerset does not desert Newmarket, though he is no longer Master of the Horse. He has attended more than one monarch there, but it is improbable that he went this time in any but a private capacity.

An autumn session was drawing every one to town. In Lady Carmarthen we see a daughter of the duchess's and the wife of the Marquis of Carmarthen, whom we have hitherto known as Lord Danby.

"My daughter Wyndham" was the Lady Catherine Seymour, wife of Sir William Wyndham, an active Jacobite, and one of those who had the misfortune to be found out.

Soon after George I. ascended the throne, Sir William was suspected—not altogether without reason apparently!—of being in a plot for assisting James Stuart in an ill-advised attempt to invade England. It is to this abortive scheme that Lady Giffard alluded in her letter of June 1715, in which she deplored the misery of the times, and spoke of the "Pretender" being heard of "here, there, and everywhere."

The manner of this Somersetshire baronet's capture gives a characteristic picture of the curious diversity of opinions held by members of one family, without apparently affecting very much their friendly and affectionate relations towards each other.

The colonel-commandant and the men who were

sent into the country to arraign him came to his house at a very early hour in the morning, and found Sir William in bed. An urgent message to him through his unwilling servant brought him downstairs in his night-clothes, and he was immediately arrested. He submitted with a good grace, and requested to be allowed to return to his room and dress, and take leave of his lady, which was of course granted. The colonel accompanied him to his dressing-room, where, seeing his clothes lying on a chair, he took the opportunity of rifling the pockets, and found in them some important and incriminating papers. These he promptly annexed, quite undeceived by Sir William's frank offer of the keys of his bureau; the anxiety in his captive's speaking countenance having told him more plainly than words could do that he had got all he wanted already.

The prisoner's next move, however, was more artful. He entered Lady Catherine's chamber to make his adieus, and the colonel mounted a guard at the two doors of it, unaware that there was a third, through which the master of the house escaped in disguise.

Sending on a servant to the house of a parson in Surrey, whose name unfortunately does not transpire, he begged to be received by him "as a guest who would arrive in the habit of a clergyman." The gentleman being out, the note was delivered to his wife, who, with a selfish prudence which we may hope earned her the contemptuous wrath of her spouse, fearing that she and her husband might be involved, sent it straight off to Lord Aylesbury. He communicated at once with the Government, and Sir William, learning of the miscarriage of his letter, made a virtue of necessity

and surrendered himself, first crossing the Thames and presenting himself at Sion House. This move must have been an embarrassing one for his father-in-law, the Duke of Somerset, who was then Master of the Horse to the new king! Acting probably on his advice, Sir William went up to London and surrendered himself to his brother-in-law, Lord Hertford, captain of a troop of Life Guards; he in his turn gave notice to the Secretary of State, Mr. Stanhope, who sent a message to take Sir William once more into custody, and he was committed to the Tower. The Duke of Somerset offered bail for him, and this was refused. The "Proud Duke," who was not accustomed to refusals, took it hardly, and bore the denial so impatiently that he was removed from his place at court. So the little family arrangement —which was to show the Somersets' zeal and loyalty to the reigning king, and make things as easy as possible at the same time for their Jacobite relation —did not come off as they intended, and Wyndham spent some time as a prisoner in the Tower.

Mr. Morton, who prepared so grand an entertainment for the king when starting for a hurried and sudden journey into Hanover, had a fine place near Southampton. He had married Lady Elizabeth Noel, aunt to her namesake the young Duchess of Portland. The king's eulogy of Mr. Morton's behaviour seems to have given the duchess pleasure, though there were evidently passages in his life she did not approve. What they were I cannot discover, memoirs of this date being curiously rare in comparison with the colossal mass of literature of a slightly earlier age that floods our libraries.

It is likely that Mrs. Talbot was of the family of the Duke of Shrewsbury, or, as the Bishop of Chichester at that time was a Talbot, she may have been either his wife or daughter. Petworth is not very far from Chichester, and the bishop and the Duchess of Somerset are very likely to have been acquainted.

LAST LETTER FROM THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET

PETWORTH, *June 20th* (1722).

I think myself very unlucky, deare madam, not to have seen you the day you were in Towne, nor at Sheene, for if I had gon out of London the day I intended, I should have bin one day at Syon, and then my designe was to have dined with you, and to have desired my Lady Carlisle to have meete me, and in the afternoon to have made poore Lady Scarborough a vissit, when I believe you would both have liked to have gon with me, but I was disappoynted of all this by hearing Lady Thomond (?) would be in Towne a Thursday, which made me put ofe my journey to see her, and a Friday I had only time to stop at Syon for two howers, and went on to Guilford that night, and the next day I dined here, and found the swete air of the country very refreshing, and bin very well since I came here. I can't say I have bin for many months free from a pain in my face, but it is now soe much lesse than it has bin, that if it does not grow worse, I shall thinke I have reason to be contented.

I am very glad to hear Lady Carlisle is better, for she has looked soe ill this winter, that I thought her in great danger of a consumption, and she has soe many valuable qualities that tis impossible to know her without having a true conserne for her. I believe Lady Portland is very

happy when she can have liberty to pass a few howers with you. I pitty her that she is oblidged to goe so often betwixt Richmond and Kensington in the heate of the day, and throughe such a cloud of dust as there is on that roade, if the accounts I heard of what the Duke of Marlborough has left be true, tis so vast a wealth as I believe no subject in England ever was possessed of. I don't wonder she is in great affliction for him, for she married him for love, and he has always made her soe good a return as to deserve a continuance of her kindness, and tho' his ill health had very much affected his understanding, yet he had still enough to make him sensible of the care she had of him, and there is nothing tutchese so neere as the parting with an old friend. I left Lady Carmarthen well, and very big, I hope with child, but she is not yet quicke. One cannot be sure of it. 'Tis what I shall be very glad of, because it will be a great pleasure to her and 'tis soe to me to se an increase to my family.—I am, deare Lady Giffard's most affectionate, humble Servant, E. SOMERSET.

A peculiar interest always hangs about the "last" of anything, and Lady Giffard must have valued this letter more than all the preceding ones, for not only was it the last she ever received from the duchess, but it must have been one of the last she ever penned.

The duchess must have little anticipated her coming end when she spoke so cheerfully about the abatement of the pain in her own face, and exhausted all her sympathies on the pains, mental and bodily, of others, yet she had only six more days to live. On the 26th of June she died. The shock to her old friend must have been severe, and Lady Giffard did not long survive her.

The duchess has not dated her letter with the

year, only with the day and month; but the allusion to the death of the Duke of Marlborough dates it unmistakably—he died on the 16th of June 1722.

"Last" days were drawing near for all the principal people mentioned in these letters who had not already passed away. Lady Giffard herself was spending in her usual way her last summer at Sheen, and her house was open to her friends. The duchess announces, quite without ceremony, that she "meant to have dined with her"; and though over eighty, Lady Giffard's years sat so lightly upon her that she drove about, and called on her friends, and was no doubt excellent company still.

However, the little plan fell through, and the three ladies did not "wait on" poor Lady Scarborough, who was a great friend of the duchess's. She was, as has been already noticed, in attendance on Queen Mary when she paid her last visit to the Princess Anne at Sion House. Lord Scarborough was but lately dead. He had, it was said, told a State secret in confidence to Lady Marlborough, who betrayed it, and this so chagrined him that he took his own life. The intended visit was probably one of condolence. There are two letters of this lady's published in the Duchess of Marlborough's correspondence. One of them was written at the time of the Marlborough *débâcle*, obviously to show that her friendship was unchanged by circumstances. It exhibits tact and goodness of heart, which was not lost on the recipient; though, if the story of the Duchess of Marlborough's betrayal of Scarborough's confidence is true, the kindness was but ill requited.

"A very kind letter when I had lost my interest,"

says the imperious Sarah, with becoming gratitude and unwonted humility. "This is a good deal for her [Lady Scarborough] to say, for she has a great friendship for the Duchess of Somerset, who was gone to Petworth after she has secured my place, and in the winter, so that it might look in the world as if she knew nothing about my being removed."

This last remark is probably an unfair one. It is conceivable that the Duchess of Somerset retired to Petworth for a time, not because she cared in the very least what it appeared like "in the world" as far as she herself was concerned, but in order not to take up her duties unnecessarily soon after the dismissal of the Marlboroughs; she had hitherto been on very friendly terms with them, and probably would always have remained so, but for Lady Marlborough's arrogance and ungovernable jealousy. There is nothing in any records of the great anti-Marlborough faction, to lead one to believe that the Duchess of Somerset ever sought to take any unfair advantage of her position as favourite of the queen; but Sarah had grown "too big for her place"—the royal worm had turned. The only wonder is that it did not turn before!

At that time of her life Anne was, I think, one of the most pathetic figures of history. She had passionately desired the crown, and she had got it; and what did it bring her? Individually, nothing—nothing but troubles, carking care, and petty worries. Her glory was but reflected glory. Nothing that she ever said or did was glorious in itself. Her banners flew over the world, her victories on land and sea were magnificent, but what part had "good Queen Anne" in all this noise and clamour? "Good Queen Anne" was

tormented with petty squabbles within and without. Her statesmen and her ladies quarrelled over her favours; she was bullied and harassed on every side, suffering in mind and body; and, being royal, was not even allowed to die in peace.

All her early womanhood had been spent in bringing into the world children who only opened their eyes and shut them again. The only one who lived to be old enough to cause much sorrow by his death—the little Duke of Gloucester—soon went the way of the rest—seventeen children, and not one to come after her!

The hopes the Duchess of Somerset was entertaining as to an addition to her family ended in disappointment. Lady Carmarthen died in 1721, and left her lord no heir. This lady was Anne, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. Her husband, the Marquis of Carmarthen, we first knew as Sir Thomas Osborne, and then as the Earl of Danby. He died in 1712, as Duke of Leeds.

Lady Thomond was another daughter. There is a very fine picture of the young Earl of Thomond at Petworth—a beautiful, dark-eyed, dark-haired boy, with the best traits of his Keltic blood showing in his face.

One of the chief interests of these letters is that they show us the writer under a pleasing but unfamiliar aspect. We have hitherto known her as a great lady of the court of Queen Anne, wearing her strawberry leaves with a dignity only natural to those who are to the manner born, moving serenely through the world in the almost regal state her birth and wealth entitled her to, honoured by many, hated by

some, and sneered at by a few; but we have not known her in her rôle of a simple country gentlewoman, with homely tastes and occupations, watching her ripening fruits, anxious about her garden, even "fatting a pig" at Sion for her friend!

They give us, too, a glimpse of the "Proud Duke" in private life—playing cards with Sir William Temple at Petworth, reading Lady Giffard's MSS. and giving her advice and criticism, countermanding the order for a haunch of venison which was going to her because it was "not a good enough one," and writing her a sympathetic little note of sympathy when Sir William died.

The Duchess of Somerset's allusion to the Duke of Marlborough's death, and the colossal fortune he was leaving behind him, has in it no trace of bitterness nor rancour. The Duchess of Marlborough had reviled and abused her, but that was all past; there was no room in the Duchess of Somerset's kind heart at this moment but for pity and sympathy with her in her loss, and gladness that "though his illness had very much affected his understanding, he was still able to appreciate his wife's care."

A not entirely new, but an unusual light is thrown by this letter on the character of the fierce duchess, who has been so indelibly stamped upon the pages of history as a jealous and violent virago, a very master of vituperation, and of a temper unrivalled for its pride and arrogance. Two hundred years later, the pen of her once hated rival is to conjure up a picture before us of a devoted nurse, tending the poor semi-imbecile wreck of the great soldier who was once the love of her youth. "She married him for love, and he has

always made her so good a return as to deserve the continuance of her kindness." So the Duchess of Somerset finds a word of appreciation for *him* too! The Marlborough romance was an old, old story then, but Lady Giffard probably remembered it well; and we can imagine how vividly the details of the clandestine marriage, which had made such a sensation at Whitehall, came before her again as she read these words.

The life story of the two beautiful Jennings, Frances and Sarah, is even more widely known than that of the Duchess of Somerset. Linked together in the minds of posterity, their beginnings were as widely apart as their characters. While the Lady Elizabeth Percy was the descendant of heroes and princes, the origin of the Jennings sisters was (or discreetly feigned to be) a mystery.

PART XIII

LAST DAYS OF LADY GIFFARD, AND HER WILL

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."—*Ecclesiastes* xii. 6, 7.

"DEATH, the inevitable end, will come when it will come," wrote Shakespeare. Swiftly, and with little warning, except the undeniable one of her eighty-three years, it came to Lady Giffard at the end of 1722. Scarcely a year before she had made her will; and on the square sheet of rough paper, inscribed in her slightly tremulous, upright hand, are the names of many of the people who have become familiar to us through the foregoing letters. This little document is preserved at Spixworth, together with Sir William's gold medal and seal, and Dorothy Osborne's plain gold engagement-ring with the "poesy" engraved inside it—"The love I owe I cannot showe." There also is preserved the tortoise-shell guard she begged Temple to send her "to keep it on with."

. . . . . .

MY WILL. LADY GIFFARD.

I Martha Giffard being at this time by the blessing of Almighty God in perfect health of body and mind do declare this to be my last Will and Testament.

I first bequeath my Soul into ye hands of Almighty

God imploring his mercies to me in Jesus Christ. I desire to be buried at Westminster Abbey by my Brother, Sister and Niece, who are all gone before me, that my Funerall may be with ye least expense my friends are content to allow of; by night, no scutchion, and only follow'd by ye few friends or servants content to pay ye last office of kindness to my memory, I desire no scutchion to be set upon my House.

I give my niece Lady Portland my 2 agate cups and saucers, my largest Indian Teapot garnished with gold, my ebony cabinett ye 2 chocolate cups I usual drink in, and my onyx seal set with diamonds wch. I desire she will wear in remembrance of so old and true a friend. To my Godson Mr. Bentinck I give his Mother's picture and the gold box his Father gave me. To my nephew Mr. Henry Temple I give ye picture of our Saviour and ye Virgin Mary now over ye chimney in my drawingroom, To my niece his wife any three pieces she shall choose of my china, and ye 2 Spanish heads upon my stairs.

And having lately purchased ye quit rents of Blansby my will and order is yt ye five years after my deceas ye rent being seventy-two pounds a year shall go towards paying my debts and ye legacies on this Will and after yt year I give and (devise?) to my niece Lucy Temple ten pounds a year to be first payed her during her life without abatement for taxes out of these lands and ye remainder while she lives, and ye whole after to her brother Mr. John Temple and his wife Mrs. Elizabeth Temple and his heirs male and in case of his failing wch I pray God prevent, to go along with ye (remainder?) of Blandsby income as his Father tells me is settled.

I give to my niece Mrs Elizabeth Temple all my plate, pictures, and china in my House in Dover Street not otherwise dispos'd off before my death or in this will, the hundred pounds I have upon . . . ship in her name, my pendulum clock, Ruby ring, ye little pins in my closet at Sheen. Two . . . boxes and cup of unicorn's horns

in my closet there, my orange trees for Moore Park and my cornelian heart, with one diamond in it, and have already given my niece Bacon ye thousand pounds I always design'd her and to her own disposal in case it pleaseth God she should outlive Mr. Bacon, I give her besides my repeating watch the picture of her Grandmother on ye chimney piece in my chamber and ye seal of Niobe on my morning table to wear as a remembrance, to her son my godson I give 20 Jacobus out of my old gold. To my niece Mrs Lucy Temple I leave one hundred pounds besides ye ten pounds a year already mentioned from Blansby, with what furniture belongs to and is left in my house in ye winter at my House at Sheen not disposed of before or by this will. My bookcase, and all ye French and English books in it to my niece Temple of Moore Park and desire that Ld. Berkeley will let all my Spanish books there and at London find a room amongst his.

To my Ld. Byron I give my heart set with diamonds and little teapot garnished with gold. To my goddaughter Miss Betty Temple at Sheen I give one of my gilt cups and salver with my two little silver candlesticks. To my goddaughter Mrs. Mary Temple I give my other gold cup and salvo silver with tea table, teapot, and cups yt belong to it at my house at London with my hand candlestick wch I desire she may always use to be remembered by. To her Brother Mr. Wm. Temple I give my gold toothpick and my gold shoe buckles with ten pounds for his pocket money. To my goddaughter Martha Dingley I give ten pounds, five to a daughter of Mrs Bradleys if then alive that ye Des of Bedford christen'd with me to Mrs Elizabeth Hamond (Dingley) who lived some time with me at Sheen I give ten pounds to Mrs Hester Johnson I give ten pounds with ye hundred pounds I put into ye exchequer for her life and my owne and declare the hundred pounds to be hers wch I am told is there in my name upon ye survivorship and for wch she has constantly

sent me her certificate and received ye interest, I give her beside my silver chocolate pot, To Mrs More I give twenty pounds with my largest silver saucepan, to Fenton I give what time remains at my death of a (lease?) of twelve pounds a year now let to Mr. Pavy in Ireland my little silver cup and cover with thirty guineas, all my wearing clothes except my best night goune and petticoat with two (suits?) of night cloaks wch I leave to my Chamber-maid I give Fenton besides ye bed she lies upon at Sheen with the hangings and chairs yt belong to it.

I give all my servants half a year's wages and to be one fortnight in my house after my death. I give Mrs More ye wrought bed in ye largest room at Sheen with ye largest chair those of my own work. I give any of ye gold things belonging to my poquet or that use to hang at my watch with each of them a five pound piece in gold to my Nieces Jenny and Herriet Temple of Moore Park. I give ten pounds to ye Charity School at Richmond ten pounds to ye poore of Farnham and ten pounds to ye poore of ye parish where I dye and out of whatever is due when I dye of my joynture in Ireland, I give forty pounds to Mrs Ormesby sister to my nephew Duke Giffard.

I desire my executors in ye first place to order ye tomb stone to be set up in Westminster Abbey according to ye directions in my brother Sir Wm. Temple's will in ye place where he and my sister are already and where I desire to be buried, and towards ye charges of that of all my just debts and legacies in this will I order my house in Dover Street to be sold with ye ground belonging to it wch I desire my executors with ye friends hereinafter named will se done to ye best advantage and what shall remain of mine in money debts or any other kind be disposed of before my death or by this will I give to my nephew Mr. William Temple now at Eaton School and I desire his Father will dispose of it towards his breeding and to add to his poquet expences while he is under age, and to his owne disposal after.

And of this my last and Will and Testament I leave my niece ye Lady Portland and my nephew Mr. John Temple my executors and desire their brother Mr. Temple's advice and assistance to call them in any thing to trouble em and that they will all se it executed according to my intention wch I hope I have made plain though not having consulted anybody it may differ much from ye common forms and this I once more declare to be my last Will and Testament of wch I have made my niece the Lady Portland and her brother Mr. John Temple my executors in Witness of wch I have writ it with my owne hand and set to it my hand and seal this eighth of November 1721.

M. GIFFARD.

Signed sealed and delivered in our presence by ye Testatrice who in here have subscribed our names as witnesses.

JON. HOLLOWAY.
THOS. EDMONDS.
JOHN KERSFOOT.

A CODICIL TO LADY GIFFARD'S WILL.

Written on 30th March 1772, four months later than the Will.

My annuity of 99 years being sold since ye writing of this will and one hundred pounds given to my niece Lucy Temple I leave her one hundred pounds more (besides yt mentioned in my Will and ye ten pounds a year from my Nephew during her life) which I hope she will leave after to him and his family.

And of ye furniture at my House at London I leave ye hanging and skreen and all furniture of my drawing room and closet to my niece Temple of More Park ye skreen in my bed chamber to Lady Betty Egerton and ye bed and hangings there to furnish any room at More Park, ye rest of ye furniture wch. is worth little to go along

with ye house, witnes my hand and seal this 30th of March 1772. M. GIFFARD.

In presence of
JANE FFENTON.
THOMAS EDWARDS.
WILLIAM JOHNSON.

In reading the will it must naturally strike one as strange that no relations of her husband are left anything except a paltry £40 to one Mrs. Ormesby, said to have been the daughter of a sister of his. This sounds even more strange when a report was flying round that Sir Thomas Giffard had married her only to leave his fortune to her, but what is far more probable is that he had none to leave! Her marriage, like her brother's, had probably been a love-match, and what her husband had went elsewhere at his death. There certainly is a mention of a little Irish property, but it is not Castle Jordan, nor in the same county; and had she been possessed of anything like wealth, it is unlikely that she would have lived all her life in her brother's house. That she had money in her middle age is certain; but is it not more than likely that the house in Dover Street was the residence of her father, Sir John, and that, his sons being both well provided for, he left it to his only daughter with the little piece of his Irish property? This is far more probable, when one thinks of the fallen fortunes of the Giffards (who lost their lands and substance in the Irish Rebellion), than that the property should have been left her by her husband.

"*My Lady Portland*" is of course Martha Temple, Countess of Portland, her niece.

To the care of Lady Betty Egerton (Lady

THE TEMPLE RELICS AT SPIXWORTH PARK

(*See p 345*)

THE TEMPLE CABINET AT SPIXWORTH PARK

Portland's daughter) we owe the preservation, for the British Museum, of Lady Giffard's letters to her mother.

"*My godson, Mr. Bentinck,*" is William, Lady Portland's son, and her great-nephew.

"*My nephew, Henry Temple,*" brother of John of Moor Park, and owner of Temple Grove at East Sheen. A few months later he was raised to the peerage as Lord Palmerston.

"*My niece Lucy*" was the unmarried sister at Temple Grove. It was she who was with young Lady Berkeley when she died, and who took charge of Lady Harriette Berkeley in her extremity.

"*My niece Temple of Moor Park*" was "Betty," Jack Temple's eldest daughter, and Lady Giffard's great-niece.

"*Lord Berkeley*" was William, the third Baron of Stratton, and widower of Frances Temple, another great-niece.

"*My Lord Biron,*" fourth Baron, married Frances Wilhelmina, third daughter of Lord Portland.

"*Mary and William Temple*" were, I think, two of Henry's children.

"*My goddaughter, Martha Dingley,*" was the Mrs. Dingley of Swift's "Journal."

"*Mrs. Elizabeth Hamond* (*Dingley*)" is the cousin who married her cousin Captain Dingley.

"*Mrs. Hester Johnson*" was "Stella."

"*Fenton*" was probably a sister of Swift's.

"*My nieces Jenny and Herriet*" were the children at Moor Park.

"*Mr. William Temple, now at Eaton School,*" was the great-nephew at Moor Park.

"*Mr. John Temple*," one of her executors with Lady Portland, was John of Moor Park.

"*Mrs. More*" appears to have been her lady companion, since she received remuneration for her services—as we have seen in Lady Giffard's account-book.

Lady Giffard was really a pattern of method, and she kept her accounts as tidily as she did her letters. A square parchment-covered book has been spared to us by the accident of her nephew, John, having taken it into his own use for the same purpose. The first entry on the fly-leaf is a list of her servants, dated 21st March 1721—the year before she died. This list contained the names of none that we know. Mrs. Johnson is not there, nor Mrs. Bradley, nor Hester, nor "Brigitt," nor the "Nanny" that we have heard of; but yet they are in several cases the same—perhaps those of another generation of the same families who have succeeded their elders.

"Fenton came to me Sept. ye 1st . . 1711
Will. Johnson, November ye 19 . . 1713
Nanny Filbey, August ye 20th . . 1718
Beck came April ye 20 . . . 1719
Edward, July ye 17 1719
Katherine, Oct. ye 27 . . . 1719
John, March ye 10th . . . 1720
Marget, April ye 19th . . . 1721
Thomas ye Gardiner, August 10th . 1721
John, March ye 8th 1721
Martha, Fenton June ye 24 . . 1722
Doll came No. ye 20th . . . 1722"

"Doll" only served six weeks, and Martha only a few months. They were none of them old servants as service was accounted then.

"Fenton" was, I believe, Swift's widowed sister, with whom he had long been on unfriendly terms. She was the oldest member of the household, and, curiously enough, Swift saw her in her new capacity two days after she entered Lady Giffard's service (possibly as Mrs. Johnson's or Mrs. Bradley's successor), and he mentioned the encounter in a letter to Stella, written on 8th September.

"Going to Windsor I overtook Lady Giffard and Mrs. Fenton in a chariot, going, I suppose, to Sheen. I was in a chariot too with the Ld. Treasurer; it happened that those people saw me and not the Ld. T."

. . . . . .

Sir William remarked that there are "changes in views of wit, like those of habits and other modes," and it was not because he had passed his youth, and the old jokes were stale and profitless, that he wrote this. It was absolutely true. The old light pleasantry, the thinly veiled compliment, the brilliant repartee was dead—dead as the love-locks of the Stuarts, or the ruffs of Queen Elizabeth. "The little vein of folly or whim, pleasant in conversation because it gives a liberty of saying things discreet men, though they will not say, are willing to hear" lingered, we may be certain, in the quiet places of life—the Moor Parks and the Chicksands, Priorys and Arlesford Granges of England—and Lady Temple could not lose it. It was as much a part of her as her eyes or her hands. "Stella" carried it to Ireland with her, Anthony Henley shone with it; but at the court of Queen Anne they took life more seriously. In Charles I.'s time, "all wit, all love and honour were heightened

by the wits of that time into romance." But at the Restoration "Lord Goring took the *contre-pied*, and turned all into ridicule." He was followed by the Duke of Buckingham, and that vein, favoured by King Charles II., brought it into vogue.

The "new wit"—the wit of the second Charles—which we now call "chaff," Swift called "raillery." Charles II. and his court were adepts at it, but the good-humoured part of it died with him. Blunt speech and plain was in vogue in King William's time, and in Anne's and the Georgian periods downright rudeness was tolerated. Lady Giffard saw all these changes in manners as well as the fashions of dress and habits. *À propos* of dress, what a variety of styles she must have affected in her eighty-three years of life! Only one typical fashion we may, I think, be certain she never favoured — the Puritan one. Those plump shoulders were never covered with the traditional muslin folds, and that rich brown hair was never parted in smooth bands under a Puritan cap.

The three portraits in this book depict her in three different styles of dress and coiffure. The frontispiece is a typical "Restoration" picture; the Lely an echo of the days of Henrietta Maria; while the simpler style of hair and the flowered gown of the Netscher are of the "Revolution" period. So, when the loose smock was discarded for the straight bodice, with embroidered stomacher, and wide sleeves slashed and open from the elbow, filled in with ruffles of rich lace, she doubtless wore them too. When Mary of Orange turned her dark hair up over a cushion, ladies of fashion must have quickly followed suit; and through the reign of Queen

Anne Lady Giffard wore a cornet. She wore tassels on her "mantuas," and a point-lace "head," and doubtless walked abroad in pattens.

Speech was simpler and freer from vulgarities in Lady Giffard's day than it became in after years. She, we may safely assert, never said "La! me Lud!" nor shrieked nor fainted at a mouse (as the fine ladies of Georgian days did), but she spelt phonetically, and talked of "spaw watters," and "migrims," and "vappers" like everybody else.

Mrs. Fenton lived with Lady Giffard nearly twelve years, and was handsomely remembered in her will with a legacy of money, a little bit of Irish property, a coffee-pot, and all her clothes and linen "except a nightgown and a petycoat, two suits of night clothes to my chambermaid." Which, I wonder, was the chambermaid—Katherine, Marget, or Nanny? Their wages were not high. A reference to the account-book shows that Fenton had £10 a year; Nanny, £5; the gardener, £12; Will, £6; John, £5; Catherine, £6; Beck, £5; Martha, £5. Edward apparently "kept himself." He had board wages to the extent of £1, 9s. for twenty weeks, so it is evident one could keep up a good deal of style in those days on a small income.

At this time Mrs. More was a member of the household, and £1 is several times entered against her name, once with the note "to give away" attached to it. The "unreasonable husband" had by this time given in, and she was perhaps a sort of lady companion. She too came off well with a substantial little remembrance of £50, and an annuity of £10, with "my silver cup and cover," as well as the bed

and furniture of the room she slept in at Sheen. Mrs. More's salary was the same as Swift's—£20 a year.

Lady Giffard called her evening gowns "night-gowns," and her nightgowns "bed clothes," but even then one is at a loss to know what her "chamber-maid" would want with an evening gown!

A page taken haphazard out of the account-book is instructive:—

		£	s.	d.
Nov. ye 9th	I came to London			
Nov. 17	pay'd ye 2 watchmen	001	01	
	pay'd ye poll tax 2 quarters till last Michaelmas	002	05	
Nov. 18	House bill	005	15	6
	a quarter of a pound of tea and a silver box	001	12	
	for sheers & trowells	002	04	
Nov. 25	My bill	000	16	
	to my niece for tea and porterage	000	10	
	pay'd Mr Holl in full of all accounts	014	6	
	pay'd my bill this week	000	10	6
Dec. 8	My bill	000	10	
	dozen of gloves	001	6	
	pay'd Fenton a quarter wages to Christmas 1721	002	10	
Dec. 23d	pay'd Martha same time	001	05	
	pay'd for wheels for ye Chariot	005	00	
	My bill	000	18	
Dec. 30	Martha for a Manto & petycoat	002	00	
	For gravel for my garden	000	12	
	pd. quarter's wages to Thomas ye gardiner	003	01	
	Cage for ye parrot	000	18	
	Christmas boxes	002	00	
	pd ye Charity School	002	00	
	Paid one year's tax to ye poor	001	05	0
	For my seat in ye chapel	004	04	0
	Ye Highways one year	000	09	
	2 chaldron of coals	003	02	
	Farnham bill for renat for Christmas	018	01	
	Ye Gardiner one month board wages	001	00	
	Ld. Berkeley rent for ye garden	010		

Silk for a nightgown	£003 00
Window tax till August and	000 15
tax for St. Martin's Church	003 03

Up to the last week (perhaps to the last day) of her life she paid her own bills and kept her own accounts. From these accounts one learns something of her mode of living in town. Every year, on or about the 25th of May, she went to her house at Sheen for the summer months, and returned as regularly at the beginning of November to her residence in Dover Street, which was left in the hands of a caretaker named "Nan Fletcher." The journey was accomplished in a chariot with a pair of horses, coachman, and postillion; her companion, her maid, her parrot, and a waggon behind with the luggage. She jobbed her chariot and horses, and paid at the rate of eight guineas a week for them. This sounds enormous, but it included the men and fodder, for I find no wages for coachman or postillion, nor bill for corn or hay, in the account-book. The waggon which carried her luggage cost her £1 each time.

When she came up to London for the last time on the 1st November 1722, she brought three new servants with her. She must have settled in just as usual, for her "house bill" remained at its fixed sum of four guineas, and the Farnham butcher continued to supply the beef. She bought three new liveries for her servants, and set herself up with three dozen pairs of gloves, a new hood which cost 18s., and silk for a new "nightgown." She went abroad in a "chair," for which she paid 2s. 6d., and apparently intended to spend a pleasant winter among her friends. But *L'homme propose et Dieu dispose.*

The last entry on a clean page in Lady Giffard's book is dated—

Dec. 15	My bill for hood & night-cloak .	.	£001	07
	to Fe (Fenton?)		002	02 00

and on January 1st, 1723, her nephew and executor, John Temple of Moor Park, turned over the page, and wrote his statement of "the small debts my Aunt left." They amounted to £91, 18s. 6d., and included the servants' wages from the last quarter, three guineas for her seat in "ye chappel," £1, 5s. subscription to the Charity School at Richmond, and a few workmen's bills; and there was £7, 5s. interest due to Mrs. Dingley, and £5, 4s. to "Stella."

The expenses of her funeral came to £78, 10s.—of which the undertaker's bill was sixteen pounds, and the fee for setting up the monument ten pounds.

Her "small" debts came to £387; her "great" debts to £550 in money, to be paid to

Mrs. More	£50
Mrs. Johnson	400
Mrs. Dingley	100

Her legacies amounted to £387; the rest of her property was disposed of in the manner we have already seen in the will. Her annual income was about £2000 a year, and it seems very wonderful to us to think that she managed to keep two houses going, a chariot and horses, twelve servants, and herself, upon it!

Swift, in one of his letters to "Stella," says: "Lady Giffard says she has no money!" No money she certainly could have had to pay Martha and Hester their principal of £500 at call, but enough apparently to pay them the interest regularly, and leave them the full amount of the capital at her death.

Mar ye 23, 1721.

I have in the South Sea stock 160s. for wich I pay'd . .	£280
More put in with Mrs. More & Fenton for fifty pound stock between us	043
I have at ye time in money for ye house	160
In old gold & spending having newly received my rent .	200
My midsummer dividend in South Sea stock . . .	010

On another page—

Aug. ye 30th. What I am still to receive till Mar. 25, 1722:	
From N.B. (Nicholas Bacon) halfe a year's interest due Sept. 29, 1721	£025
From my nephew at More Park due Dec. ye 1st, 1721 .	040
From Reading half a year's rent due Sept. 29, 1721 . .	100
From ye Exchequers upon lives and survivorship with Mrs. Hettys	11
My half year's rent from Blandsby	094
From Ireland about	100
My quit rent from Reading, Nov. ye 1st, 1721 . . .	066

So the "little sister"—whom Dorothy Osborne "loved extremely, and was sure was pretty," though she had "never seen more of her than what her letters showed"—grown old in years, older by some years than the big brother she had worshipped and the sister she had admired so much, was laid beside them in the great Abbey, which is the goal of men's ambition to-day.

And by night, with flare of torches and with simple state, the few friends and servants who wished to pay the last office of kindness to her memory, escorted her body to its last resting-place—with "no scutchion," and with the "least expense my friends are content to allow of." There is no reason to doubt but that they carried out her wishes conscientiously, but with all due respect and ceremony, as the expenses of her funeral show.

At eighty-three most lone women have outlived their friends, but Lady Giffard had not. She had, as we have seen, the God-given faculty for making new ones, and was far from friendless, though all of her own generation had gone before her. Her favourite niece, Lady Portland, the other nephews and nieces from Moor Park and Sheen, the Duke of Somerset, and John Danvers were still alive, and they or their representatives must have followed her funeral cortège.

Sir William Temple left full directions for the engraving of his sister's name, with his own, his wife's, and daughter's, on one stone.

"To free my executors from the trouble of choosing where to lay me, I do order it to be in the west aisle of Westminster Abbey, near those dear pledges that lie there already; and that, after mine and my sister's decease, a large stone may be set against the wall with this inscription"—

Sibi suisque charissimis.

DIANÆ TEMPLE delectissime Filiæ
DOROTHEÆ OSBORNE conjunctissimœ conjugi et
MARTHÆ GIFFARD optimœ sorori
Hoc quelecunque monumentum
poni curavit.
GULIELMUS TEMPLE Barronetus.

In the west aisle of the Abbey, near the small door leading to the organ loft, a mural tablet marks their common grave.

PEERAGE OF THE DAIRY
VISCOUNT PALMERSTEA

INDEX

ADDISON, Joseph, 117, 184, 240
Ady, Mrs., 92, 96
Aheden, 293
Aix, 75, 76, 78
Albemarle, Keppel, Earl of, 229, 230
—— Monck, Duke of, 61, 63
Aldersgate St., 316
Aldershot, 160, 161
Alderston, N.B., 278
Algate, 114
Almay, Almacks, 208
Alphonso, Prince, 108
Althorpe, 234
Amsterdam, 65, 68, 88
Andover, 210
Anglesea, Lady, 258
—— Lord, 258, 262
Anjou, Duc de, 120
Anne, Queen, 89, 91, 92, 116, 199, 210, 253, 261, 279, 283, 284, 304, 321, 322, 325, 341, 342, 353, 354
Antwerpe, 79
Arlesford, Grange, 353
Arlington, Lord, 48, 49, 52, 56, 63, 64, 71, 74, 75, 76, 77, 87, 108, 112, 122, 125, 126, 127, 128, 131, 139, 211
Arlington House, 111
Armstrong, Sir Thomas, 268
Arran, Earl of, 291
Arundel, Lord, 87
Ashburnham, Lord, 291
Ashley, Lord, 127, 128
—— Wilfrid, Esq., M.P., 195
Auverquerque, Monsieur, 229, 230. *See* Overkirke
Avenue du Conde, 155

BACON, Basil, 161, 282, 288
—— Children of Nicholas and Dorothy: John, Nicholas, Temple, William, Lionel, Basil, Phyllis, Dorothy, Catherine, Mary, 288
Bacon, Dorothy ("Doll") Temple, wife of Nicholas Bacon, 161, 193, 200, 282, 284, 288, 347
—— John, 286, 287
—— Francis, Lord, 162
—— Lord Keeper, 285
—— Montague, 117
—— Nicholas, Rev., Vicar of Coddenham, 287, 288, 289
—— Nicolas of Shrubland, 200, 285, 286, 347, 359
Banks, Mr., 302
Baral, Monsieur, 191, 192, 193
Barbadoes, 288, 289
Barham, 278
Bastille, 154
Bath, 282
Battersea, 24
Baverwort, Mlle., 140
Beaufort, Duke of, 291
Beck, 353
Bedford, Duchess of, 347
Bellasis, Lord, 33, 34, 230, 352
Bentinck, 196, 346. *See* Portland
Bergen, 103
Berkeley, Arabella, Lady, 267, 269
—— Earl of, 267, 269, 271, 273
—— Harriette, Lady, 266–275, 351
—— Lady, wife of Earl, 266–270
—— Mary, Lady, wife of Lord Grey of Werke, 267
Berkeley of Stratton, Charles, 2nd Baron, 196, 214
—— Anne, 276, 278
—— Barbara, 278
—— Charles, 278
—— Frances Sophia, 278

Berkeley, Jane, 278
—— John, "Mr. Berkeley," 276, 277, 278
—— Lady, Frances Temple, wife of William, 3rd Baron, 264
—— Lady, Jane Martha Temple. *See* Portland
—— Mrs., widow, 259, 260. *See* Burnet
—— Mrs. Anne, sister of Charles, and William, Lords Berkeley, 266
—— Robert of Spetchley, 260
—— William, 276, 277, 278
—— William, 3rd Baron, 213, 216, 236, 239, 241, 242, 253, 255, 256, 258, 260, 265, 275, 277, 347
Berks, 329
Billingsly, Mr., 228, 230
—— Mrs., 228
Biron, Lord, 278
—— Lady, 275, 277
Blague, Mrs., 90
Blandsby, 237
Bloomsbury, 159
Blundell, Lord, 230
Bohun, Edmund, 107
Borowski, 312
Boundes, 95
Boyle, 199, 268. *See* Orrery
Boyne, 290
Bradley, Mrs., 215, 218, 352, 353
Bradshaw, 116
Brandenburg, 55
Breda, 66, 71, 73
Brentford, 317
Bretby, 4, 9, 10, 13, 15, 17
Brigett, 382
Brington, 280
Bristol, Lord, 99
Bristowe, 105. *See* Bristol
Britain, 89, 290
British Museum, 196, 227, 243
Broadlands, 195
Brouncker, Lord, 33, 34, 113, 114, 168, 170–172
Browne, Anna Maria, 288. *See* Longe
Brussels, 52, 53, 58, 60–63, 66, 70, 72, 75, 78, 84, 87, 310
Buckingham, Duke of, 71, 99, 107, 108, 110, 116, 353
Bulstrode, 259, 262
Burghley, Lord, 101, 302
Burleigh, Lord, 111, 115
Burleigh House, 302
Burlington, Lady, 262
Burnet, Bishop, 126, 186, 261
Burroughes, Thomas, 269
Butler, Lady Anne, 104
—— Lady Elizabeth, 1. *See* Chesterfield
Byng, Admiral, 195

CADOGAN, Lord, 326, 328, 329
Calais, 66, 326
Canterbury, 250
Capel, 205. *See* Earl of Essex
Carey, Mr., 304
—— Hon. Henry, 14
—— Mary, 14
Carlingford, Lord, 2
Carlisle, Earl of, 205, 230, 241
—— Lady, 326, 327, 328, 334, 338
Carmarthen, Marquis of, 342
—— Lady, 334, 335, 339, 342
Carnarvon, Earl of, 17
Carnworth, Earl of, 293
Carr, Sir Robert, 146
Carter, Mrs., 28, 30
Castle Jordan, 350
Castlemaine, Lady, Barbara Villiers, 3, 11, 45, 101, 103, 104, 113
Cataline, 101
Cataya, 39
Catherine, 352
Cave, Mother Ludwell's, 179, 188, 190
Cavendish, Anne, 115
Channel Islands, 66
Charing Cross, 317, 318
Charles I., 15, 27, 119, 291, 317, 321, 352, 354
—— II., 1, 2, 19, 26, 44, 61, 64–65, 87, 89, 101, 104, 105, 109, 113, 116, 117, 118, 126, 127, 140, 145–148, 150, 152, 153, 167, 174, 228, 230, 291, 353
Chesterfield, Anne Percy, 1st wife of 2nd Earl, 1
—— Lady, Elizabeth Butler, 1–6, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 17, 266
—— Philip Stanhope, 2nd Earl, 1–5
—— Philip Dormer, 4th Earl, 253
Chichester, Bishop of, 338
Chicksands, 24, 132, 175, 193, 353

Christchurch, Dean of, 82
Cibber, Colley, 156
Clanricarde, Lord, 306
Clarendon, Lord Chancellor, 48, 71, 105, 113, 116
Clarges, Sir Thomas, 40
Claydon, 286
Cleves, 55–57
Clifford, Sir Thomas, 119
Clogher, Bishop of, 226
—— Deanery, 226
Cocks, Mr. James, 278
Coddenham, 105, 195, 221, 285, 288, 289
Coffee House, 251
Colbert, de Croissy, 76, 77, 141, 142
Cologne, 48
Coly (Colney), 25, 26, 31
Comminges, Monsieur de, 103
Common, Doll, 100, 101
Commons, House of, 145–147
Congreve, 240
Coq, Madame le, 174
Cornwall, 90
Courtenay, Mr., 48, 59, 74, 137, 172, 187
Covent Garden, 16
Coventry, Lord, 66
—— Sir William, 100, 113, 142, 143
Cowley (poet), 42
Craven, Mr., 270
"Creeper," 29, 30, 47. *See* Jack Temple
Crofts, Lord, 127
Cromwell, Protector, 65, 117
—— Richard, 117
Crooksbury Hill, 160, 188
Crowfield, 289
Crowne Courte, 34, 168–170
Cumming, Sir Alexander, 201
Cuski, Carlo, 312. *See* Königsmarck

DALRYMPLE, Sir John, 109
Danby, Earl of, 139, 142, 143. *See* Carmarthen and Leeds
Danvers, John, 198, 242, 243, 246, 249, 360
—— Lady, 24
—— Sir John, 24
Davenant, Sir William ("Will"), 39
Davis, Moll, 81, 89
Delaney, 218
Denis, Madame, 201
Denmark, 66
Derby, 10
—— Lady, 321
Derbyshire, 4, 5
Derwentwater, Earl of, 293, 294
Devonshire, Countess of, 99
—— Duke of, 96
—— Earl of, 111, 115
Dhona, 73, 74
Digges, Aunt, 193
Dingley, 347. *See* E. Hammond
—— Cousin, 215, 217
—— Martha, 162, 218, 220, 242, 250, 251, 263, 351, 358
Ditchley, 295
Dixwell, Lady, 326, 328
—— Sir Basil, 197
Dolbin, Justice, 269, 271–273
Doll, 352
Dormer, Lady Elizabeth, 17
Dortund, 55
Dover Castle, 197
—— Street, 227, 242, 264, 305, 348, 350, 357
Downing, Sir George, 52, 53, 69, 119, 176
Dublin, 1, 288
Dudley, Lord Guilford, 320
Dumas, Alexandre, 62
Durel, Doctor, 140
Dursley, Lady, 268
—— Lord, 268, 269
Düsseldorf, 55, 58

EDMONDS, Thomas, 349
Edward, 352, 355
—— VI., 319
Edwards, Thomas, 350
Egerton, Dr. Henry, 196
—— Elizabeth, wife of Dr. Henry, 196
—— Lady Betty, 349
Elizabeth, Queen, 295, 305, 306, 320, 353
—— Princess, daughter of Charles I., 120
England, 54, 55, 57, 61, 62, 68, 71–74, 120, 124, 126, 127, 129, 130, 131, 139, 143, 155, 160, 168, 215, 230, 281, 284, 290, 291, 293, 312, 314, 315

Essex, Algernon Capel, 2nd Earl of, 228, 230, 260
—— Arthur Capel, 1st Earl of, 145, 205, 245, 246
—— Lady, wife of 1st Earl, 202, 205, 240, 241, 242, 244, 246, 248
—— Lady, wife of Robert Devereux, 306, 307
—— Lord (Robert Devereux), 305
Estrades, Comte d', 63, 142
Eton (Eaton), 277, 348, 351
Europe, 9
Evelyn, John, 19, 90, 205, 316
Exeter, 3rd Earl of, 115, 301

FANSHAWE, Sir Richard, 61
Farnborough, 179
Farnham, 186, 232, 240, 282, 348
Feinnes, Celia, 203
Fenton, Martha, 348, 351, 352, 355
—— Mrs., 353, 355, 358
Filby, Nanny, 352
Flanders, 137, 145
Fletcher, Nan, 357
Fontaine, de la, 102
Fountaine, Mrs., 26, 30, 34
France, 53, 54, 61, 65, 66, 72, 77, 131, 136, 141, 329
Franklin, Cousin, 22
Franklyn, Sir John, 153

GAHLAN. *See* Bishop of Munster
Gainsborough, Earl of, 332
Garraway, Mrs., 226, 275, 276
Garth, Sam, 102, 199, 327
Gavel, Robert, 268
George I., 197, 290, 291–293, 335
—— II., 252, 278, 295
—— IV., 200
—— Prince of Denmark, 196
Gerard (herbalist), 34, 281
Germaine, Lord, 275
Germany, 53
Giffard, "Duke," 348
—— Martha, Lady, 1, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 17, 38, 47, 51, 59, 60, 67, 68, 70–73, 75, 78, 81–83, 85, 88–90, 114, 128, 139, 141, 144, 148, 151, 155–157, 161, 173, 174, 176, 179–183, 185–187, 190, 195–197, 199, 200–204, 210, 211, 213, 214, 217–219, 224, 227–229, 232–237, 241–247, 249–255, 258–261, 263, 264, 274, 275, 277, 279, 280, 282, 287, 290–295, 301, 302, 305, 307, 319, 323–327, 329, 331, 333–335, 339, 340, 343, 345, 350–355, 357–359
Gloucester, Duke of, 261, 283, 342
Glover, Miles, 317
Go : (Godolphin ?), 11, 12
Godolphin, Francis, 89
—— Henry, 81
—— Sidney, 81, 89, 90, 146
—— Sir William, 12, 26, 61, 81, 83, 88
Goldsmith, Mrs., 24, 36
Gore, M., 149, 150
Goring, Lord, 353
Grafton, Duchess of, 209, 211
Grammont, Comte de, 2, 5, 118
Grand Hotel, 319
Gresham, Sir Marmaduke, 219
Grey, Lady Jane, 297, 320
—— Lord, of Werk, 266–271, 273, 274
Guardemau, Rev. Baltashazza, 285
Guiche, Comte de, 62
Guilford, 338
Guin (Gwynne), Nell, 149
Gustav Adolphus, 315

HAGUE, 65, 67, 69, 71–75, 119, 122, 123, 129, 136–138, 140, 141, 143, 191, 211, 237, 255, 257, 259, 263, 264, 276, 277
Halfrey, John, 269
Halifax, George Savile, Earl of, 199
—— Ralph Montague, Lord, 145, 245, 259
Hammond, Mary, 25
—— Mrs. Elizabeth, 218. *See* Dingley.
Hampden, John, 116
Hampshire, 153
Hanbury, Mrs., 228, 249
Hanmer, Sir George, 211
Hanover, 337
Hanson, 314
Harrison, Mrs., 28
Harvie, Lady, 98, 100–102, 111, 112
—— Sir Daniel, 101
Hatton, Lord, 307
Hauberg, Prince of, 56

Hawkesworth, 226
Hay, Sir Thomas, 278
Haymarket, 312, 313
Hemingham, 262
Henley, Anthony, 198, 200, 209, 234, 239, 240, 242, 243, 353
—— Park, 276
Henning, 256
Henrietta Maria, Queen, 93, 354
Henry VII., 233
—— VIII., 319
Herrenhausen, 293
Hertford, Lord, 257, 337
Hertfordshire, 296
Hessel, 76
Hester. *See* Johnson
Hetty, Mrs. *See* Johnson
Hill, Abigail, 312. *See* Masham
Hog's Back, 160
Holbein, 87
Holland, 34, 53, 61, 64, 65, 66, 68, 124, 126, 131, 134, 136, 137, 193, 254–257
Hollis, Lord, 66
Holloway, John, 349
Holt, ye, 277
Howard, Lord Henry, 99
—— Mrs., 228, 230
Howe, John Grubham, 266
—— Mrs. Anabella, 14, 266, 277
Hyde, Anne, 291. *See* York
Hyde Park, 17, 110

India Houses, 156
Ipswich, 286, 288
Ireland, 1, 21, 112
Ischam, Sir Justinian, 97
Isle of Wight, 207
Isleworth, 319
Italy, 106

Jamaica, 331
James I., 101, 117, 317, 320
—— II., 138, 152–154, 238, 239, 291
—— Stuart, Chevalier, 335
Jane, 24, 36
Janssen, Cornelius, 161
Jeffries, Judge, 41, 269, 272, 273
Jenkins, Sir Leoline, Secretary, 146
Jennings, Sarah, 91, 92, 152. *See* Marlborough
John, 352, 355
Johnson, Captain, 288
Johnson, Hester ("Hetty," or "Stella"), 150, 179, 182, 188, 190, 197, 215–226, 243, 247, 250, 251, 263, 280, 347, 351, 353.
—— Mrs. (Stella's mother), 218, 243, 352
—— Sir Nathaniel, 315
—— William, 350
Join or Joire, Princess de, 257, 259
Jones, Inigo, 318
Jonson, Ben, 101
Juxon, 116

Katherine of Braganza, 2, 43, 90, 103–105, 108
Kelsey, Mr., 213
Ken, Bishop, 238
Kenmuir, Lord, 293, 294
Kensington Palace, 241, 291, 322, 326, 339
Kent, Duchess of, 193
Keppel, 229. *See* Albemarle
Kersfoot, John, 349
Kilby, Mrs., 202
Killigrew, Tom, 111, 113
Kingston, Duchess of, 262
Knightly, Sir Robert, 269
Königsmarck, Count, 293, 312–314, 316

Laffan's Plain, 160
Lagger, Nanny, 215–219
Lambeth, 108
Lardner, Rev. Dionysius, 107
Latimer, Lord, 140
Lawfort, Mr., 25
Le Brun, 161
Lee, Colonel, 295
—— Lady Betty, 295, 298, 301
—— Sir Henry, 295, 296
Leeds, Duke of. *See* Danby and Carmarthen
Leicester, Lord, 70, 98, 168, 169. *See* Sidney
Lely, Sir Peter, 161, 162
Lenthall, 116
Lettice, 215–218
Lichfield, Lord, 295
Lincoln, Lord, 144, 155–159
Lisle, Philip, Lord, 33, 69, 70, 98. *See* Sidney and Leicester
Lloyd, 94

London, 10, 11, 17, 49, 50, 72, 81, 108, 127, 140, 152, 155, 192, 194, 210, 212, 227, 247, 250, 265, 270, 275, 277, 280, 287, 313, 317, 318, 319, 334, 338, 358
—— Bridge, 173
Longe, Rev. John, of Coddenham, 289
Longleate Park, 198
Longueville, W., 328
Loo, 201, 227, 230
Louis XIV., 77, 127, 141, 152
Louvre, 58
Lutherell, Narcissus, 159, 205, 231, 264
Lyttleton, Sir Charles, 309, 316

M'CARTHY, Justin, 182
Macaulay, Lord, 181, 186, 214, 247
Madrid, 88, 289
Marchelsea Prison, 274
Marget, 352, 355
Marlborough, Duchess of, 102, 152, 250, 284, 290, 308, 322, 329, 331, 339, 340, 341, 343, 344
—— Duke of, 290, 339, 340, 343
—— House, 152
Mary of Orange, Queen, 153, 156, 157, 159, 173, 197, 238, 252, 290, 290–291, 320–321, 354
Masham, Mrs., 250, 312
Masingberd, Elizabeth, 226
Meade, Dr., 281–284
Middleton, George W., 286
—— Mrs., 155
Milton, 301
Mompert, 161
Monmouth, Duchess of, 111, 112, 114
—— Duke of, 91, 340
Montague, Countess of, 309
—— Duchess of, 327, 328
—— Edward, 102
—— Lady Catherine, daughter of 1st Earl of Sandwich, 102
—— Mr. Charles, Lord Halifax, 198, 199
—— Ralph, 1st Duke of Manchester, 88, 99, 102, 103, 328
Montespan, Madame de, 155
Montpellier, 298
Moor "Hous," 161
Moor Park, 29, 153, 155, 160, 161, 163, 167, 170, 177, 181–183, 186, 190, 191, 195, 199, 200, 204, 208, 209, 210, 211, 216, 219, 225, 227, 233, 234–237, 239–241, 254, 266, 276, 279, 280, 282, 287, 288, 324, 346, 347, 348, 349, 351, 353, 357, 359
Moor Park, Hertfordshire, 153, 163
Moore, Sir Thomas, 25
Mordaunt, Lord, 261
More, Mrs., 281, 355, 358
Mortlake, 211
Morton, Mr., 337
—— Sir John, 111, 113, 114
Munster, Bishop of, 48, 52, 56, 57, 61, 87
—— State, 56, 57

NAIRNE, Lord, 293
Namur, 290
Nanny, 355
Narford, 30
Nassau, Prince Maurice of, 165
Needham Market, 286
Netherlands, 66, 142, 230
Netscher, 161, 195
Neuberg, 58
—— Duke of, 58
Newbury, 93
Newcastle, Duke of, 309
Newgate Market, 25
Newmarket, 334, 335
Newport, Lord, 99, 115
Newton, Thomas, 269
Nimeguen, 140, 165
Noel, Lady Elizabeth, 337. *See* Portland
Norfolk, 289
Northampton, 15, 16, 234
Northumberland, Algernon, Earl of, 206, 256, 317, 320
—— Countess of, 148, 313
—— Duke of, 125, 259
—— Duke of, 11th, 308
—— Henry Howard, Earl of, 220, 317
—— House, 317–319
—— House, Old, 317
Norton, Mr., 198, 201, 242
—— Sir George, 201

OGLE, Lady. *See* Somerset, 60, 309, 310, 314, 316, 321
Osborne, Sir George, 193
Osborne, Dorothy. *See* Temple, 18, 24, 93, 94, 96, 195, 253, 345, 359, 360
—— Sir Thomas, 26, 335. *See* Danby, Carmarthen (Leeds)
Osgood, Mr., 25
Ossory, Lord, 124, 138, 289, 295
Ostend, 59
Overkirke, Monsieur, 227
Oxford, 82, 295
—— All Souls' College, 303, 304, 307
—— Balliol, 296
—— Earl of, 292

PALL MALL, 113, 127, 151, 152, 199, 286
"Papa." *See* Sir William Temple
Paris, 102, 151, 154, 294, 327
Penshurst, 92, 98, 125
Percy, Lady Elizabeth. *See* Ogle and Somerset, 148, 292
Petworth, 92, 191, 192, 196, 203, 208, 227, 228, 231, 317, 324, 327, 328, 333, 335, 338, 341, 342, 343
Porthynon, 37
Portland, Duchess of, 332, 334
—— 1st Duke of, 330–332
—— 1st Earl of, 205, 227, 230, 236, 252, 254–256, 258, 263, 265, 275
—— Countess of, 14, 186, 229, 252–255, 258–260, 263, 264, 274, 275, 278, 280, 338, 346, 349–351, 360
Portugal, 64, 106
Prussia, King of, 262

QUÉROUAILLE, Louise de, 230

RALEIGH, Sir Walter, 51
Rambouillet, Hôtel, 294
Ratcliffe, Dr., 282–285
Rawleigh, Philip, 269
Raynes, 313
Reading, 27
Reigate, 278
Reresby, Sir John, 316
Rich, Charles, 4th son of Earl of Warwick, 115
—— Lady, 111, 115, 301
Rich, Penelope, 115
Richelieu, Cardinal, 150
Richmond, 20, 139, 291, 326, 333, 334, 339
—— Duchess of. *See* Stuart, 99, 103, 109
—— Duke and Duchess of, 228, 230
—— Place, 339
Rivers, Earl of, 14
Robarts, Lord, 110, 112
Rochester, Earl of, 102, 106, 111, 113
Roderigo, Castel de, Marquis, 76
Rohan, de, 151
Rolles, Mr., 37
Rome, 238, 298
Romney, Earl of, 231, 237, 238. *See* Sidney
Rotherhithe, 313
Rotier, Philip, 103
Rotterdam, 159, 257
Rue de Mailo, 151
Rupert Street, 312
Ruyter, van, Admiral, 61

SACHARISSA, 46, 92–94, 96–98, 100, 103, 107, 108, 113–116, 199. *See* Sunderland
Sadler, 31, 32
St. Alban Street, 313
St. Albans, Lord, 66
St. Evremond, Comte, 101, 118
St. James' Palace, 261
—— Place, 257, 260
—— Square, 303
St. Malo, 67
St. Martin's Lane, 312
Salisbury, Bishop of, 257, 260. *See* Burnet
—— Countess of, 306
—— Dean of, 295
Sandwich, Earl of, 61, 117, 285
Saumarez, Lady de, 286
Savage, Elizabeth, 96, 237
—— Mr., 232, 242
Savile, Henry, Lord Halifax, 96, 237
Scarborough, Earl of, 340, 346
—— Lady, 203, 227, 321, 322, 338, 340
Scotland, 145, 280
Scott, Sir Walter, 219, 221

Scrope, Lord, 14
—— Mrs., 13, 14
Sedgemoor, 340
"Sempronia," 100, 103, 106
Seneff, 138
Sévigné, Mme. de, 253
Seymour, Charles. *See* Duke of Somerset
—— Lady Anne. *See* Carmarthen
—— Lady Mary, 291
Shaftesbury, Lord, 106. *See* Ashley
Shakespeare, 345
Sheen, 19, 20, 27, 29, 30, 31, 33, 34, 47, 49, 51, 70, 84–88, 132, 142, 144, 148, 150, 153, 169, 171, 175, 202, 204, 211, 228, 241, 243, 267, 275, 279, 285, 286, 327, 338
—— East, 197, 202, 203, 211, 228, 241, 243, 275, 279, 285, 304, 324, 338, 346, 347, 351, 353
Shrewsbury, Duke of, 338
Shrubland, 200, 285, 286, 288
Siam, King of, 155
Sidney, Algernon, 98, 124, 125
—— Henry, 96, 124. *See* Romney
—— Sir Philip, 303, 305, 306
Silvius, Sir Gabriel, 140
Sion, 148, 210, 256, 309, 317, 321, 322, 324, 330, 337, 338, 343. *See* Syon
Smythe, Mr., 95, 97, 251
Somerset, Duchess of, 19, 133, 210, 216, 227, 240, 244-247, 249, 250, 256, 259, 311, 312, 319, 338–344. *See* Lady Ogle and Lady Elizabeth Percy
—— Duke of, 191, 192, 203, 227, 243, 248, 292, 308, 316, 321, 327, 331, 337, 338, 360
—— Protector, 319, 320
—— House, 110
Somersetshire, 335
Southampton, 332, 337
Southwold Bay (Sole), 285
Spain, 64, 65, 77, 81, 84, 85, 88, 122, 135
Spanish Town, 332
Spixworth, 247, 289, 325, 345
Stadt Haus, 68
Stansted, 194
States of Holland, 245
Stella. *See* Hester Johnson
Stella Lodge, 179
Steven, Lord, 257
Stiddness, Sigismund, 269
Strafford, Lord, 76
Strangford, Lady Isabella, 98
Strathmore, Lord, 17
Strickland, Agnes, 104, 238, 321
Stuart, Frances. *See* Richmond, 44, 45, 103, 104, 109, 114
—— Marie, Queen, 3
Suffolk, Earl of, 317
Suffolk, 195, 285, 286, 289
Surrey, 153, 240, 282, 336
Sussex, 267
Sunderland, Emanuel, Earl of, 14
—— Robert Spencer, Lord, 93–95
—— Lady ("Sacharissa"), 92–100, 108–111, 113–116, 155, 165, 237, 280, 301
—— Lord, son of "Sacharissa," 106, 111, 208, 210, 231, 234, 239, 245, 257, 280
Sweden, 122
Swift, Jonathan, 84, 150, 162, 167, 177, 178, 187, 190, 197, 217, 220, 222, 223, 232, 240, 243–246, 248–251, 263, 279, 300, 311, 312, 351, 352, 354, 355

TALBOT, Mrs., 334, 338
Temple, Sir William, 9, 15, 18, 19, 23, 24, 29, 30, 33, 34, 42, 48, 49, 52, 54–79, 81–84, 94, 95, 97, 119, 145–148, 150–154, 161–172, 179, 180, 182–187, 191, 192, 195, 196, 199, 202, 204, 208, 211, 213, 214, 217–219, 228, 231, 238, 240, 242, 245, 246, 251, 254, 263, 289, 307, 327, 328, 337, 343, 345, 353
—— Aunt, 25, 26
—— Cousin, 209
—— Diana ("Nan"), 52, 59, 71, 149, 150, 153, 206, 213, 233, 360
—— Dorothy ("Doll"), 197, 210, 279. *See* Bacon
—— Henry, brother of Sir W. Temple, 72, 150, 211
—— John ("Jack"), son of Sir William, 21, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 36, 59, 136, 142, 150–151, 154, 155, 161, 173–179, 197, 230
—— Lady. *See* Dorothy Osborne, 12–38, 41, 43, 47, 51, 59–62, 65–

68, 73, 85–89, 97, 128–136, 153, 171, 174, 175, 178–181, 183, 185, 190–193, 195, 253, 345
Temple, Mrs. Jack, 151, 152, 199, 200, 210, 294, 346. *See* Marie de Plessis
—— Sir John, father of Sir W. Temple, 1, 26, 124, 144, 306, 350
Temple Grove, East Sheen, 325, 351
—— Hall, 153
Temples of East Sheen—
Dorothy, 197. *See* Dixwell
Frances, 197, 351. *See* Berkeley
Harriette (Henriette), 277, 348, 351
Henry, Lord Palmerston, 346, 351, 384
Jenny, 348, 351
Lucy, 197, 264, 275, 277, 346, 347, 349, 351
Sir John, 231, 232, 233
Temples of Moor Park—
Henriette, 276, 351
John, 89, 200, 211, 257, 346, 349, 351
Mr. William, 277, 348, 351
Mrs. John (Betty Temple), 194, 200, 202, 211, 243, 277, 279, 346, 347
Tennison, Archbishop, 295
Tennyson, Alfred Lord, 302
Thames, 34
Theatre, King James', 101
The Tower, 205, 292
Thomond, Earl of, 342
—— Lady, 338, 342
—— Thomas, 352
Thorolde, Cousin, 29
Thynne, Thomas, 148, 309, 311–314
Titian, 318
Toledo, 79
Tom, valet, 26–30
Torrington, Lord, 151, 195
Trafalgar Square, 317
Trevor, Secretary, 128
Trinity College, Dublin, 179, 184
Troy, 71
Tuileries, 154
Tunstall, 288
Turenne, Maréchal, 130
Turner, 272, 275
Tuscany, Prince of, 125, 126
Twickenham, 329, 334
Tyrrell, James, 42

UP PARK, 270

VACHELL, Sir John, 27
Valery, Mlle. de, 198, 200
Van der Moulen, 161
Vandyck, 92, 161
Vaughan, Lady, 156
Vendôme, Duc de, 154
Victoria, Queen, 211
Vigo, 290
Villiers, Anne, Lady Portland, 238
Vincent, Thomas, 269
Voltaire, 300, 301
Vratz, Captain, 312, 313, 316

WALES, 38
—— Frederick, Prince of, 330, 333
—— Princess of, 370
Waller, poet, 40, 44–46, 92, 93, 116, 117
—— Lady, 25, 26
Walsingham, Lady, 303, 305, 306
Ward, Mr., 25
Warwick. *See* Rich
Wellingborough, 15, 16
Welwin, 296, 300, 305
—— Church, 298
Wensleydale, 257
Wentworth, Lady Harriet, 91
West Indies, 332
Westminster Abbey, 149, 159, 190, 193, 233, 346, 348, 359, 360
Westphalia, 55
Whitehall, 2, 39, 81, 89, 104, 105, 114, 139, 152, 153, 157
—— Chapel, 157
—— Steps, 173
Wicklow, 288
Widrington, Lord, 293
Will, 355
William III., Prince of Orange, 16, 19, 74, 120, 153, 168, 173, 176, 201, 229, 238, 239, 247, 281, 283, 290, 354
—— IV., 153, 158, 159
Winchester, 295, 311
Windsor, 153, 248, 249, 256, 311, 353

Wintoune, Earl of, 273
Witt, John de, 64, 69, 73, 74, 120, 121, 123, 127, 137
Wredon, Baron, 48
Wren, Sir Christopher, 71
Wyndham, Lady Catherine, 335, 336
—— Sir William, 291, 335–337

YELVERTON, Sir Christopher, 17
York, Duke of, 3, 4, 5, 103, 106, 114, 137, 145, 237, 245
York, Duchess of, 5
—— Lady Anne (Queen), 91
—— Lady Mary (Queen), 137, 139, 153
Young, Dr. Edward, 295, 296, 301–303, 305, 307

ZULICHEN, 165

THE END

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
Edinburgh & London

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library
or to the
NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS
2-month loans may be renewed by calling
(415) 642-6753
1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books
to NRLF
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days
prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

JUL 7 1992 1-25-94

Returned by AUTO DISC CIRC DEC 04 '93

JUL 09 1991

Santa Cruz Jitney

Returned by

JUL 18 1991

Santa Cruz Jitney

OCT 06 1993

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C042819495

283639

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY